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POEMS OF EUGENE FIELD

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THE POEMS  
OF  
EUGENE FIELD



FIELD  
THE POEMS  
OF  
EUGENE FIELD

COMPLETE EDITION



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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BY EUGENE AND ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD

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THE POEMS  
OF  
EUGENE FIELD



## WESTERN AND OTHER VERSE

### TO MARY FIELD FRENCH

A DYING mother gave to you  
Her child a many years ago;  
How in your gracious love he grew,  
You know, dear, patient heart, you know.

The mother's child you fostered then  
Salutes you now and bids you take  
These little children of his pen  
And love them for the author's sake.

To you I dedicate this book,  
And, as you read it line by line,  
Upon its faults as kindly look  
As you have always looked on mine.

Tardy the offering is and weak;—  
Yet were I happy if I knew  
These children had the power to speak  
My love and gratitude to you.

---

### CASEY'S TABLE D'HÔTE

OH, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the skies wuz fair  
'nd blue,  
When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd  
true!  
When the nights wuz crisp 'nd balmy, 'nd the camp wuz all astir,  
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no sheriff to demur!  
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur away,—

There 's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find to-day!  
 What though the camp *hez* busted? I seem to see it still  
 A-lyin', like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;  
 And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat  
 When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's tabble dote!

Wal, yes; it's true I struck it rich, but that don't cut a show  
 When one is old 'nd feeble 'nd it 's nigh his time to go;  
 The money that he 's got in bonds or carries to invest  
 Don't figger with a codger who has lived a life out West;  
 Us old chaps like to set around, away from folks 'nd noise,  
 'Nd think about the sights we seen and things we done when boys;  
 The which is why *I* love to set 'nd think of them old days  
 When all us Western fellers got the Colorado craze,—  
 And *that* is why I love to set around all day 'nd gloat  
 On thoughts of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's tabble dote.

This Casey wuz an Irishman,—you 'd know it by his name  
 And by the facial features appertainin' to the same.  
 He 'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand things,  
 From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings,  
 But, somehow, had n't caught on; so, driftin' with the rest,  
 He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West,  
 And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the little camp wuz  
     new,  
 When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd  
     true;  
 And, havin' been a stewart on a Mississippi boat,  
 He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a tabble dote.

The bar wuz long 'nd rangy, with a mirrer on the shelf,  
 'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could help himself;  
 Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer 'nd wine,  
 'Nd a kag of Burbun whiskey of the run of '59;  
 Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls,—  
 Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records 'nd on curls!  
 The which had been identified with Casey in the past,—  
 The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean,—and both wuz mighty fast!  
 But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note  
 By the side of what wuz offered at Casey's tabble dote.



There wuz half-a-dozen tables altogether in the place,  
 And the tax you had to pay upon your vittles wuz a case;  
 The boardin'-houses in the camp protested 't wuz a shame  
 To patronize a robber, which this Casey wuz the same!  
 They said a case was robbery to tax for ary meal;  
 But Casey tended strictly to his biz, 'nd let 'em squeal;  
 And presently the boardin'-houses all began to bust,  
 While Casey kept on sawin' wood 'nd layin' in the dust;  
 And oncet a trav'lin' editor from Denver City wrote  
 A piece back to his paper, puffin' Casey's table dote.

A table dote is different from orderin' aller cart:  
 In *one* case you git all there is, in *t' other*, only *part!*  
 And Casey's table dote began in French,—as all begin,—  
 And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say, with “*vin*”;  
 But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd beast,  
 The same like you can git in high-toned restauraws down East;  
 'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy tass,  
 Or, sometimes, floatin' Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass  
 That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's throat,  
 'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's table dote.

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies  
 Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes;  
 'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays ain't what it used to be  
 In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63;  
 But, maybe, it is better, 'nd, maybe, I'm to blame—  
 I'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest the same—  
 I'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair 'nd blue,  
 When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave 'nd true;  
 When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss Mountain smote  
 For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's table dote.

And you, O cherished brother, a-sleepin' 'way out West,  
 With Red Hoss Mountain huggin' you close to its lovin' breast,—  
 Oh, do you dream in your last sleep of how we used to do,  
 Of how we worked our little claims together, me 'nd you?  
 Why, when I saw you last a smile wuz restin' on your face,  
 Like you wuz glad to sleep forever in that lonely place;

And so you wuz, 'nd I 'd be, too, if I wuz sleepin' so.  
 But, bein' how a brother's love ain't for the world to know,  
 Whenever I 've this heartache 'nd this chokin' in my throat,  
 I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's tabble dote.

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### THE CONVERSAZZHYONY

WHAT conversazzhyonies wuz I really did not know,  
 For that, you must remember, wuz a powerful spell ago;  
 The camp wuz new 'nd noisy, 'nd only modrit sized,  
 So fashionable sossiety wuz hardly crystallized.  
 There had n't been no grand events to interest the men,  
 But a lynchin', or a inquest, or a jackpot now an' then.  
 The wimmin-folks wuz mighty scarce, for wimmin, ez a rool,  
 Don't go to Colorado much, excep' for teachin' school,  
 An' bein' scarce an' chipper and pretty (like as not),  
 The bachelors perpose, 'nd air accepted on the spot.

Now Sorry Tom wuz owner uv the Gosh-all-Hemlock mine,  
 The wich allowed his better haff to dress all-fired fine;  
 For Sorry Tom wuz mighty proud uv her, an' she uv him,  
 Though *she* wuz short an' tacky, an' *he* wuz tall an' slim,  
 An' *she* wuz edjicated, an' Sorry Tom wuz *not*,  
 Yet, for *her* sake, he 'd whack up every cussid cent he 'd got!  
 Waal, jest by way uv celebratin' matrimonial joys,  
 She thought she 'd give a conversazzhyony to the boys,—  
 A peert an' likely lady, 'nd ez full uv 'cute ideas  
 'Nd uv etiquettish notions ez a fyste is full uv fleas.

Three-Fingered Ho( ver kind uv kicked, an' said they might be  
 durned

So far ez any conversazzhyony was concerned;  
*He'd* come to Red Hoss Mountain to tunnel for the ore,  
 An' *not* to go to parties,—quite another kind uv bore!  
 But, bein' he wuz candidate for marshal uv the camp,  
 I rayther had the upper holts in arguin' with the scamp;

Sez I, "Three-Fingered Hoover, can't ye see it is yer game  
To go for all the votes ye kin an' collar uv the same?"  
The wich perceivin', Hoover sez, "Waal, ef I *must*, I *must*;  
So I'll frequent that conversazzhyony, ef I bust!"

Three-Fingered Hoover wuz a trump! Ez fine a man wuz he  
Ez ever caused a inquest or blossomed on a tree!—  
A big, broad man, whose face bespoke a honest heart within,—  
With a bunch uv yaller whiskers appertainin' to his chin,  
'Nd a fierce mustache turnt up so fur that both his ears wuz hid,  
Like the picture that you always see in the "Life uv Cap'n Kidd."  
His hair wuz long an' wavy an' fine as Southdown fleece,—  
Oh, it shone an' smelt like Eden when he slicked it down with  
grease!  
I'll bet there wuz n't anywhere a man, all round, ez fine  
Ez wuz Three-Fingered Hoover in the spring uv '69!

The conversazzhyony wuz a notable affair,  
The bong tong deckolett 'nd en regaly bein' there;  
The ranch where Sorry Tom hung out wuz fitted up immense,—  
The Denver papers called it a "palashal residence."  
There wuz mountain pines an' fern an' flowers a-hangin' on the  
walls,  
An' cheers an' hoss-hair sofies wuz a-settin' in the halls;  
An' there wuz heaps uv pictures uv folks that lived down East,  
Sech ez poets an' perfessers, an' last, but not the least,  
Wuz a chromo uv old Frémont,—we liked that best, you bet,  
For there 's lots uv us old miners that is votin' for him yet!

When Sorry Tom received the gang perlutely at the door,  
He said that keerds would be allowed upon the second floor;  
And then he asked us would we like a drop uv ody vee.  
Connivin' at his meanin', we responded promptly, "Wee."  
A conversazzhyony is a thing where people speak  
The langwidge in the wich they air partickulerly weak:  
"I see," sez Sorry Tom, "you grasp what that 'ere lingo means."  
"You bet yer boots," sez Hoover; "I've lived at Noo Orleans.  
An', though I ain't no Frenchie, nor kin unto the same,  
I kin parly voo, an' git there, too, like Eli, toot lee mane!"

As speakin' French wuz not my forte,— not even oovry poo,—  
 I stuck to keerds ez played by them ez did not parly voo,  
 An' bein' how that poker wuz my most perficient game,  
 I ponyed up for 20 blues an' set into the same.  
 Three-Fingered Hoover stayed behind an' parly-vood so well  
 That all the kramy delly krame allowed he wuz *the belle*.  
 The other candidate for marshal did n't have a show;  
 For, while Three-Fingered Hoover parlyed, ez they said, tray bow  
 Bill Goslin did n't know enough uv French to git along,  
 'Nd I reckon that he had what folks might call a movy tong.

From Denver they had freighted up a real pianny-fort  
 Uv the warty-leg and pearl-around-the-keys-an'-kivver sort,  
 An', later in the evenin', Perfesser Vere de Blaw  
 Performed on that pianny, with considerable eclaw,  
 Sech high-toned opry airs ez one is apt to hear, you know,  
 When he rounds up down to Denver at a Emmy Abbitt show;  
 An' Barber Jim (a talented but ornery galoot)  
 Discoursed a obligatter, conny mory, on the float,  
 Till we, ez sot up-stairs indulgin' in a quiet game,  
 Conveyed to Barber Jim our wish to compromise the same.

The maynoo that wuz spread that night wuz mighty hard to beat,—  
 Though somewhat awkward to pernounce, it was not so to eat:  
 There wuz puddin's, pies, an' sandwidges, an' forty kinds uv sass,  
 An' floatin' Irelands, custards, tarts, an' patty dee foy grass;  
 An' millions uv cove oysters wuz a-settin' round in pans,  
 'Nd other native fruits an' things that grow out West in cans.  
 But I wuz all kufflummuxed when Hoover said he 'd choose  
 "Oon peety morso, see voo play, de la cette Charlotte Rooze;"  
 I 'd knowed Three-Fingered Hoover for fifteen years or more,  
 'Nd I 'd never heern him speak so light uv wimmin folks before!

Bill Goslin heern him say it, 'nd uv course *he* spread the news  
 Uv how Three-Fingered Hoover had insulted Charlotte Rooze  
 At the conversazzhyony down at Sorry Tom's that night,  
 An' when they asked me, I allowed that Bill for once wuz **right**  
 Although it broke my heart to see my friend go up the fluke,  
 We all opined his treatment uv the girl deserved rebuke.  
 It war n't no use for Sorry Tom to nail it for a lie,—

When it come to sassin' wimmin, there wuz blood in every eye;  
 The boom for Charlotte Rooze swep' on an' took the polls by storm,  
 An' so Three-Fingered Hoover fell a martyr to reform!

Three-Fingered Hoover said it was a terrible mistake,  
 An' when the votes wuz in, he cried ez if his heart would break,  
 We never knew who Charlotte wuz, but Goslin's brother Dick  
 Allowed she wuz the teacher from the camp on Roarin' Crick,  
 That had come to pass some foreign tongue with them uv our alite  
 Ez wuz at the high-toned party down at Sorry Tom's that night.  
 We let it drop—this matter uv the lady—there an' then,  
 An' we never heerd, nor wanted to, of Charlotte Rooze again,  
 An' the Colorado wimmin-folks, ez like ez not, don't know  
 How we vindicated all their sex a twenty year ago.

For in these wondrous twenty years has come a mighty change,  
 An' most of them old pioneers have gone acrost the range,  
 Way out into the silver land beyond the peaks uv snow,—  
 The land uv rest an' sunshine, where all good miners go.  
 I reckon they love to look, from out the silver haze,  
 Upon that God's own country where they spent sech happy days;  
 Upon the noble cities that have risen since they went;  
 Upon the camps an' ranches that are prosperous an' content;  
 An' best uv all, upon those hills that reach into the air,  
 Ez if to clasp the loved ones that are waitin' over there.

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PROF. VERE DE BLAW

ACHIEVIN' sech distinction with his moddel tabble dote  
 Ez to make his Red Hoss Mountain restauraw a place uv note,  
 Our old friend Casey innovated somewhat round the place,  
 In hopes he would ameliorate the sufferin's uv the race;  
 'Nd uv the many features Casey managed to import  
 The most important wuz a Steenway gran' pianny-fort,  
 An' bein' there wuz nobody could play upon the same,  
 He telegraphed to Denver, 'nd a real pefesser came,—  
 The last an' crownin' glory uv the Casey restauraw  
 Wuz that tenderfoot musicianer, Pefesser Vere de Blaw!

His hair wuz long an' dishybill, an' he had a yaller skin,  
 An' the absence uv a collar made his neck look powerful thin:  
 A sorry man he wuz to see, ez mebby you 'd surmise,  
 But the fire uv inspiration wuz a-blazin' in his eyes!  
 His name wuz Blanc, wich same is Blaw (for that 's what Casey  
 said,

An' Casey passed the French ez well ez any Frenchie bred);  
 But no one ever reckoned that it really wuz his name,  
 An' no one ever asked him how or why or whence he came,—  
 Your ancient history is a thing the Coloradan hates,  
 An' no one asks another what his name wuz in the States!

At evenin', when the work wuz done, an' the miners rounded up  
 At Casey's, to indulge in keerds or linger with the cup,  
 Or dally with the tabble dote in all its native glory,  
 Perfesser Vere de Blaw discoursed his music repertory  
 Upon the Steenway gran' pianny-fort, the wich wuz sot  
 In the hallway near the kitchen (a warm but quiet spot),  
 An' when De Blaw's environments induced the proper pride,—  
 Wich gen'rally wuz whiskey straight, with seltzer on the side,—  
 He throwed his soulful bein' into opry airs 'nd things  
 Wich bounded to the ceilin' like he 'd mesmerized the strings.

Oh, you that live in cities where the gran' piannies grow,  
 An' primy donnies round up, it 's little that you know  
 Uv the hungerin' an' the yearnin' wich us miners an' the rest  
 Feel for the songs we used to hear before we moved out West.  
 Yes, memory is a pleasant thing, but it weakens mighty quick;  
 It kind uv dries an' withers, like the windin' mountain crick,  
 That, beautiful, an' singin' songs, goes dancin' to the plains,  
 So long ez it is fed by snows an' watered by the rains;  
 But, uv that grace uv lovin' rains 'nd mountain snows bereft,  
 Its breachin' rocks, like dummy ghosts, is all its memory left.

The toons wich the perfesser would perform with sech eclaw  
 Would melt the toughest mountain gentleman I ever saw,—  
 Sech touchin' opry music ez the Trovytory sort,  
 The sollum "Mizer Reery," an' the thrillin' "Keely Mort";  
 Or, sometimes, from "Lee Grond Dooshess" a trifle he would play,  
 Or morsoze from a' opry boof, to drive dull care away;

Or, feelin' kind uv serious, he 'd discourse somewhat in C,—  
 The wich he called a' opus (whatever that may be);  
 But the toons that fetched the likker from the critics in the crowd  
 Wuz *not* the high-toned ones, Perfesser Vere de Blaw allowed.

'T wuz "Dearest May," an' "Bonnie Doon," an' the ballard  
 uv "Ben Bolt,"  
 Ez wuz regarded by all odds ez Vere de Blaw's best holt;  
 Then there wuz "Darlin' Nellie Gray," an' "Settin' on the Stile,"  
 An' "Seein' Nellie Home," an' "Nancy Lee," 'nd "Annie Lisle,"  
 An' "Silver 'Threads among the Gold," an' "The Gal that Winked  
 at Me,"  
 An' "Gentle Annie," "Nancy Till," an' "The Cot beside the Sea."  
 Your opry airs is good enough for them ez likes to pay  
 Their money for the truck ez can't be got no other way;  
 But opry to a miner is a thin an' holler thing,—  
 The music that he pines for is the songs he used to sing.

One evenin' down at Casey's De Blaw wuz at his best,  
 With four-fingers uv old Willer-run concealed beneath his vest;  
 The boys wuz settin' all around, discussin' folks an' things,  
 'Nd I had drawn the necessary keerds to fill on kings;  
 Three-Fingered Hoover kind uv leaned acrost the bar to say  
 If Casey 'd liquidate right off, *he 'd* liquidate next day;  
 A sperrit uv contentment wuz a-broodin' all around  
 (Onlike the other sperrits wich in restauraws abound),  
 When, suddenly, we heerd from yonder kitchen-entry rise  
 A toon each ornery galoot appeared to recognize.

Perfesser Vere de Blaw for once eschewed his opry ways,  
 An' the remnants uv his mind went back to earlier, happier days,  
 An' grappled like an' wrassled with a' old familiar air  
 The wich we all uv us had heern, ez you have, everywhere!  
 Stock still we stopped,—some in their talk uv politics an' things,  
 I in my unobtrusive attempt to fill on kings,  
 'Nd Hoover leanin' on the bar, an' Casey at the till,—  
 We all stopped short an' held our breaths (ez a feller sometimes  
 will),  
 An' sot there more like bumps on logs than healthy, husky men,  
 Ez the memories uv that old, old toon come sneakin' back again.

You 've guessed it? No, you hav n't; for it wuzn 't that there song  
 Uv the home we 'd been away from an' had hankered for so  
 long,—

No, sir; it wuz n't "Home, Sweet Home," though it's always  
 heard around

Sech neighborhoods in wich the home that *is* "sweet home" is  
 found.

And, ez for me, I seemed to see the past come back again,  
 And hear the deep-drawn sigh my sister Lucy uttered when  
 Her mother asked her if she 'd practised her two hours that day,  
 Wich, if she had n't she must go an' do it right away!  
 The homestead in the States 'nd all its memories seemed to come  
 A-floatin' round about me with that magic lumty-tum.

And then uprose a stranger wich had struck the camp that night;  
 His eyes wuz sot an' fireless, 'nd his face wuz spookish white,  
 'Nd he sez: "Oh, how I suffer there is nobody kin say,  
 Onless, like me, he 's wrenched himself from home an' friends away  
 To seek surcease from sorrer in a fur, secloded spot,  
 Only to find—alars, too late!—the wich surcease is not!  
 Only to find that there air things that, somehow, seem to live  
 For nothin' in the world but jest the misery they give!  
 I've travelled eighteen hundred miles, but that toon has got here  
 first;  
 I 'm done,—I 'm blowed,—I welcome death, an' bid it do its  
 worst!"

Then, like a man whose mind wuz sot on yieldin' to his fate,  
 He waltzed up to the counter an' demanded whiskey straight,  
 Wich havin' got outside uv,—both the likker and the door,—  
 We never seen that stranger in the bloom uv health no more!  
 But some months later, what the birds had left uv him wuz found  
 Associated with a tree, some distance from the ground;  
 And Husky Sam, the coroner, that set upon him, said  
 That two things wuz apparent, namely: first, deceast wuz dead;  
 And, second, previously had got involved beyond all hope  
 In a knotty complication with a yard or two uv rope!



## OUR LADY OF THE MINE

THE Blue Horizon wuz a mine us fellers all thought well uv,  
 And there befell the episode I now perpose to tell uv;  
 'T wuz in the year uv sixty-nine,—somewhere along in summer,—  
 There hove in sight one afternoon a new and curious comer;  
 His name wuz Silas Pettibone,—a' artist by perfession,—  
 With a kit of tools and a big mustache and a pipe in his possession.  
 He told us, by our leave, he 'd kind uv like to make some sketches  
 Uv the snowy peaks, 'nd the foamin' crick, 'nd the distant mountain  
 stretches;

“You 're welkim, sir,” sez we, although this scenery dodge seemed  
 to us

A waste uv time where scenery wuz already sooper-*floo*-us.

All through the summer Pettibone kep' busy at his sketchin',—  
 At daybreak off for Eagle Pass, and home at nightfall, fetchin'  
 'That everlastin' book uv his with spider-lines all through it;  
 Three-Fingered Hoover used to say there war n't no meanin' to it.  
 “Gol darn a man,” sez he to him, “whose shif'less hand is sot at  
 A-drawin' hills that 's full uv quartz that's pinin' to be got at!”  
 “Go on,” sez Pettibone, “go on, if joshin' gratifies ye;  
 But one uv these fine times I 'll show ye sumthin' will surprise ye!”  
 The which remark led us to think—although he did n't say it—  
 That Pettibone wuz owin' us a gredge 'nd meant to pay it.

One evenin' as we sat around the Restauraw de Casey,  
 A-singin' songs 'nd tellin' yarns the which wuz sumwhat racy,  
 In come that feller Pettibone, 'nd sez, “With your permission,  
 I 'd like to put a picture I have made on exhibition.”  
 He sot the picture on the bar 'nd drew aside its curtain,  
 Sayin', “I reckon you 'll allow as how *that 's* art, f'r certain!”  
 And then we looked, with jaws agape, but nary word wuz spoken,  
 And f'r a likely spell the charm uv silence wuz unbroken—  
 Till presently, as in a dream, remarked Three-Fingered Hoover:  
 “Unless I am mistaken, this is Pettibone's shef doover!”

It wuz a face—a human face—a woman's, fair 'nd tender—  
 Sot gracefully upon a neck white as a swan's, and slender;

The hair wuz kind uv sunny, 'nd the eyes wuz sort uv dreamy,  
 The mouth wuz half a-smilin', 'nd the cheeks wuz soft 'nd creamy;  
 It seemed like she wuz lookin' off into the west out yonder,  
 And seemed like, while she looked, we saw her eyes grow softer,  
 fonder,—

Like, lookin' off into the west, where mountain mists wuz fallin',  
 She saw the face she longed to see and heerd his voice a-callin';  
 "Hooray!" we cried,—“a woman in the camp uv Blue Horizon!  
 Step right up, Colonel Pettibone, 'nd nominate your pizen!”

A curious situation,—one deservin' uv your pity,—  
 No human, livin', female thing this side of Denver City!  
 But jest a lot uv husky men that lived on sand 'nd bitters,—  
 Do you wonder that that woman's face consoled the lonesome  
 critters?

And not a one but what it served in some way to remind him  
 Of a mother or a sister or a sweetheart left behind him;  
 And some looked back on happier days, and saw the old-time faces  
 And heerd the dear familiar sounds in old familiar places,—  
 A gracious touch of home. “Look here,” sez Hoover, “ever'body  
 Quit thinkin' 'nd perceed at oncet to name his favorite toddy!”

It wuz n't long afore the news had spread the country over,  
 And miners come a-flockin' in like honey-bees to clover;  
 It kind uv did 'em good, they said, to feast their hungry eyes on  
 That picture uv Our Lady in the camp uv Blue Horizon.  
 But one mean cuss from Nigger Crick passed criticisms on 'er,—  
 Leastwise we overheard him call her Pettibone's madonner,  
 The which we did not take to be respectful to a lady,  
 So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool 'nd dry 'nd shady;  
 Which same might not have been good law, but it *wuz* the right  
 manoeuvre

To give the critics due respect for Pettibone's shuf doover.

Gone is the camp,—yes, years ago the Blue Horizon busted,  
 And every mother's son uv us got up one day 'nd dusted,  
 While Pettibone perceeded East with wealth in his possession,  
 And went to Yurrup, as I heered, to study his perfession;  
 So, like as not, you'll find him now a-paintin' heads 'nd faces  
 At Venus, Billy Florence, and the like I-talyun places.

But no sech face he 'll paint again as at old Blue Horizon,  
 For I 'll allow no sweeter face no human soul sot eyes on;  
 And when the critics talk so grand uv Paris 'nd the Looover,  
 I say, "Oh, but you orter seen the Pettibone shef doover!"

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### MODJESKY AS CAMEEL

AFORE we went to Denver we had heerd the Tabor Grand,  
 Allowed by critics ez the finest opry in the land;  
 And, roundin' up at Denver in the fall of '81,  
 Well heeled in p'int uv looker 'nd a-pinin' for some fun,  
 We told Bill Bush that we wuz fixed quite comf'table for wealth,  
 And had n't struck that altitood entirely for our health.  
 You see we knew Bill Bush at Central City years ago;  
 (An' a whiter man than that same Bill you could not wish to  
 know!)  
 Bill run the Grand for Tabor, 'nd he gin us two a deal  
 Ez how we really otter see Modjesky ez Cameel.

Three-Fingered Hoover stated that he'd great deal ruther go  
 To call on Charley Simpson than frequent a' opry show.  
 "The queen uv tragedy," sez he, "is wot I've never seen,  
 And I reckon there is more for *me* in some other kind uv queen."  
 "Git out!" sez Bill, disgusted-like, "and can't you never find  
 A pleasure in the things uv life wich ellervates the mind?  
 You've set around in Casey's restauraw a year or more,  
 An' heerd ol' Vere de Blaw perform shef doovers by the score,  
 Only to come down here among us *tong* an' say you feel  
 You'd ruther take in faro than a' opry like 'Cameel!'"

But it seems it wur n't no opry, but a sort uv foreign play,  
 With a heap uv talk an' dressin' that wuz both *dekollytay*.  
 A young chap sparks a gal, who 's caught a dook that 's old an'  
 wealthy,—  
 She has a cold 'nd faintin' fits, and is gin'rally onhealthy.  
 She says she has a record; but the young chap does n't mind,  
 And it looks ez if the feller wuz a proper likely kind

Until his old man sneaks around 'nd makes a dirty break,  
 And the young one plays the sucker 'nd gives the girl the shake.  
 "Armo! Armo!" she hollers; but he flings her on the floor,  
 And says he ain'ter goin' to have no truck with her no more.

At that Three-Fingered Hoover says, "I ll chip into this game,  
 And see if Red Hoss Mountain cannot reconstruct the same.  
 I won't set by an' see the feelin's uv a lady hurt,—  
 Gol darn a critter, anyhow, that does a woman dirt!"  
 He riz up like a giant in that little painted pen,  
 And stepped upon the platform with the women-folks 'nd men;  
 Across the trough of gaslights he bounded like a deer,  
 An' grabbed Armo an' hove him through the landscape in the  
     rear;  
 And then we seen him shed his hat an' reverently kneel,  
 An' put his strong arms tenderly around the gal Cameel.

A-standin' in his stockin' feet, his height wuz siz foot three,  
 And a huskier man than Hoover wuz you could not hope to see.  
 He downed Lafe Dawson wrasslin'; and one night I seen him lick  
 Three Cornish miners that come into camp from Roarin' Crick  
 To clean out Casey's restauraw an' do the town, they said.  
 He could whip his weight in wildcats, an' paint whole townships red,  
 But good to helpless folks and weak,—a brave and manly heart  
 A cyclone could n't phase, but any child could rend apart;  
 Jest like the mountain pine, wich dares the storm that howls  
     along,  
 But rocks the winds uv summer-time, an' sings a soothin' song.

"Cameel," sez he, "your record is ag'in you, I'll allow,  
 But, bein' you 're a woman, you'll git justice anyhow;  
 So, if you say you're sorry, and intend to travel straight,—  
 Why, never mind that other chap with which you meant to mate,—  
 I'll marry you myself, and take you back to-morrow night  
 To the camp on Red Hoss Mountain, where the boys'll treat you  
     white,

Where Casey runs a tabble dote, and folks are brave 'nd true,  
 Where there ain't no ancient history to bother me or you,  
 Where there ain't no law but honesty, no evidence but facts,  
 Where between the verdick and the rope there ain't no *onter acts*."

I wuz mighty proud of Hoover; but the folks began to shout  
 That the feller was intrudin', and would some one put him out.  
 "Well, no; I reckon not," says I, or words to that effect,  
 Ez I perduced a' argument I thought they might respect,—  
 A long an' harnsome weepson I'd pre-empted when I come  
 Out West (its cartridges wuz big an' juicy ez a plum),  
 Wich, when persented properly, wuz very apt to sway  
 The popular opinion in a most persuasive way.  
 "Well, no; I reckon not," says I; but I did n't say no more,  
 Observin' that there wuz a gin'ral movement towards the door.

First Dr. Lemen he allowed that he had got to go  
 And see a patient he jest heerd wuz lyin' very low;  
 An' Charlie Toll riz up an' said he guessed he'd jine the Dock.  
 An' go to see a client wich wuz waitin' round the block;  
 John Arkins reckollected he had interviews to write,  
 And previous engagements hurried Cooper from our sight;  
 Cal Cole went out to buy a hoss, Fred Skiff and Belford too;  
 And Stapleton remembered he had heaps uv work to do.  
 Somehow or other every one wuz full uv business then;  
 Leastwise, they all vamoosed, and did n't bother us again.

I reckon that Willard Morse an' Bush come runnin' in,  
 A-hollerin', "Oh, wot two idiots you durned fools have been!"  
 I reckon that they allowed we'd made a big mistake,—  
 They otter knowed us tenderfoots wuz sure to make a break!  
 An', while Modjesky stated we wuz somewhat off our base,  
 I half opined she liked it, by the look upon her face.  
 I reckon that Hoover regretted he done wrong  
 In throwin' that there actor through a vista ten miles long.  
 I reckon we all shuck hands, and ordered vin frappay,—  
 And I never shall forget the head I had on me next day!

I have n't seen Modjesky since; I'm hopin' to again.  
 She's goin' to show in Denver soon; I'll go to see her then.  
 An' may be I shall speak to her, wich if I do 't will be  
 About the old friend restin' by the mighty Western sea,—  
 A simple man, perhaps, but good ez gold and true ez steel;  
 He could whip his weight in wildcats, and you never heerd him  
 squeal;

Good to the helpless an' the weak; a brave an' manly heart  
 A cyclone could n't phase, but any child could rend apart;  
 So like the mountain pine, that dares the storm wich sweeps along,  
 But rocks the winds uv summer-time, an' sings a soothin' song.

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### MARTHY'S YOUNKIT

THE mountain brook sung lonesomelike, and loitered on its way  
 Ez if it waited for a child to jine it in its play;  
 The wild-flowers uv the hillside bent down their heads to hear  
 The music uv the little feet that had somehow grown so dear;  
 The magpies, like winged shadders, wuz a-flutterin' to an' fro  
 Among the rocks an' holler stumps in the ragged gulch below;  
 The pines an' hemlocks tosst their boughs (like they wuz arms) and  
 made

Soft, sollum music on the slope where he had often played;  
 But for these lonesome, sollum voices on the mountain-side,  
 There wuz no sound the summer day that Marthy's younkite died.

We called him Marthy's younkite, for Marthy wuz the name  
 Uv her ez wuz his mar, the wife uv Sorry Tom,—the same  
 Ez taught the school-house on the hill, way back in '69,  
 When she marr'd Sorry Tom, wich owned the Gosh-all-Hemlock  
 mine!

And Marthy's younkite wuz their first, wich, bein' how it meant  
 The first on Red Hoss Mountain, wuz truly a' event!  
 The miners sawed off short on work ez soon ez they got word  
 That Dock Devine allowed to Casey what had just occurred;  
 We loaded up an' whooped around until we all wuz hoarse  
 Salutin' the arrival, wich weighed ten pounds, uv course!

Three years, and sech a pretty child!—his mother's counterpart!  
 Three years, an' sech a holt ez he had got on every heart!—  
 A peert an' likely little tyke with hair ez red ez gold,  
 A-laughin', toddlin' everywhere,—'nd only three years old!  
 Up yonder, sometimes, to the store, an' sometimes down the hill  
 He kited (boys is boys, you know,—you could n't keep him still!)

An' there he 'd play beside the brook where purpul wild-flowers  
grew,

An' the mountain pines an' hemlocks a kindly shadder threw,  
An' sung soft, sollum toons to him, while in the gulch below  
The magpies, like strange sperrits, went flutterin' to an' fro.

Three years, an' then the fever come,—it wuz n't right, you know,  
With all us old ones in the camp, for that little child to go;  
It 's right the old should die, but that a harmless little child  
Should miss the joy uv life an' love,—that can't be reconciled!  
That 's what we thought that summer day, an' that is what we  
said

Ez we looked upon the piteous face uv Marthy's younkite dead.  
But for his mother's sobbin', the house wuz very still,  
An' Sorry Tom wuz lookin', through the winder, down the hill,  
To the patch beneath the hemlocks where his darlin' used to play,  
An' the mountain brook sung lonesomelike an' loitered on its way.

A preacher come from Roarin' Crick to comfort 'em an' pray,  
'Nd all the camp wuz present at the obsequies next day;  
A female teacher staged it twenty miles to sing a hymn,  
An' we jined her in the chorus,—big, husky men an' grim  
Sung "Jesus, Lover uv my Soul," an' then the preacher prayed,  
An' preacht a sermon on the death uv that fair blossom laid  
Among them other flowers he loved,—wich sermon set sect  
weight

On sinners bein' always heeled against the future state,  
That, though it had been fashionable to swear a perfec' streak,  
There war n't no swearin' in the camp for pretty nigh a week!

Last thing uv all, four strappin' men took up the little load  
An' bore it tenderly along the windin', rocky road,  
To where the coroner had dug a grave beside the brook,  
In sight uv Marthy's winder, where the same could set an' look  
An' wonder if his cradle in that green patch, long an' wide,  
Wuz ez soothin' ez the cradie that wuz empty at her side:  
An' wonder if the mournful songs the pines wuz singin' then  
Wuz ez tender ez the lullabies she 'd never sing again,  
'Nd if the bosom of the earth in wich he lay at rest  
Wuz half ez lovin' 'nd ez warm ez wuz his mother's breast.

The camp is gone; but Red Hoss Mountain rears its kindly  
 head,  
 An' looks down, sort uv tenderly, upon its cherished dead;  
 'Nd I reckon that, through all the years, that little boy wich  
 died  
 Sleeps sweetly an' contentedly upon the mountain-side;  
 That the wild-flowers uv the summer-time bend down their heads  
 to hear  
 The footfall uv a little friend they know not slumbers near;  
 That the magpies on the sollum rocks strange flutterin' shadders  
 make,  
 An' the pines an' hemlocks wonder that the sleeper does n't wake;  
 That the mountain brook sings lonesomelike an' loiters on its  
 way  
 Ez if it waited for a child to jine it in its play.

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### MADGE: YE HOYDEN

#### I

At Madge, ye hoyden, gossips scofft,  
 Ffor that a romping wench was shee—  
 “Now marke this rede,” they bade her oft.  
 “Forsooken sholde your folly bee!”  
 But Madge, ye hoyden, laught & cried,  
 “Oho, oho,” in girlish glee,  
 And noe thing mo replied.

#### II

No griffe she had nor knew no care,  
 But gayly rompit all daies long,  
 And, like ye brooke that everywhere  
 Goes jinking with a gladsome song,  
 Shee danct and songe from morn till night,  
 Her gentil harte did know no wrong,  
 Nor did she none despight.



## III

Sir Tomas from his noblesse halle  
 Did trend his path a somer's daye,  
 And to ye hoyden he did call  
 And these ffull evill words aid say:  
 "O wolde you weare a silken gown  
 And binde your haire with ribands gay?  
 Then come with me to town!"

## IV

But Madge, ye hoyden, shoke her head,—  
 "Ile be no lemman unto thee  
 For all your golde and gownes," shee said,  
 "ffor Robin hath bespoken mee."  
 Then ben Sir Tomas sore despight,  
 And back unto his ball went hee  
 With face as ashen white.

## V

"O Robin, wilt thou wed this girl,  
 Whenas she is so vaine a sprite?"  
 So spak ffull many an envious churle  
 Unto that curteyse countrie wight.  
 But Robin did not pay no heede;  
 And they ben wed a somer night  
 & danct upon ye meade.

## VI

Then scarce ben past a yeare & daye  
 Whan Robin toke unto his bed,  
 And long, long time therein he lay,  
 Nor colde not work to earn his bread;  
 in soche an houre, whan times ben sore,  
 Sr. Tomas came with haughtie tread  
 & knockit at ye doore.

## VII

Saies: "Madge, ye hoyden, do you know  
 how that you once despighted me?  
 But Ile forgiff an you will go  
 my swete harte lady ffor to bee!"  
 But Madge, ye hoyden, heard noe more,—  
 straightway upon her heele turnt shee,  
 & shote ye cottage doore.

## VIII

Soe Madge, ye hoyden, did her parte  
 whiles that ye years did come and go;  
 't was somer allwais in her harte,  
 tho' winter strewed her head with snowe.  
 She toilt and span thro' all those years  
 nor bid repine that it ben soe,  
 nor never shad noe teares.

## IX

Whiles Robin lay within his bed,  
 A divell came and whispered lowe,—  
 "Giff you will doe my will," he said,  
 "None more of sickness you shall knowe!"  
 Ye which gave joy to Robin's soul—  
 Saies Robin: "Divell, be it soe,  
 an that you make me whoale!"

## X

That day, upp rising ffrom his bed,  
 Quoth Robin: "I am well again!"  
 & backe he came as from ye dead,  
 & he ben mickle blithe as when  
 he wooed his doxy long ago;  
 & Madge did make ado & then  
 Her teares ffor joy did flowe.

## XI

Then came that hell-born cloven thing—  
 Saies: “Robin, I do claim your life,  
 and I hencefoorth shall be your king,  
 and you shall do my evill strife.  
 Look round about and you shall see  
 sr. Tomas’ young and ffoolish wiffe—  
 a comely dame is shee!”

## XII

Ye divell had him in his power,  
 and not colde Robin say thereto:  
 Soe Robin from that very houre  
 did what that divell bade him do;  
 He wooed and clipt, and on a daye  
 sr. Tomas’ wife and Robin flewe  
 a many leagues away.

## XIII

Sir Tomas ben wood wroth and swore,  
 And sometime strode thro’ leaf & brake  
 and knockit at ye cottage door  
 and thus to Madge, ye hoyden, spake:  
 Saies, “I wolde have you ffor mine own,  
 So come with mee & bee my make,  
 syn tother birds ben flown.”

## XIV

But Madge, ye hoyden, bade him noe;  
 Saies: “Robin is my swete harte still,  
 And, tho’ he doth despight me soe,  
 I mean to do him good for ill.  
 So goe, Sir Tomas, goe your way;  
 ffor whiles I bee on live I will  
 ffor Robin’s coming pray!”

## XV

Soe Madge, ye hoyden, kneelt & prayed  
 that Godde sholde send her Robin backe.  
 And tho' ye folke vast scoffing made,  
 and tho' ye worlde ben colde and blacke,  
 And tho', as moneths dragged away,  
 ye hoyden's harte ben like to crack  
 With griff, she still did praye.

## XVI

Sicke of that divell's damnèd charmes,  
 Aback did Robin come at last,  
 And Madge, ye hoyden, sprad her arms  
 and gave a cry and held him fast;  
 And as she clong to him and cried,  
 her patient harte with joy did brast,  
 & Madge, ye hoyden, died.

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 THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S PRAYER

KEEP me, I pray, in wisdom's way  
 That I may truths eternal seek;  
 I need protecting care to-day,—  
 My purse is light, my flesh is weak.  
 So banish from my erring heart  
 All baleful appetites and hints  
 Of Satan's fascinating art,  
 Of first editions, and of prints.  
 Direct me in some godly walk  
 Which leads away from bookish strife,  
 That I with pious deed and talk  
 May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee  
 To keep me in temptation's way  
 I humbly ask that I may be  
 Most notably beset to-day;

Let my temptation be a book,  
 Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,  
 Whereon when other men shall look,  
 They 'll wail to know I got it cheap.  
 Oh, let it such a volume be  
 As in rare copperplates abounds,  
 Large paper, clean, and fair to see,  
 Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE

It is very aggravating  
 To hear the solemn prating  
 Of the fossils who are stating  
     That old Horace was a prude;  
 When we know that with the ladies  
 He was always raising Hades,  
 And with many an escapade his  
     Best productions are imbued.

There 's really not much harm in a  
 Large number of his carmina,  
 But these people find alarm in a  
     Few records of his acts;  
 So they 'd squelch the muse caloric,  
 And to students sophomoric  
 They 'd present as metaphoric  
     What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy;  
 Now we adjudge 'em crazy!  
 Why, Horace was a daisy  
     That was very much alive!  
 And the wisest of us know him  
 As his Lydia verses show him,—  
 Go, read that virile poem,—  
     It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,  
 And starting out to prow, sir,  
 You bet he made Rome howl, **sir**,  
     Until he filled his date;  
 With a massic-laden ditty  
 And a classic maiden pretty  
 He painted up the city,  
     And Mæccenas paid the freight!



### OUR TWO OPINIONS

Us two wuz boys when we fell out,—  
     Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;  
 Don't rec'lect what 't wuz about,  
     Some small deeff'rence, I 'll allow.  
 Lived next neighbors twenty years,  
     A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,—  
 He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,  
     'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Grew up together 'nd would n't speak,  
     Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too;  
 'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,  
     A-hatin' each other through 'nd through!  
 But when Abe Linkern asked the West  
     F'r soldiers, we answered,—me 'nd Jim,—  
 He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,  
     'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

But down in Tennessee one night  
     Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,  
 'Nd the sergeant allowed ther' 'd be a fight  
     With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;  
 'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home  
     Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim,—  
 He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,  
     'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be  
 Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him;  
 Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,  
 But never a word from me or Jim!  
 He went *his* way 'nd *I* went *mine*,  
 'Nd into the battle's roar went we,—  
*I* havin' *my* opinyin uv Jim,  
 'Nd *he* havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*.

Jim never come back from the war again,  
 But I hain't forgot that last, last night  
 When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men  
 Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.  
 'Nd, after it all, it 's soothin' to know  
 That here *I* be 'nd yonder 's Jim,—  
*He* havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,  
 'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

---

 LITTLE MACK

THIS talk about the journalists that run the East is bosh,  
 We 've got a Western editor that's little, but, O gosh!  
 He lives here in Mizzooora where the people are so set  
 In ante-bellum notions that they vote for Jackson yet;  
 But the paper he is running makes the rusty fossils swear,—  
 The smartest, likeliest paper that is printed anywhere!  
 And, best of all, the paragraphs are pointed as a tack,  
 And that 's because they emanate  
 From little Mack.

In architecture he is what you'd call a chunky man,  
 As if he 'd been constructed on the summer cottage plan;  
 He has a nose like Bonaparte; and round his mobile mouth  
 Lies all the sensuous languor of the children of the South;  
 His dealings with reporters who affect a weekly bust  
 Have given to his violet eyes a shadow of distrust;  
 In glorious abandon his brown hair wanders back  
 From the grand Websterian forehead  
 Of little Mack.

No matter what the item is, if there 's an item in it,  
 You bet your life he 's on to it and nips it in a minute!  
 From multifarious nations, countries, monarchies, and lands,  
 From Afric's sunny fountains and India's coral strands,  
 From Greenland's icy mountains and Siloam's shady rills,  
 He gathers in his telegrams, and Houser pays the bills;  
 What though there be a dearth of news, he has a happy knack  
     Of scraping up a lot of scoops,  
     Does little Mack.

And learning? Well he knows the folks of every tribe and age  
 That ever played a part upon this fleeting human stage;  
 His intellectual system 's so extensive and so greedy  
 That, when it comes to records, he 's a walkin' cyclopedy;  
 For having studied (and digested) all the books a-goin',  
 It stands to reason he must know about all 's worth a-knowin'!  
 So when a politician with a record 's on the track,  
     We 're apt to hear some history  
     From little Mack.

And when a fellow-journalist is broke and needs a twenty,  
 Who 's allus ready to whack up a portion of his plenty?  
 Who 's allus got a wallet that 's as full of sordid gain  
 As his heart is full of kindness and his head is full of brain?  
 Whose bowels of compassion will in-va-ri-a-bly move  
 Their owner to those courtesies which plainly, surely prove  
 That he 's the kind of person that never does go back  
     On a fellow that 's in trouble?  
     Why, little Mack!

I've heard 'em tell of Dana, and of Bonner, and of Reid,  
 Of Johnnie Cockerill, who, I 'll own, is very smart indeed;  
 Yet I don't care what their renown or influence may be,  
 One metropolitan exchange is quite enough for me!  
 So keep your Danas, Bonners, Reids, your Cockerills, and the  
     rest,  
 The woods is full of better men all through this woolly West;  
 For all that sleek, pretentious, Eastern editorial pack  
     We would n't swap the shadow of  
     Our little Mack!



## TO ROBIN GOODFELLOW

I SEE you, Maister Bawsy-brown,  
 Through yonder lattice creepin';  
 You come for cream and to gar me dream,  
 But you dinna find me sleepin'.  
 The moonbeam, that upon the floor  
 Wi' crickets ben a-jinkin',  
 Now steals away fra' her bonnie play—  
 Wi' a rosier blie, I 'm thinkin'.

I saw you, Maister Bawsy-brown,  
 When the blue bells went a-ringin'  
 For the merrie fays o' the banks an' braes,  
 And I kenned your bonnie singin';  
 The gowans gave you honey sweets,  
 And the posies on the heather  
 Dript draughts o' dew for the faery crew  
 That danct and sang together.

But posie-bloom an' simmer-dew  
 And ither sweets o' faery  
 C'u'd na gae down wi' Bawsy-brown,  
 Sae nigh to Maggie's dairy!  
 My pantry shelves, sae clean and white,  
 Are set wi' cream and cheeses,—  
 Gae, gin you will, an' take your fill  
 Of whatsoever pleases.

Then wave your wand aboon my een  
 Until they close awearie,  
 And the night be past sae sweet and fast  
 Wi' dreamings o' my dearie.  
 But pinch the wench in yonder room,  
 For she 's na gude nor bonnie,—  
 Her shelves be dust and her pans be rust,  
 And she winkit at my Johnnie!

## APPLE-PIE AND CHEESE

FULL many a sinful notion  
 Conceived of foreign powers  
 Has come across the ocean  
 To harm this land of ours;  
 And heresies called fashions  
 Have modesty effaced,  
 And baleful, morbid passions  
 Corrupt our native taste.  
 O tempora! O mores!  
 What profanations these  
 That seek to dim the glories  
 Of apple-pie and cheese!

I'm glad my education  
 Enables me to stand  
 Against the vile temptation  
 Held out on every hand;  
 Eschewing all the tittles  
 With vanity replete,  
 I'm loyal to the victuals  
 Our grandsires used to eat!  
 I'm glad I've got three willing boys  
 To hang around and tease  
 Their mother for the filling joys  
 Of apple-pie and cheese!

Your flavored creams and ices  
 And your dainty angel-food  
 Are mighty fine devices  
 To regale the dainty dude;  
 Your terrapin and oysters,  
 With wine to wash 'em down,  
 Are just the thing for roisters  
 When painting of the town;  
 No flippant, sugared notion  
 Shall *my* appetite appease,  
 Or bate my soul's devotion  
 To apple-pie and cheese!

The pie my Julia makes me  
 (God bless her Yankee ways!)  
 On memory's pinions takes me  
 To dear Green Mountain days;  
 And seems like I see Mother  
 Lean on the window-sill,  
 A-handin' me and brother  
 What she knows 'll keep us still;  
 And these feelings are so grateful,  
 Says I, "Julia, if you please,  
 I'll take another plateful  
 Of that apple-pie and cheese!"

And cheese! No alien it, sir,  
 That 's brought across the sea,—  
 No Dutch antique, nor Switzer,  
 Nor glutinous de Brie;  
 There 's nothing I abhor so  
 As mawmets of this ilk—  
 Give *me* the harmless morceau  
 That 's made of true-blue milk!  
 No matter what conditions  
 Dyspeptic come to feaze,  
 The best of all physicians  
 Is apple-pie and cheese!

Though ribalds may decry 'em,  
 For these twin boons we stand,  
 Partaking thrice per diem  
 Of their fulness out of hand;  
 No enervating fashion  
 Shall cheat us of our right  
 To gratify our passion  
 With a mouthful at a bite!  
 We'll cut it square or bias,  
 Or any way we please,  
 And faith shall justify us  
 When we carve our pie and cheese!

De gustibus, 't is stated,  
 Non disputandum est.  
 Which meaneth, when translated  
 That all is for the best.  
 So let the foolish choose 'em  
 The vapid sweets of sin,  
 I will not disabuse 'em  
 Of the heresy they 're in;  
 But I, when I undress me  
 Each night, upon my knees  
 Will ask the Lord to bless me  
 With apple-pie and cheese!

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### THE LITTLE PEACH

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew,—  
 A little peach of emerald hue;  
 Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,  
 It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,  
 That little peach dawned on the view  
 Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—  
 Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—  
 Down from the stem on which it grew  
 Fell that peach of emerald hue.  
 Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,  
 And then the trouble began to brew,—  
 Trouble the doctor could n't subdue.  
 Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew  
 They planted John and his sister Sue,  
 And their little souls to the angels flew,—  
 Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,  
 Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew?  
 Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.  
 Adieu!

1880

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THE DIVINE LULLABY

OK

I HEAR Thy voice, dear Lord;  
 I hear it by the stormy sea  
 When winter nights are black and wild,  
 And when, affright, I call to Thee;  
 It calms my fears and whispers me,  
 "Sleep well, my child."

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,  
 In singing winds, in falling snow,  
 The curfew chimes, the midnight bell.  
 "Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low;  
 "The guardian angels come and go,—  
 O child, sleep well!"

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,  
 Ay, though the singing winds be stilled,  
 Though hushed the tumult of the deep,  
 My fainting heart with anguish chilled  
 By Thy assuring tone is thrilled,—  
 "Fear not, and sleep!"

Speak on—speak on, dear Lord!  
 And when the last dread night is near,  
 With doubts and fears and terrors wild,  
 Oh, let my soul expiring hear  
 Only these words of heavenly cheer:  
 "Sleep well, my child!"

## DE AMICITIIS

THOUGH care and strife  
 Elsewhere be rife,  
 Upon my word I do not heed 'em;  
 In bed I lie  
 With books hard by,  
 And with increasing zest I read 'em

Propped up in bed,  
 So much I've read  
 Of musty tomes that I've a headful  
 Of tales and rhymes  
 Of ancient times,  
 Which, wife declares, are "simply dreadful!"

They give me joy  
 Without alloy;  
 And is n't that what books are made for?  
 And yet—and yet—  
 (Ah, vain regret!)  
 I would to God they all were paid for!

No festooned cup  
 Filled foaming up  
 Can lure me elsewhere to confound me;  
 Sweeter than wine  
 This love of mine  
 For these old books I see around me!

A plague, I say,  
 On maidens gay;  
 I'll weave no compliments to tell 'em!  
 Vain fool I were,  
 Did I prefer  
 Those dolls to these old friends in vellum!

At dead of night  
 My chamber's bright  
**Not only** with the gas that's burning,  
 But with the glow  
 Of long ago,—  
**Of beauty** back from eld returning.

Fair women's looks  
 I see in books,  
**I see** *them*, and I hear their laughter,—  
 Proud, high-born maids,  
 Unlike the jades  
**Which** men-folk now go chasing after!

Herein again  
 Speak valiant men  
**Of all** nativities and ages;  
 I hear and smile  
 With rapture while  
**I turn** these musty, magic pages.

The sword, the lance,  
 The morris dance,  
**The** highland song, the greenwood ditty,  
 Of these I read,  
 Or, when the need,  
**My** Miller grinds me grist that's gritty!

When of such stuff  
 We've had enough,  
**Why**, there be other friends to greet **us**;  
 We'll moralize  
 In solemn wise  
**With** Plato or with Epictetus.

Sneer as you may,  
 I'm proud to say  
**That** I, for one, am very grateful

To Heaven, that sends  
 These genial friends  
**To banish other friendships hateful!**

And when I'm done,  
 I'd have no son  
 Pounce on these treasures like a vulture;  
 Nay, give them half  
 My epitaph,  
**And let them share in my sepulture.**

Then, when the crack  
 Of doom rolls back  
**The marble and the earth that hide me,**  
 I'll smuggle home  
 Each precious tome,  
**Without a fear my wife shall chide me!**

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### THE WANDERER

**UPON** a mountain height, far from the sea,  
 I found a shell,  
**And to my listening ear the lonely thing**  
**Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,**  
 Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

**How came the shell upon that mountain height?**  
 Ah, who can say  
**Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,**  
**Or whether there cast when Ocean swept the Land,**  
 Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?

**Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,**  
 One song it sang,—  
**Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,**  
**Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,—**  
 Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.



And as the shell upon the mountain height  
 Sings of the sea,  
 So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,—  
 So do I ever, wandering where I may,—  
 Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee.

1883.

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SOLDIER, MAIDEN, AND FLOWER

“SWEETHEART, take this,” a soldier said,  
 “And bid me brave good-by;  
 It may befall we ne’er shall wed,  
 But love can never die.  
 Be steadfast in thy troth to me,  
 And then, whate’er my lot,  
 ‘My soul to God, my heart to thee,’—  
 Sweetheart, forget me not!”

The maiden took the tiny flower  
 And nursed it with her tears:  
 Lo! he who left her in that hour  
 Came not in after years.  
 Unto a hero’s death he rode  
 ‘Mid shower of fire and shot;  
 But in the maiden’s heart abode  
 The flower, forget-me-not.

And when *he* came not with the rest  
 From out the years of blood,  
 Closely unto her widowed breast  
 She pressed a faded bud;  
 Oh, there is love and there is pain,  
 And there is peace, God wot,—  
 And these dear three do live again  
 In sweet forget-me-not.

'T is to an unmarked grave to-day  
 That I should love to go,—  
 Whether he wore the blue or gray,  
 What need that we should know?  
 "He loved a woman," let us say,  
 And on that sacred spot,  
 To woman's love, that lives for aye,  
 We 'll strew forget-me-not.

1887.

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### AILSIE, MY BAIRN

LIE in my arms, Ailsie, my bairn,—  
 Lie in my arms and dinna greit;  
 Long time been past syn I kenned you last,  
 But my harte been allwais the same, my swete.

Ailsie, I colde not say you ill,  
 For out of the mist of your bitter tears,  
 And the prayers that rise from your bonnie eyes,  
 Cometh a promise of oder yeres.

I mind the time when we lost our bairn,—  
 Do you ken that time? A wambling tot,  
 You wandered away ane simmer day,  
 And we hunted and called, and found you not.

I promised God, if He 'd send you back,  
 Alwais to keepe and to love you, childe;  
 And I 'm thinking again of that promise when  
 I see you creep out of the storm sae wild.

You came back then as you come back now,—  
 Your kirtle torn and your face all white;  
 And you stood outside and knockit and cried,  
 Just as you, dearie, did to-night.

Oh, never a word of the cruel wrang,  
 That has faded your cheek and dimmed your ee,  
 And never a word of the fause, fause lord,—  
 Only a smile and a kiss for me.

Lie in my arms, as long, long syne,  
 And sleepe on my bosom, deere wounded thing,—  
 I 'm nae sae glee as I used to be,  
 Or I 'd sing you the songs I used to sing.

But Ile kemb my fingers thro' y'r haire,  
 And nane shall know, but you and I,  
 Of the love and the faith that came to us baith  
 When Ailsie, my bairn, came home to die.

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 MR. DANA, OF THE NEW YORK SUN

THAR showed up out'n Denver in the spring uv '81  
 A man who 'd worked with Dana on the Noo York Sun.  
 His name wuz Cantell Whoppers, 'nd he wuz a sight ter view  
 Ez he walked inter the orfice 'nd inquired fer work ter do.  
 Thar war n't no places vacant then,—fer be it understood,  
 That wuz the time when talent flourished at that altitood;  
 But thar the stranger lingered, tellin' Raymond 'nd the rest  
 Uv what perdigious wonders he could do when at his best,  
 Till finally he stated (quite by chance) that he hed done  
 A heap uv work with Dana on the Noo York Sun.

Wall, that wuz quite another thing; we owned that ary cuss  
 Who 'd worked f'r Mr. Dana *must* be good enough fer *us*!  
 And so we tuk the stranger's word 'nd nipped him whilse we could,  
 For if *we did n't* take him we knew John Arkins *would*;  
 And Cooper, too, wuz mouzin' round fer enterprise 'nd brains,  
 Whenever them commodities blew in across the plains.  
 At any rate we nailed him, which made ol' Cooper swear  
 And Arkins tear out handfuls uv his copious curly hair;  
 But *we* set back and cackled, 'nd hed a power uv fun  
 With our man who 'd worked with Dana on the Noo York Sun.

It made our eyes hang on our cheeks 'nd lower jaws ter drop,  
 Ter hear that feller tellin' how ol' Dana run his shop:  
 It seems that Dana wuz the biggest man you ever saw,—  
 He lived on human bein's, 'nd preferred to eat 'em raw!  
 If he hed Democratic drugs ter take, before he took 'em,  
 As good old allopathic laws prescribe, he allus shook 'em.  
 The man that could set down 'nd write like Dany never grew,  
 And the sum of human knowledge wuz n't half what Dana knew;  
 The consequence appeared to be that nearly every one  
 Concurred with Mr. Dana of the Noo York Sun.

This feller, Cantell Whoppers, never brought an item in,—  
 He spent his time at Perrin's shakin' poker dice f'r gin.  
 Whatever the assignment, he wuz allus sure to shirk,  
 He wuz very long on likker and all-fired short on work!  
 If any other cuss had played the tricks he dared ter play,  
 The daisies would be bloomin' over his remains to-day;  
 But somehow folks respected him and stood him to the last,  
 Considerin' his superior connections in the past.  
 So, when he bilked at poker, not a sucker drew a gun  
 On the man who 'd worked with Dana on the Noo York Sun.

Wall, Dana came ter Denver in the fall uv '83,  
 A very different party from the man we thought ter see,—  
 A nice 'nd clean old gentleman, so dignerfied 'nd calm,  
 You bet yer life he never did no human bein' harm!  
 A certain hearty manner 'nd a fulness uv the vest  
 Betokened that his sperrits 'nd his victuals wuz the best;  
 His face wuz so benevolent, his smile so sweet 'nd kind,  
 That they seemed to be the reflex uv an honest, healthy mind;  
 And God had set upon his head a crown uv silver hair  
 In promise uv the golden crown He meaneth him to wear.  
 So, uv us boys that met him out'n Denver, there wuz none  
 But fell in love with Dana uv the Noo York Sun.

But when he came to Denver in that fall uv '83,  
 His old friend Cantell Whoppers disappeared upon a spree;  
 The very thought uv seein' Dana worked upon him so  
 (They had n't been together fer a year or two, you know),


That he borrowed all the stuff he could and started on a bat,  
 And, strange as it may seem, we did n't see him after that.  
 So, when ol' Dana hove in sight, we could n't understand  
 Why he did n't seem to notice that his crony wa'n't on hand;  
 No casual allusion, not a question, no, not one,  
 For the man who 'd "worked with Dana on the Noo York Sun!"

We broke it gently to him, but he did n't seem surprised,  
 Thar wuz no big burst uv passion as we fellers had surmised.  
 He said that Whoppers wuz a man he 'd never heerd about,  
 But he mought have carried papers on a Jarsey City route;  
 And then he recollected hearin' Mr. Laffan say  
 That he 'd fired a man named Whoppers fur bein' drunk one day,  
 Which, with more likker *underneath* than money *in* his vest,  
 Had started on a freight-train fur the great 'nd boundin' West,  
 But further information or statistics he had none  
 Uv the man who 'd "worked with Dana on the Noo York Sun."

We dropped the matter quietly 'nd never made no fuss,—  
 When we get played for suckers, why, that's a horse on us!—  
 But every now 'nd then we Denver fellers have to laff  
 To hear some other paper boast uv havin' on its staff  
 A man who 's "worked with Dana," 'nd then we fellers wink  
 And pull our hats down on our eyes 'nd set around 'nd think.  
 It seems like Dana could n't be as smart as people say,  
 If he educates so many folks 'nd lets 'em get away;  
 And, as for us, in future we 'll be very apt to shun  
 The man who "worked with Dana on the Noo York Sun."

But bless ye, Mr. Dana! may you live a thousan' years,  
 To sort o' keep things lively in this vale of human tears;  
 An' may *I* live a thousan', too,—a thousan' less a day,  
 For I should n't like to be on earth to hear you 'd passed away  
 And when it comes your time to go you 'll need no Latin chaff  
 Nor biographic data put in your epitaph;  
 But one straight line of English and of truth will let folks know  
 The homage 'nd the gratitude 'nd reverence they owe;  
 You 'll need no epitaph but this: "Here sleeps the man who run  
 That best 'nd brightest paper, the Noo York Sun."

## THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM


 My Shepherd is the Lord my God,—  
 There is no want I know;  
 His flock He leads in verdant meads,  
 Where tranquil waters flow.

He doth restore my fainting soul  
 With His divine caress,  
 And, when I stray, He points the way  
 To paths of righteousness.

Yea, though I walk the vale of death,  
 What evil shall I fear?  
 Thy staff and rod are mine, O God,  
 And Thou, my Shepherd, near!

Mine enemies behold the feast  
 Which my dear Lord hath spread;  
 And, lo! my cup He filleth up,  
 With oil anoints my head!

Goodness and mercy shall be mine  
 Unto my dying day;  
 Then will I bide at His dear side  
 Forever and for aye!



## THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S BRIDE

THE women-folk are like to books,—  
 Most pleasing to the eye,  
 Whereon if anybody looks  
 He feels disposed to buy.

I hear that many are for sale,—  
Those that record no dates,  
And such editions as regale  
The view with colored plates.

Of every quality and grade  
And size they may be found,—  
Quite often beautifully made,  
As often poorly bound.

Now, as for me, had I my choice,  
I'd choose no folio tall,  
But some octavo to rejoice  
My sight and heart withal,—

As plump and pudgy as a snipe;  
Well worth her weight in gold;  
Of honest, clean, conspicuous type,  
And *just* the size to hold!

With such a volume for my wife  
How should I keep and con!  
How like a dream should run my life  
Unto its colophon!

Her frontispiece should be more fair  
Than any colored plate;  
Blooming with health, she would not care  
To extra-illustrate.

And in her pages there should be  
A wealth of prose and verse,  
With now and then a *jeu d'esprit*,—  
But nothing ever worse!

Prose for me when I wished for prose,  
Verse when to verse inclined,—  
Forever bringing sweet repose  
To body, heart, and mind.

Oh, I should bind this priceless prize  
 In bindings full and fine,  
 And keep her where no human eyes  
 Should see her charms, but mine!

With such a fair unique as this  
 What happiness abounds!  
 Who—who could paint my rapturous bliss,  
 My joy unknown to Lowndes!

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### CHRISTMAS HYMN

SING, Christmas bells!  
 Say to the earth this is the morn  
 Whereon our Saviour-King is born;  
 Sing to all men,—the bond, the free,  
 The rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
 The little child that sports in glee,  
 The aged folk that tottering go,—  
 Proclaim the morn  
 That Christ is born,  
 That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, angel host!  
 Sing of the star that God has placed  
 Above the manger in the east;  
 Sing of the glories of the night,  
 The virgin's sweet humility,  
 The Babe with kingly robes bedight,—  
 Sing to all men where'er they be  
 This Christmas morn;  
 For Christ is born,  
 That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, sons of earth!  
 O ransomed seed of Adam, sing!  
 God liveth, and we have a king!  
 The curse is gone, the bond are free,—



By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,  
 By all the heavenly signs that be,  
 We know that Israel is redeemed;  
     That on this morn  
     The Christ is born  
 That saveth you and saveth me!

Sing, O my heart!  
 Sing thou in rapture this dear morn  
 Whereon the blessed Prince is born!  
 And as thy songs shall be of love,  
 So let my deeds be charity,—  
 By the dear Lord that reigns above,  
 By Him that died upon the tree,  
     By this fair morn  
     Whereon is born  
 The Christ that saveth all and me!

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“GOOD-BY—GOD BLESS YOU!”

I LIKE the Anglo-Saxon speech  
 With its direct revealings;  
 It takes a hold, and seems to reach  
     'Way down into your feelings;  
 That some folk deem it rude, I know,  
 And therefore they abuse it;  
 But I have never found it so,—  
     Before all else I choose it.  
 I don't object that men should air  
     The Gallic they have paid for,  
 With “Au revoir,” “Adieu, ma chère,”  
     For that 's what French was made for.  
 But when a crony takes your hand  
     At parting, to address you,  
 He drops all foreign lingo and  
     He says, “Good-by—God bless you!”

This seems to me a sacred phrase,  
 With reverence impassioned,—  
 A thing come down from righteous days,  
 Quaintly but nobly fashioned;  
 It well becomes an honest face,  
 A voice that's round and cheerful;  
 It stays the sturdy in his place,  
 And soothes the weak and fearful.  
 Into the porches of the ears  
 It steals with subtle unction,  
 And in your heart of hearts appears  
 To work its gracious function;  
 And all day long with pleasing song  
 It lingers to caress you,—  
 I'm sure no human heart goes wrong  
 That's told "Good-by—God bless you!"

I love the words,—perhaps because,  
 When I was leaving Mother,  
 Standing at last in solemn pause  
 We looked at one another,  
 And I—I saw in Mother's eyes  
 The love she could not tell me,—  
 A love eternal as the skies,  
 Whatever fate befell me;  
 She put her arms about my neck  
 And soothed the pain of leaving,  
 And though her heart was like to break,  
 She spoke no word of grieving;  
 She let no tear bedim her eye,  
 For fear *that* might distress me,  
 But, kissing me, she said good-by,  
 And asked our God to bless me.

## CHRYSTMASSE OF OLDE

GOD rest you, Chrysten gentii men,  
 Wherever you may be,—  
 God rest you all in fielde or hall,  
 Or on ye stormy sea;  
 For on this morn oure Chryst is born  
 That saveth you and me.

Last night ye shepherds in ye east  
 Saw many a wondrous thing;  
 Ye sky last night flamed passing bright  
 Whiles that ye stars did sing,  
 And angels came to bless ye name  
 Of Jesus Chryst, oure Kyng.

God rest you, Chrysten gentil men,  
 Faring where'er you may;  
 In noblesse court do thou no sport,  
 In tournament no playe,  
 In paynim lands hold thou thy hands  
 From bloody works this daye.

But thinking on ye gentil Lord  
 That died upon ye tree,  
 Let troublings cease and deeds of peace  
 Abound in Chrystantie;  
 For on this morn ye Chryst is born  
 That saveth you and me.

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 A PROPER TREWE IDYLL OF CAMELOT

WHENAS ye plaisaunt Aperille shoures have washed and purged  
 awaye  
 Ye poysons and ye rheums of earth to make a merrie May,  
 Ye shraddy bosceage of ye woods ben full of birds that syng  
 Right merrilie a madrigal unto ye waking spring,

Ye whiles that when ye face of earth ben washed and wiped  
yeleane

Her peeping posies blink and stare like they had ben her een;  
Then, wit ye well, ye harte of man ben turned to thoughts of  
love,

And, tho' it ben a lyon erst, it now ben like a dove!

And many a goodly damosel in innocence beguiles

Her owne trewe love with sweet discourse and divers plaisaunt  
wiles.

In soche a time ye noblesse liege that ben Kyng Arthure hight

Let cry a joust and tournament for evereche errant knyght,

And, lo! from distant Joyous-garde and eche adjacent spot

A company of noblesse lords fared unto Camelot,

Wherein were mighty feastings and passing merrie cheere,

And eke a deale of dismal dole, as you shall quickly heare.

It so befell upon a daye when jousts ben had and while

Sir Launcelot did ramp around ye ring in gallaunt style,

There came an horseman shriking sore and rashing wildly home,—

A mediæval horseman with ye usual flecks of foame;

And he did brast into ye ring, wherein his horse did drop,

Upon ye which ye rider did with like abruptness stop,

And with fatigue and fearfulness continued in a swound

Ye space of half an hour or more before a leech was founde.

“Now tell me straight,” quod Launcelot, “what varlet knyght  
you be,

Ere that I chine you with my sworde and cleave your harte in  
three!”

Then rolled that knyght his bloody een, and answered with a  
groane,—

“By worthy God that hath me made and shope ye sun and  
mone,

There fareth hence an evil thing whose like ben never seene,

And tho' he sayeth nony worde, he bodethe ill, I ween.

So take your parting, evereche one, and gird you for ye fraye,—

By all that 's pure, ye Divell sure doth trend his path this  
way!”

Ye which he quoth and fell again into a deadly swound,

And on that spot, perchance (God wot), his bones mought yet  
be founde.

Then evereche knyght girt on his sworde and shield and hied him  
straight

To meet ye straunger sarasen hard by ye city gate;  
Full sorely moaned ye damosels and tore their beautyse haire  
For that they feared an hippogriff wolde come to eate them  
there;

But as they moaned and swounded there too numerous to relate,  
Kyng Arthure and Sir Launcelot stode at ye city gate,  
And at eche side and round about stode many a noblesse knyght  
With helm and speare and sworde and shield and mickle valor  
dight.

Anon there came a straunger, but not a gyaunt grim,  
Nor yet a draggon,—but a person gangling, long, and slim;  
Yclad he was in guise that ill-beseemed those knyghtly days,  
And there ben nony etiquette in his uplandish ways;  
His raiment was of dusty gray, and perched above his lugs  
There ben the very latest style of blacke and shiny pluggs;  
His nose ben like a vulture beake, his blie ben swart of hue,  
And curly ben ye whiskers through ye which ye zephyrs blew;  
Of all ye een that ben yseene in countries far or nigh,  
None nonywhere colde hold compare unto that straunger's eye;  
It was an eye of soche a kind as never ben on sleepe,  
Nor did it gleam with kindly beame, nor did not use to weepe;  
But soche an eye ye widdow hath,—an hongrey eye and wan,  
That spyeth for an oder chaunce whereby she may catch on;  
An eye that winketh of itself, and sayeth by that winke  
Ye which a maiden sholde not knowe nor never even thinke;  
Which winke ben more exceeding swift nor human thought ben  
thunk,

And leaveth doubting if so be that winke ben really wunke;  
And soche an eye ye cattie-fysshe hath when that he ben on dead  
And boyled a goodly time and served with capers on his head;  
A rayless eye, a bead-like eye, whose famisht aspect shows  
It hungereth for ye verdant banks whereon ye wild time grows:  
An eye that hawketh up and down for evereche kind of game,  
And, when he doth espy ye which, he tumbleth to ye same.

Now when he kenned Sir Launcelot in armor clad, he quod,  
"Another put-a-nickel-in-and-see-me-work, be god!"

But when that he was ware a man ben standing in that suit,  
Ye straunger threw up both his hands, and asked him not to  
shoote.

Then spake Kyng Arthure: "If soe be you mind to do no ill,  
Come, enter into Camelot, and eat and drink your fill;  
But say me first what you are hight, and what mought be your  
quest."

Ye straunger quod, "I 'm five feet ten, and fare me from ye West!"  
"Sir Fivefeetten," Kyng Arthure said, "I bid you welcome here;  
So make you merrie as you list with plaisaunt wine and cheere;  
This very night shall be a feast soche like ben never seene,  
And you shall be ye honored guest of Arthure and his queene.  
Now take him, good sir Maligraunce, and entertain him well  
Until soche time as he becomes our guest, as I you tell."

That night Kyng Arthure's table round with mighty care ben  
spread,

Ye oder knyghts sate all about, and Arthure at ye heade:

Oh, 't was a goodly spectacle to ken that noblesse liege  
Dispensing hospitality from his commanding siege!

Ye pheasant and ye meate of boare, ye haunch of velvet doe,  
Ye canvass hamme he them did serve, and many good things  
moe.

Until at last Kyng Arthure cried: "Let bring my wassail cup,  
And let ye sound of joy go round,—I 'm going to set 'em up!  
I 've pipes of Malmsey, May-wine, sack, metheglon, mead, and  
sherry,

Canary, Malvoisie, and Port, swete Muscadelle and perry;  
Rochelle, Osey, and Romenay, Tyre, Rhenish, posset too,  
With kags and pails of foaming ales of brown October brew.  
To wine and beer and other cheere I pray you now despatch ye,  
And for ensample, wit ye well, sweet sirs, I 'm looking at ye!"

Unto which toast of their liege lord ye oders in ye party  
Did lout them low in humble wise and bid ye same drink hearty.  
So then ben merrisome discourse and passing plaisaunt cheere,  
And Arthure's tales of hippogriffs ben mervailous to heare;  
But straunger far than any tale told of those knyghts of old  
Ben those facetious narratives ye Western straunger told.  
He told them of a country many leagues beyond ye sea

Where evereche forraine nuisance but ye Chinese man ben free,  
 And whiles he span his monstrous yarns, ye ladies of ye court  
 Did deem ye listening thereunto to be right plaisaunt sport;  
 And whiles they listened, often he did squeeze a lily hande,—  
 Ye which proceeding ne'er before ben done in Arthure's lande;  
 And often wank a sidelong wink with either roving eye,  
 Whereat ye ladies laughen so that they had like to die.  
 But of ye damosels that sat around Kyng Arthure's table  
 He liked not her that sometime ben ron over by ye cable,  
 Ye which full evil hap had harmed and marked her person so  
 That in a passing wittie jest he dubbeth her ye crow.

But all ye oders of ye girls did please him passing well  
 And they did own him for to be a proper seeming swell;  
 And in especial Guinevere esteemed him wondrous faire,  
 Which had made Arthure and his friend, Sir Launcelot, to sware  
 But that they both ben so far gone with posset, wine, and beer,  
 They colde not see ye carrying-on, nor neither colde not heare;  
 For of eche liquor Arthure quafft, and so did all ye rest,  
 Save only and excepting that smooth straunger from the West.  
 When as these oders drank a toast, he let them have their fun  
 With divers godless mixings, but *he* stock to willow run,  
 Ye which (and all that reade these words sholde profit by ye  
 warning)

Doth never make ye head to feel like it ben swelled next morning.  
 Now, wit ye well, it so befell that when the night grew dim,  
 Ye Kyng was carried from ye hall with a howling jag on him,  
 Whiles Launcelot and all ye rest that to his highness toadied  
 Withdrew them from ye banquet-hall and sought their couches  
 loaded.

Now, lithe and listen, lordings all, whiles I do call it shame  
 That, making cheer with wine and beer, men do abuse ye same;  
 Though eche be well enow alone, ye mixing of ye two  
 Ben soche a piece of foolishness as only ejlots do.  
 Ye wine is plaisaunt bibbing whenas ye gentles dine,  
 And beer will do if one hath not ye wherewithal for wine,  
 But in ye drinking of ye same ye wise are never flooded  
 By taking what ye tipplers call too big a jag on board.  
 Right hejeous isit for to see soche dronkonness of wine

Whereby some men are used to make themselves to be like swine;  
 And sorely it repenteth them, for when they wake next day  
 Ye fearful paynes they suffer ben soche as none mought say,  
 And soche ye brenning in ye throat and brasting of ye head  
 And soche ye taste within ye mouth like one had ben on dead,—  
 Soche be ye foul condicions that these unhappy men  
 Sware they will never drink no drop of nony drinke again.  
 Yet all so frail and vain a thing and weak withal is man  
 That he goeth on an oder tear whenever that he can.  
 And like ye evil quatern or ye hills that skirt ye skies,  
 Ye jag is reproductive and jags on jags arise.

Whenas Aurora from ye east in dewy splendor hied  
 Kyng Arthure dreemed he saw a snaix and ben on fire inside,  
 And waking from this hejeous dreeme he sate him up in bed,—  
 “What, ho! an absynthe cocktail, knave! and make it strong!” he  
 said;  
 Then, looking down beside him, lo! his lady was not there—  
 He called, he searched, but, Goddis wounds! he found her nony-  
 where;  
 And whiles he searched, Sir Maligraunce rashed in, wood wroth,  
 and cried,  
 “Methinketh that ye straunger knyght hath snuck away my bride!”  
 And whiles *he* spake a motley score of other knyghts brast in  
 And filled ye royall chamber with a mickle fearful din,  
 For evereche one had lost his wiffe nor colde nor spye ye same,  
 Nor colde not spye ye straunger knyght, Sir Fivfeetten of name.

Oh, then and there was greivous lamentation all arounde,  
 For nony dame nor damosel in Camelot ben found,—  
 Gone, like ye forest leaves that speed afore ye autumn wind.  
 Of all ye ladies of that court not one ben left behind  
 Save only that same damosel ye straunger called ye crow,  
 And she allowed with moche regret she ben too lame to go;  
 And when that she had wept full sore, to Arthure she confess'd  
 That Guinevere had left this word for Arthure and ye rest:  
 “Tell them,” she quod, “we shall return to them whenas we've  
 made  
 This little deal we have with ye Chicago Bourde of Trade.”



## IN FLANDERS

THROUGH sleet and fogs to the saline bogs  
 Where the herring fish meanders,  
 An army sped, and then, 't is said,  
 Swore terribly in Flanders:

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

A hideous store of oaths they swore,  
 Did the army over in Flanders!

At this distant day we 're unable to say  
 What so aroused their danders;  
 But it 's doubtless the case, to their lasting disgrace  
 That the army swore in Flanders:

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

And many more such oaths they swore,  
 Did that impious horde in Flanders!

Some folks contend that these oaths without end  
 Began among the commanders,  
 That, taking this cue, the subordinates, too,  
 Swore terribly in Flanders:

'T was “\_\_\_\_\_!”

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

Why, the air was blue with the hullabaloo  
 Of those wicked men in Flanders!

But some suppose that the trouble arose  
 With a certain Corporal Sanders,  
 Who sought to abuse the wooden shoes  
 That the natives wore in Flanders.

Saying: “\_\_\_\_\_!”

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

What marvel then, that the other men  
 Felt encouraged to swear in Flanders!

At any rate, as I grieve to state,  
 Since these soldiers vented their danders  
 Conjectures obtain that for language profane  
 There is no such place as Flanders.

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

This is the kind of talk you'll find  
 If you ever go to Flanders.

How wretched is he, wherever he be,  
 That unto this habit panders!  
 And how glad am I that my interests lie  
 In Chicago, and not in Flanders!

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

“\_\_\_\_\_!”

Would never go down in this circumspect town  
 However it might in Flanders.

---

## OUR BIGGEST FISH

WHEN in the halcyon days of eld, I was a little tyke,  
 I used to fish in pickerel ponds for minnows and the like;  
 And oh, the bitter sadness with which my soul was fraught  
 When I rambled home at nightfall with the puny string I'd  
 caught!

And, oh, the indignation and the valor I'd display  
 When I claimed that all the biggest fish I'd caught had got away!

Sometimes it was the rusty hooks, sometimes the fragile lines,  
 And many times the treacherous reeds would foil my just designs;  
 But whether hooks or lines or reeds were actually to blame,  
 I kept right on at losing all the monsters just the same—  
 I never lost a *little* fish—yes, I am free to say  
 It always was the *biggest* fish I caught that got away.

And so it was, when later on, I felt ambition pass  
 From callow minnow joys to nobler greed for pike and bass;  
 I found it quite convenient, when the beauties would n't bite

And I returned all bootless from the watery chase at night,  
 To feign a cheery aspect and recount in accents gay  
 How the biggest fish that I had caught had somehow got away.

And really, fish look bigger than they are before they 're caught—  
 When the pole is bent into a bow and the slender line is taut,  
 When a fellow feels his heart rise up like a doughnut in his throat  
 And he lunges in a frenzy up and down the leaky boat!  
 Oh, you who've been a-fishing will indorse me when I say  
 That it always *is* the biggest fish you catch that gets away!

'T 'is even so in other things—yes, in our greedy eyes  
 The biggest boon is some elusive, never-captured prize;  
 We angle for the honors and the sweets of human life—  
 Like fishermen we brave the seas that roll in endless strife;  
 And then at last, when all is done and we are spent and gray,  
 We own the biggest fish we 've caught are those that got away.

I would not have it otherwise; 't is better there should be  
 Much bigger fish than I have caught a-swimming in the sea;  
 For now some worthier one than I may angle for that game—  
 May by his arts entice, entrap, and comprehend the same;  
 Which, having done, perchance he 'll bless the man who 's proud  
 to say  
 That the biggest fish he ever caught were those that got away.

---

THIRTY-NINE

O HAPLESS day! O wretched day!  
 I hoped you 'd pass me by—  
 Alas, the years have sneaked away  
 And all is changed but I!  
 Had I the power, I would remand  
 You to a gloom condign,  
 But here you 've crept upon me and  
 I—I am thirty-nine!

Now, were I thirty-five, I could  
 Assume a flippant guise;  
 Or, were I forty years, I should  
 Undoubtedly look wise;  
 For forty years are said to bring  
 Sedateness superfine;  
 But thirty-nine don't mean a thing—  
*À bas* with thirty-nine!

You healthy, hulking girls and boys,—  
 What makes you grow so fast?  
 Oh, I'll survive your lusty noise—  
 I'm tough and bound to last!  
 No, no—I'm old and withered too—  
 I feel my powers decline  
 (Yet none believes this can be true  
 Of one at thirty-nine).

And you, dear girl with velvet eyes,  
 I wonder what you mean  
 Through all our keen anxieties  
 By keeping sweet sixteen.  
 With your dear love to warm my heart,  
 Wretch were I to repine;  
 I was but jesting at the start—  
 I'm glad I'm thirty-nine!

So, little children, roar and race  
 As blithely as you can,  
 And, sweetheart, let your tender grace  
 Exalt the Day and Man;  
 For then these factors (I'll engage)  
 All subtly shall combine  
 To make both juvenile and sage  
 The one who's thirty-nine!

Yes, after all, I'm free to say  
 I would much rather be  
 Standing as I do stand to-day,  
 'T'wixt devil and deep sea:

For though my face be dark with care  
 Or with a grimace shine,  
 Each haply falls unto my share,  
 For I am thirty-nine!

'T is passing meet to make good cheer  
 And lord it like a king,  
 Since only once we catch the year  
 That does n't mean a thing.  
 O happy day! O gracious day!  
 I pledge thee in this wine—  
 Come, let us journey on our way  
 A year, good Thirty-Nine!

Sept. 2, 1889



## YVYTOT

*Where wail the waters in their flow  
 A spectre wanders to and fro,  
 And evermore that ghostly shore  
 Bemoans the heir of Yvytot.*

*Sometimes, when, like a fleecy pall,  
 The mists upon the waters fall,  
 Across the main float shadows twain  
 That do not heed the spectre's call.*

The king his son of Yvytot  
 Stood once and saw the waters go  
 Boiling around with hissing sound  
 The sullen phantom rocks below.

And suddenly he saw a face  
 Lift from that black and seething place—  
 Lift up and gaze in mute amaze  
 And tenderly a little space,

A mighty cry of love made he—  
No answering word to him gave she,  
    But looked, and then sunk back again  
Into the dark and depthless sea.

And ever afterward that face,  
That he beheld such little space,  
    Like wraith would rise within his eyes  
And in his heart find biding place.

So oft from castle hall he crept  
Where mid the rocks grim shadows slept,  
    And where the mist reached down and kissed  
The waters as they wailed and wept.

The king it was of Yvytot  
That vaunted, many years ago,  
    There was no coast his valiant host  
Had not subdued with spears and bow.

For once to him the sea-king cried:  
    “In safety all thy ships shall ride  
An thou but swear thy princely heir  
    Shall take my daughter to his bride.

“And lo, these winds that rove the sea  
Unto our pact shall witness be,  
    And of the oath which binds us both  
Shall be the judge 'twixt me and thee!”

Then swore the king of Yvytot  
Unto the sea-king years ago,  
    And with great cheer for many a year  
His ships went harrying to and fro.

Unto this mighty king his throne  
Was born a prince, and one alone—  
    Fairer than he in form and blee  
And knightly grace was never known.

But once he saw a maiden face  
Lift from a haunted ocean place—  
Lift up and gaze in mute amaze  
And tenderly a little space.

Wroth was the king of Yvytot,  
For that his son would never go  
Sailing the sea, but liefer be  
Where wailed the waters in their flow,

Where winds in clamorous anger swept,  
Where to and fro grim shadows crept,  
And where the mist reached down and kissed  
The waters as they wailed and wept.

So sped the years, till came a day  
The haughty king was old and gray,  
And in his hold were spoils untold  
That he had wrenched from Norrøway.

Then once again the sea-king cried:  
"Thy ships have harried far and wide;  
My part is done—now let thy son  
Require my daughter to his bride!"

Loud laughed the king of Yvytot,  
And by his soul he bade him no—  
"I heed no more what oath I swore,  
For I was mad to bargain so!"

Then spake the sea-king in his wrath:  
"Thy ships lie broken in my path!  
Go now and wring thy hands, false king!  
Nor ship nor heir thy kingdom hath!

"And thou shalt wander evermore  
All up and down this ghostly shore,  
And call in vain upon the twain  
That keep what oath a dastard swore!"

The king his son of Yvytot  
Stood even then where to and fro  
    The breakers swelled—and there beheld  
A maiden face lift from below.

“Be thou or truth or dream,” he cried,  
“Or spirit of the restless tide,  
    It booteth not to me, God wot!  
But I would have thee to my bride.”

Then spake the maiden: “Come with me  
Unto a palace in the sea,  
    For there my sire in kingly ire  
Requires thy king his oath of thee!”

Gayly he fared him down the sands  
And took the maiden’s outstretched hands;  
    And so went they upon their way  
To do the sea-king his commands.

The winds went riding to and fro  
And scourged the waves that crouched below,  
    And bade them sing to a childless king  
The bridal song of Yvytot.

So fell the curse upon that shore,  
And hopeless wailing evermore  
    Was the righteous dole of the craven soul  
That heeded not what oath he swore.

An hundred ships went down that day  
All off the coast of Norrøway,  
    And the ruthless sea made mighty glee  
Over the spoil that drifting lay.

The winds went calling far and wide  
To the dead that tossed in the mocking tide:  
“Come forth, ye slaves! from your fleeting graves  
And drink a health to your prince his bride!”



*Where wail the waters in their flow  
A spectre wanders to and fro,  
But nevermore that ghostly shore  
Shall claim the heir of Yvytot.*

*Sometimes, when, like a fleecy pall,  
The mists upon the waters fall,  
Across the main flit shadows twain  
That do not heed the spectre's call.*

---

TO A SOUBRETTE

'TIS years, soubrette, since last we met;  
And yet—ah, yet, how swift and tender  
My thoughts go back in time's dull track  
To you, sweet pink of female gender!  
I shall not say—though others may—  
That time all human joy enhances;  
But the same old thrill comes to me still  
With memories of your songs and dances.

Soubrettish ways these latter days  
Invite my praise, but never get it;  
I still am true to yours and you—  
My record's made, I'll not upset it!  
The pranks they play, the things they say—  
I'd blush to put the like on paper,  
And I'll avow they don't know how  
To dance, so awkwardly they caper!

I used to sit down in the pit  
And see you flit like elf or fairy  
Across the stage, and I'll engage  
No moonbeam sprite was half so airy;  
Lo, everywhere about me there  
Were rivals reeking with pomatum,  
And if, perchance, they caught your glance  
In song or dance, how did I hate 'em!

At half-past ten came rapture—then  
 Of all those men was I most happy,  
 For bottled beer and royal cheer  
 And têtes-à-têtes were on the tapis.  
 Do you forget, my fair soubrette,  
 Those suppers at the Café Rector,—  
 The cosey nook where we partook  
 Of sweeter cheer than fabled nectar?

Oh, happy days, when youth's wild ways  
 Knew every phase of harmless folly!  
 Oh, blissful nights, whose fierce delights  
 Defied gaunt-featured Melancholy!  
 Gone are they all beyond recall,  
 And I—a shade, a mere reflection—  
 Am forced to feed my spirit's greed  
 Upon the husks of retrospection!

And lo! to-night, the phantom light,  
 That, as a sprite, flits on the fender,  
 Reveals a face whose girlish grace  
 Brings back the feeling, warm and tender;  
 And, all the while, the old-time smile  
 Plays on my visage, grim and wrinkled,—  
 As though, soubrette, your footfalls yet  
 Upon my rusty heart-strings tinkled!

---

### DEDICATION TO "SECOND BOOK OF VERSE"

A LITTLE bit of a woman came  
 Athwart my path one day;  
 So tiny was she that she seemed to be  
 A pixy strayed from the misty sea,  
 Or a wandering greenwood fay.

"Oho, you little elf!" I cried,  
 "And what are you doing here?"

So tiny as you will never do  
 For the brutal rush and hullabaloo  
 Of this practical world, I fear."

"Voice have I, good sir," said she.—  
 " 'T is soft as an Angel's sigh,  
 But to fancy a word of yours were heard  
 In all the din of this world 's absurd!"  
 Smiling, I made reply.

"Hands have I, good sir," she quoth.—  
 "Marry, and that have you!  
 But amid the strife and the tumult rife  
 In all the struggle and battle for li',  
 What can those wee hands do?"

"Eyes have I, good sir," she said.—  
 "Sooth, you have," quoth I,  
 "And tears shall flow therefrom, I trow,  
 And they betimes shall dim with woe,  
 As the hard, hard years go by!"

That little bit of a woman cast  
 Her two eyes full on me,  
 And they smote me sore to my inmost core,  
 And they hold me slaved forevermore,—  
 Yet would I not be free!

That little bit of a woman's hands  
 Reached up into my breast,  
 And rent apart my scoffing heart,—  
 And they buffet it still with such sweet art  
 As cannot be expressed.

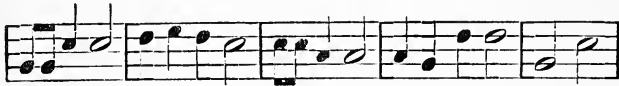
That little bit of a woman's voice  
 Hath grown most wondrous dear;  
 Above the blare of all elsewhere  
 (An inspiration that mocks at care)  
 It riseth full and clear.

Dear one, I bless the subtle power  
 That makes me wholly thine;  
 And I'm proud to say that I bless the day  
 When a little woman wrought her way  
 Into this life of mine!

---

### FATHER'S WAY

My father was no pessimist; he loved the things of earth,—  
 Its cheerfulness and sunshine, its music and its mirth.  
 He never sighed or moped around whenever things went wrong,—  
 I warrant me he'd mocked at fate with some defiant song;  
 But, being he war n't much on tune, when times looked sort o'  
 blue,  
 He'd whistle softly to himself this only tune ne knew,—



Now mother, when she heard that tune which father whistled so,  
 Would say, "There's something wrong to-day with Ephraim,  
 I know;  
 He never tries to make believe he's happy that 'ere way  
 But that I'm certain as can be there's somethin' wrong to pay."  
 And so betimes, quite natural-like, to us observant youth  
 There seemed suggestion in that tune of deep, pathetic truth.

When Brother William joined the war, a lot of us went down  
 To see the gallant soldier boys right gayly out of town.  
 A-comin' home, poor mother cried as if her heart would break,  
 And all us children, too,—for *hers*, and *not* for *William's* sake!  
 But father, trudgin' on ahead, his hands behind him so,  
 Kept whistlin' to himself, so sort of solemn-like and low.

And when my oldest sister, Sue, was married and went West,  
 Seemed like it took the tuck right out of mother and the rest.  
 She was the sunlight in our home,—why, father used to say

It would n't seem like home at all if Sue should go away;  
 But when she went, a-leavin' us all sorrer and all tears,  
 Poor father whistled lonesome-like—and went to feed the steers.

When crops were bad, and other ills befell our homely lot,  
 He'd set of nights and try to act as if he minded not;  
 And when came death and bore away the one he worshipped so,  
 How vainly did his lips belie the heart benumbed with woe!  
 You see the telltale whistle told a mood he'd not admit,—  
 He'd always stopped his whistlin' when he thought we noticed it

I'd like to see that stooping form and hoary head again,—  
 To see the honest, hearty smile that cheered his fellow-men.  
 Oh, could I kiss the kindly lips that spake no creature wrong,  
 And share the rapture of the heart that overflowed with song!  
 Oh, could I hear the little tune he whistled long ago,  
 When he did battle with the griefs he would not have *us* know!

---

TO MY MOTHER

How fair you are, my mother!  
 Ah, though 'tis many a year  
 Since you were here,  
 Still do I see your beauteous face,  
 And with the glow  
 Of your dark eyes cometh a grace  
 Of long ago.  
 So gentle, too, my mother!  
 Just as of old, upon my brow,  
 Like benedictions now,  
 Falleth your dear hand's touch;  
 And still, as then,  
 A voice that glads me overmuch  
 Cometh again,  
 My fair and gentle mother!

How you have loved me, mother,  
 I have not power to tell,  
 Knowing full well  
 That even in the rest above  
 It is your will  
 To watch and guard me with your love,  
 Loving me still.  
 And, as of old, my mother,  
 I am content to be a child,  
 By mother's love beguiled  
 From all these other charms;  
 So to the last  
 Within thy dear, protecting arms  
 Hold thou me fast,  
 My guardian angel, mother!

---

#### A VALENTINE TO MY WIFE

ACCEPT, dear girl, this little token,  
 And if between the lines you seek,  
 You 'll find the love I 've often spoken—  
 The love my dying lips shall speak.

Our little ones are making merry  
 O'er am'rous ditties rhymed in jest,  
 But in *these* words (though awkward—very,  
 The genuine article 's expressed.

You are as fair and sweet and tender,  
 Dear brown-eyed little sweetheart mine,  
 As when, a callow youth and slender,  
 I asked to be your Valentine.

What though these years of ours be fleeting?  
 What though the years of youth be flown?  
 I 'll mock old Tempus with repeating,  
 "I love my love and her alone!"

And when I fall before his reaping,  
 And when my stuttering speech is dumb,  
 Think not my love is dead or sleeping,  
 But that it waits for you to come.

So take, dear love, this little token,  
 And if there speaks in any line  
 The sentiment I'd fain have spoken,  
 Say, will you kiss your Valentine?

---

GOSLING STEW

IN Oberhausen, on a time,  
 I fared as might a king;  
 And now I feel the muse sublime  
 Inspire me to embalm in rhyme  
 That succulent and sapid thing  
 Behight of gentile and of Jew  
 A gosling stew!

The good Herr Schmitz brought out his best,—  
 Soup, cutlet, salad, roast,—  
 And I partook with hearty zest,  
 And fervently anon I blessed  
 That generous and benignant host,  
 When suddenly dawned on my view  
 A gosling stew!

I sniffed it coming on apace,  
 And as its odors filled  
 The curious little dining-place,  
 I felt a glow suffuse my face,  
 I felt my very marrow thrilled  
 With rapture altogether new,—  
 'T was gosling stew!

These callow birds had never played  
 In yonder village pond;  
 Had never through the gateway strayed,  
 And plaintive spissant music made  
 Upon the grassy green beyond:  
 Cooped up, they simply ate and grew  
 For gosling stew!

My doctor said I must n't eat  
 High food and seasoned game;  
 But surely gosling is a meat  
 With tender nourishment replete.  
 Leastwise I gayly ate this same;  
 I braved dyspepsy—would n't you  
 For gosling stew?

I've feasted where the possums grow,  
 Roast turkey have I tried,  
 The joys of canvasbacks I know,  
 And frequently I've eaten crow  
 In bleak and chill Novembertide;  
 I'd barter all that native crew  
 For gosling stew!

And when from Rhineland I adjourn  
 To seek my Yankce shore,  
 Back shall my memory often turn,  
 And fiercely shall my palate burn  
 For sweets I'll taste, alas! no more,—  
 Oh, that mein kleine frau could brew  
 A gosling stew!

Vain are these keen regrets of mine,  
 And vain the song I sing;  
 Yet would I quaff a stoup of wine  
 To Oberhausen auf der Rhine,  
 Where fared I like a very king:  
 And here 's a last and fond adieu  
 To gosling stew'



## JOHN SMITH

TO-DAY I strayed in Charing Cross, as wretched as could be,  
 With thinking of my home and friends across the tumbling sea;  
 There was no water in my eyes, but my spirits were depressed,  
 And my heart lay like a sodden, soggy doughnut in my breast.  
 This way and that streamed multitudes, that gayly passed me by;  
 Not one in all the crowd knew me, and not a one knew I.  
 "Oh for a touch of home!" I sighed; "oh for a friendly face!  
 Oh for a hearty hand-clasp in this teeming, desert place!"  
 And so soliloquizing, as a homesick creature will,  
 Incontinent, I wandered down the noisy, bustling hill,  
 And drifted, automatic-like and vaguely, into Lowe's,  
 Where Fortune had in store a panacea for my woes.  
 The register was open, and there dawned upon my sight  
 A name that filled and thrilled me with a cyclone of delight,—  
 The name that I shall venerate unto my dying day,  
 The proud, immortal signature: "John Smith, U. S. A."

Wildly I clutched the register, and brooded on that name;  
 I knew John Smith, yet could not well identify the same.  
 I knew him North, I knew him South, I knew him East and West:  
 I knew him all so well I knew not which I knew the best.  
 His eyes, I recollect, were gray, and black, and brown, and blue;  
 And when he was not bald, his hair was of chameleon hue;  
 Lean, fat, tall, short, rich, poor, grave, gay, a blonde and a brun-  
 nette,—

Aha, amid this London fog, John Smith, I see you yet!  
 I see you yet; and yet the sight is all so blurred I seem  
 To see you in composite, or as in a waking dream.  
 Which are you, John? I'd like to know, that I might weave a  
 rhyme

Appropriate to your character, your politics, and clime.  
 So tell me, were you "raised" or "reared"? your pedigree confess  
 In some such treacherous ism as "I reckon" or "I guess."  
 Let fall your telltale dialect, that instantly I may  
 Identify my countryman, "John Smith, U. S. A."

It 's like as not you air the John that lived a spell ago  
 Deown East, where codfish, beans, 'nd *bona-fide* schoolma'ams  
 grow;  
 Where the dear old homestead nestles like among the Hampshire  
 hills,  
 And where the robin hops about the cherry-boughs, 'nd trills;  
 Where Hubbard squash 'nd huckleberries grow to powerful size,  
 And everything is orthodox from preachers down to pies;  
 Where the red-wing blackbirds swing 'nd call beside the pick'rîl  
 pond,  
 And the crows air cawin' in the pines uv the pasture lot beyond;  
 Where folks complain uv bein' poor, because their money's lent  
 Out West on farms 'nd railroads at the rate uv ten per cent;  
 Where we ust to spark the Baker girls a-comin' home from  
 choir,  
 Or a-settin' namin' apples round the roarin, kitchen fire;  
 Where we had to go to meetin' at least three times a week,  
 And our mothers learnt us good religious Dr. Watts to speak;  
 And where our grandmas sleep their sleep—God rest their souls,  
 I say;  
 And God bless yours, ef you 're that John, "John Smith, U. S. A."

Or, mebbe, Col. Smith, yo' are the gentleman I know  
 In the country whar the finest Democrats 'nd hosses grow;  
 Whar the ladies are all beautiful, an' whar the crap of cawn  
 Is utilized for Burbon, and true awters are bawn.  
 You 've ren for jedge, and killed yore man, and bet on Proctor  
 Knott;  
 Yore heart is full of chivalry, yore skin is full of shot;  
 And I disremember whar I 've met with gentlemen so true  
 As yo' all in Kaintucky, whar blood an' grass are blue,  
 Whar a niggah with a ballot is the signal fo' a fight,  
 Whar the yaller dawg pursues the coon throughout the bammy  
 night,  
 Whar blooms the furtive possum,—pride an' glory of the South!  
 And aunty makes a hoe-cake, sah, that melts within yo' mouth,  
 Whar all night long the mockin'-birds are warblin' in the trees,  
 And black-eyed Susans nod and blink at every passing breeze,  
 Whar in a hallowed soil repose the ashes of our Clay,—  
 H'yar 's lookin' at yo', Col. "John Smith, U. S. A."

Or wuz you that John Smith I knew out yonder in the West,—  
 That part of our Republic I shall always love the best!  
 Wuz you him that went prospectin' in the spring of '69  
 In the Red Hoss Mountain country for the Gosh-all-Hemlock  
 mine?

Oh, how I 'd liked to clasped your hand, an' set down by your side,  
 And talked about the good old days beyond the Big Divide,—  
 Of the rackaboar, the snaix, the bear, the Rocky Mountain goat,  
 Of the conversazzhyony, 'nd of Casey's tabble dote,  
 And a word of them old pardners that stood by us long ago,—  
 Three-fingered Hoover, Sorry Tom, and Parson Jim, you know!  
 Old times, old friends, John Smith, would make our hearts beat  
 high again,

And we 'd see the snow-top mountains like we used to see 'em then;  
 The magpies would go flutterin' like strange sperrits to 'nd fro,  
 And we 'd hear the pines a-singin' in the ragged gulch below;  
 And the mountain brook would loiter like upon its windin' way,  
 Ez if it waited for a child to jine it in its play.

You see, John Smith, just which you are I cannot well recall;  
 And, really, I am pleased to think you somehow must be all!  
 For when a man sojourns abroad awhile, as I have done,  
 He likes to think of all the folks he left at home as one.  
 And so they are,—for well you know there 's nothing in a name;  
 Our Browns, our Joneses, and our Smiths are happily the same,—  
 All represent the spirit of the land across the sea;  
 All stand for one high purpose in our country of the free.  
 Whether John Smith be from the South, the North, the West, the  
 East,

So long as he 's American, it mattereth not the least;  
 Whether his crest be badger, bear, palmetto, sword, or pine,  
 His is the glory of the stars that with the stripes combine.  
 Where'er he be, whate'er his lot, he 's eager to be known,  
 Not by his mortal name, but by his country's name alone;  
 And so, compatriot, I am proud you wrote your name to-day  
 Upon the register at Lowe's, "John Smith, U. S. A."

## ST. MARTIN'S LANE

ST. MARTIN'S LANE winds up the hill  
 And trends a devious way;  
 I walk therein amid the din  
 Of busy London day:  
 I walk where wealth and squalor meet,  
 And think upon a time  
 When others trod this saintly sod,  
 And heard St. Martin's chime.

But when those solemn bells invoke  
 The midnight's slumbrous grace,  
 The ghosts of men come back again  
 To haunt that curious place:  
 The ghosts of sages, poets, wits,  
 Come back in goodly train;  
 And all night long, with mirth and song,  
 They walk St. Martin's Lane.

There's Jerrold paired with Thackeray,  
 Maginn and Thomas Moore,  
 And here and there and everywhere  
 Fraserians by the score;  
 And one wee ghost that climbs the hill  
 Is welcomed with a shout,—  
 No king could be revered as he,—  
 The *padre*, Father Prout!

They banter up and down the street,  
 And clamor at the door  
 Of yonder inn, which once has been  
 The scene of mirth galore:  
 'T is now a lonely, musty shell,  
 Deserted, like to fall;  
 And Echo mocks their ghostly knocks,  
 And iterates their call.

Come back, thou ghost of ruddy host,  
 From Pluto's misty shore;  
 Renew to-night the keen delight  
 Of by-gone years once more;  
 Brew for this merry, motley horde,  
 And serve the steaming cheer;  
 And grant that I may lurk hard by,  
 To see the mirth, and hear.

Ah, me! I dream what things may seem  
 To others childish vain,  
 And yet at night 't is my delight  
 To walk St. Martin's Lane;  
 For, in the light of other days,  
 I walk with those I love,  
 And all the time St. Martin's chime  
 Makes piteous moan above.

---

 DEAR OLD LONDON

WHEN I was broke in London in the fall of '89,  
 I chanced to spy in Oxford Street this tantalizing sign—  
 "A Splendid Horace cheap for Cash!" Of course I had to look  
 Upon the vaunted bargain, and it was a noble book!  
 A finer one I've never seen, nor can I hope to see,—  
 The first edition, richly bound, and clean as clean can be,  
 And, just to think, for three-pounds-ten I might have had that Pine,  
 When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

Down at Nosedà's, in the Strand, I found, one fateful day,  
 A portrait that I pined for as only maniac may,—  
 A print of Madame Vestris (she flourished years ago,  
 Was Bartolozzi's daughter and a thoroughbred, you know).  
 A clean and handsome print it was, and cheap at thirty bob,—  
 That's what I told the salesman, as I choked a rising sob;  
 But I hung around Nosedà's as it were a holy shrine,  
 When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

At Davey's, in Great Russell Street, were autographs galore,  
 And Mr. Davey used to let me con that precious store.  
 Sometimes I read what warriors wrote, sometimes a king's command,  
 But oftener still a poet's verse, writ in a meagre hand.  
 Lamb, Byron, Addison, and Burns, Pope, Johnson, Swift, and  
 Scott,—  
 It needed but a paltry sum to comprehend the lot;  
 Yet, though Friend Davey marked 'em down, what could I but  
 decline?  
 For I was broke in London in the fall of '89.

Of antique swords and spears I saw a vast and dazzling heap  
 That Curio Fenton offered me at prices passing cheap;  
 And, oh, the quaint old bureaus, and the warming-pans of brass,  
 And the lovely hideous freaks I found in pewter and in glass!  
 And, oh, the sideboards, candlesticks, the cracked old china plates,  
 The clocks and spoons from Amsterdam that antedate all dates!  
 Of such superb monstrosities I found an endless mine  
 When I was broke in London in the fall of '89.

O ye that hanker after boons that others idle by,—  
 The battered things that please the soul, though they may vex  
 the eye,—  
 The silver plate and crockery all sanctified with grime,  
 The oaken stuff that has defiled the tooth of envious Time,  
 The musty tomes, the speckled prints, the mildewed bills of play,  
 And other costly relics of malodorous decay,—  
 Ye only can appreciate what agony was mine  
 When I was broke in London in the fall of '89.

When, in the course of natural things, I go to my reward,  
 Let no imposing epitaph my martyrdoms record;  
 Neither in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, nor any classic tongue,  
 Let my ten thousand triumphs over human griefs be sung;  
 But in plain Anglo-Saxon—that he may know who seeks  
 What agonizing pangs I've had while on the hunt for freaks—  
 Let there be writ upon the slab that marks my grave this line:  
 "Deceased was broke in London in the fall of '89."

## THE CLINK OF THE ICE

NOTABLY fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone  
 Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the lute has known.  
 When I wake at five in the morning with a feeling in my head  
 Suggestive of mild excesses before I retired to bed;  
 When a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore inside,  
 And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a  
     buffalo hide,—  
 How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall  
 At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the  
     hall!

Oh, is it the gaudy ballet, with features I cannot name,  
 That kindles in virile bosoms that slow but devouring flame?  
 Or is it the midnight supper, eaten before we retire,  
 That presently by combustion setteth us all afire?  
 Or is it the cheery magnum?—nay, I'll not chide the cup  
 That makes the meekest mortal anxious to whoop things up:  
 Yet, what the cause soever, relief comes when we call,—  
 Relief with that rapturous clnkety-clink that clinketh alike for all.

I've dreamt of the fiery furnace that was one vast bulk of  
     flame,  
 And that I was Abednego a-wallowing in that same;  
 And I've dreamt I was a crater, possessed of a mad desire  
 To vomit molten lava, and to snort big gobs of fire;  
 I've dreamt I was Roman candles and rockets that fizzed and  
     screamed,—  
 In short, I have dreamt the cussedest dreams that ever a human  
     dreamed:  
 But all the red-hot fancies were scattered quick as a wink  
 When the spirit within that pitcher went clinking its clinkety-clink.

Boy, why so slow in coming with that gracious, saving cup?  
 Oh, haste thee to the succor of the man who is burning up!  
 See how the ice bobs up and down, as if it wildly strove  
 To reach its grace to the wretch who feels like a red-hot kitchen  
     stove!

The piteous clinks it clinks methinks should thrill you through  
and through:

An erring soul is wanting drink, and he wants it p. d. q.!

And, lo! the honest pitcher, too, falls in so dire a fret

That its pallid form is presently bedewed with a chilly sweat.

May blessings be showered upon the man who first devised this  
drink

That happens along at five A. M. with its rapturous clinkety-clink!

I never have felt the cooling flood go sizzling down my throat

But what I vowed to hymn a hymn to that clinkety-clink devote;

So now, in the prime of my manhood, I polish this lyric gem

For the uses of all good fellows who are thirsty at five A. M.,

But specially for those fellows who have known the pleasing thrall

Of the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall.

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## THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME

WHAT though the radiant thoroughfare

Teems with a noisy throng?

What though men bandy everywhere

The ribald jest and song?

Over the din of oaths and cries

Broodeth a wondrous calm,

And 'mid that solemn stillness rise

The bells of Notre Dame.

“Heed not, dear Lord,” they seem to say,

“Thy weak and erring child;

And thou, O gentle Mother, pray

That God be reconciled;

And on mankind, O Christ, our King,

Pour out Thy gracious balm,”—

’T is thus they plead and thus they sing,

Those bells of Notre Dame.



And so, methinks, God, bending down  
 To ken the things of earth,  
 Heeds not the mockery of the town  
 Or cries of ribald mirth;  
 For ever soundeth in His ears  
 A penitential psalm,—  
 'T is thy angelic voice He hears,  
 O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice  
 May still forever be  
 An intercession to rejoice  
 Benign divinity;  
 And that thy tuneful grace may fall  
 Like dew, a quickening balm,  
 Upon the arid hearts of all,  
 O bells of Notre Dame!



## LOVER'S LANE, SAINT JO

SAINT JO, Buchanan County,  
 Is leagues and leagues away,  
 And I sit in the gloom of this rented room,  
 And pine to be there to-day.  
 Yes, with London fog around me  
 And the bustling to and fro,  
 I am fretting to be across the sea  
 In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

I would have a brown-eyed maiden  
 Go driving once again;  
 And I'd sing the song, as we snailed along,  
 That I sung to that maiden then:  
 I purposely say, "as we *snailed* along,"  
 For a proper horse goes slow  
 In those leafy aisles, where Cupid smiles,  
 In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

From her boudoir in the alders  
 Would peep a lynx-eyed thrush,  
 And we 'd hear her say, in a furtive way,  
 To the noisy cricket, "Hush!"  
 To think that the curious creature  
 Should crane her neck to know  
 The various things one says and sings  
 In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

But the maples they should shield us  
 From the gossips of the place;  
 Nor should the sun, except by pun,  
 Profane the maiden's face;  
 And the girl should do the driving,  
 For a fellow can't, you know,  
 Unless he 's neglectful of what 's quite respectful  
 In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

Ah! sweet the hours of springtime,  
 When the heart inclines to woo,  
 And it 's deemed all right for the callow wight  
 To do what he wants to do;  
 But cruel the age of winter,  
 When the way of the world says no  
 To the hoary men who would woo again  
 In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo!

In the Union Bank of London  
 Are forty pounds or more,  
 Which I 'm like to spend, ere the month shall end,  
 In an antiquarian store;  
 But I 'd give it all, and gladly,  
 If for an hour or so  
 I could feel the grace of a distant place,—  
 Of Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

Let us sit awhile, beloved,  
 And dream of the good old days,—  
 Of the kindly shade which the maples made  
 Round the stanch but squeaky chaise;

With your head upon my shoulder,  
 And my arm about you so,  
 Though exiles, we shall seem to be  
 In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

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## CRUMPETS AND TEA

THERE are happenings in life that are destined to rise  
 Like dear, hallowed visions before a man's eyes;  
 And the passage of years shall not dim in the least  
 The glory and joy of our Sabbath-day feast,—  
 The Sabbath-day luncheon that 's spread for us three,—  
 My worthy companions, Teresa and Leigh,  
 And me, all so hungry for crumpets and tea.

There are cynics who say with invidious zest  
 That a crumpet's a thing that will never digest;  
 But I happen to *know* that a crumpet is prime  
 For digestion, if only you give it its time.  
 Or if, by a chance, it should *not* quite agree,  
 Why, who would begrudge a physician his fee  
 For plying his trade upon crumpets and tea?

To toast crumpets quite *à la mode*, I require  
 A proper long fork and a proper quick fire;  
 And when they are browned, without further ado,  
 I put on the butter, that soaks through and through.  
 And meantime Teresa, directed by Leigh,  
 Compounds and pours out a rich brew for us three;  
 And so we sit down to our crumpets—and tea.

A hand-organ grinds in the street a weird bit,—  
 Confound those Italians! I wish they would quit  
 Interrupting our feast with their dolorous airs,  
 Suggestive of climbing the heavenly stairs.  
 (It's thoughts of the future, as all will agree,  
 That we fain would dismiss from our bosoms when we  
 Sit down to discussion of crumpets and tea!)

The Sabbath-day luncheon whereof I now speak  
 Quite answers its purpose the rest of the week;  
 Yet with the next Sabbath I wait for the bell  
 Announcing the man who has crumpets to sell;  
 Then I scuttle downstairs in a frenzy of glee,  
 And purchase for sixpence enough for us three,  
 Who hunger and hanker for crumpets and tea.

But soon—ah! too soon—I must bid a farewell  
 To joys that succeed to the sound of that bell,  
 Must hie me away from the dank, foggy shore  
 That's filled me with colic and—yearnings for more!  
 Then the cruel, the heartless, the conscienceless sea  
 Shall bear me afar from Teresa and Leigh  
 And the other twin friendships of crumpets and tea.

Yet often, ay, ever, before my wan eyes  
 That Sabbath-day luncheon of old shall arise.  
 My stomach, perhaps, shall improve by the change,  
 Since crumpets it seems to prefer at long range;  
 But, oh, how my palate will hanker to be  
 In London again with Teresa and Leigh,  
 Enjoying the rapture of crumpets and tea!

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#### AN IMITATION OF DR. WATTS

THROUGH all my life the poor shall find  
 In me a constant friend;  
 And on the meek of every kind  
 My mercy shall attend.

The dumb shall never call on me  
 In vain for kindly aid;  
 And in my hands the blind shall see  
 A bounteous alms displayed.

In all their walks the lame shall know  
 And feel my goodness near;  
 And on the deaf will I bestow  
 My gentlest words of cheer.

'T is by such pious works as these,  
 Which I delight to do,  
 That men their fellow-creatures please,  
 And please their Maker too.

---

## THE TEA-GOWN

MY lady has a tea-gown  
 That is wondrous fair to see,—  
 It is flounced and ruffed and plaited and puffed,  
 As a tea-gown ought to be;  
 And I thought she must be jesting  
 Last night at supper when  
 She remarked, by chance, that it came from France,  
 And had cost but two pounds ten.

Had she told me fifty shillings,  
 I might (and would n't you?)  
 Have referred to that dress in a way folks express  
 By an eloquent dash or two;  
 But the guileful little creature  
 Knew well her tactics when  
 She casually said that that dream in red  
 Had cost but two pounds ten.

Yet our home is all the brighter  
 For that dainty, sentient thing,  
 That floats away where it properly may,  
 And clings where it ought to cling;  
 And I count myself the luckiest  
 Of all us married men  
 That I have a wife whose joy in life  
 Is a gown at two pounds ten.

It is n't the gown compels me  
 Condone this venial sin;  
 It's the pretty face above the lace,  
 And the gentle heart within.  
 And with her arms about me  
 I say, and say again,  
 " 'T was wondrous cheap,"—and I think a heap  
 Of that gown at two pounds ten!

---

### DOCTORS

'T IS quite the thing to say and sing  
 Gross libels on the doctor,—  
 To picture him an ogre grim  
 Or humbug-pill concocter;  
 Yet it's in quite another light  
 My friendly pen would show him,  
 Glad that it may with verse repay  
 Some part of what I owe him.

When one's all right, he's prone to spite  
 The doctor's peaceful mission;  
 But when he's sick, it's loud and quick  
 He bawls for a physician.  
 With other things, the doctor brings  
 Sweet babes, our hearts to soften:  
 Though I have four, I pine for more,—  
 Good doctor, pray come often!

What though he sees death and disease  
 Run riot all around him?  
 Patient and true, and valorous too,  
 Such have I always found him.  
 Where'er he goes, he soothes our woes;  
 And when skill's unavailing,  
 And death is near, his words of cheer  
 Support our courage failing.

In ancient days they used to praise  
The godlike art of healing,—  
An art that then engaged all men  
Possessed of sense and feeling.  
Why, Raleigh, he was glad to be  
Famed for a quack elixir;  
And Digby sold, as we are told,  
A charm for folk lovesick, sir.

Napoleon knew a thing or two,  
And clearly *he* was partial  
To doctors, for in time of war  
He chose one for a marshal.  
In our great cause a doctor was  
The first to pass death's portal,  
And Warren's name at once became  
A beacon and immortal.

A heap, indeed, of what we read  
By doctors is provided;  
For to those groves Apollo loves  
Their leaning is decided.  
Deny who may that Rabelais  
Is first in wit and learning,  
And yet all smile and marvel while  
His brilliant leaves they 're turning.

How Lever's pen has charmed all men!  
How touching Rab's short story!  
And I will stake my all that Drake  
Is still the school-boy's glory.  
A doctor-man it was began  
Great Britain's great museum,—  
The treasures there are all so rare,  
It drives me wild to see 'em!

There 's Cuvier, Parr, and Rush; they are  
Big monuments to learning.  
To Mitchell's prose (how smooth it flows!)  
We all are fondly turning.

Tomes might be writ of that keen wit  
 Which Abernethy's famed for;  
 With bread-crumb pills he cured the ills  
 Most doctors now get blamed for.

In modern times the noble rhymes  
 Of Holmes, a great physician,  
 Have solace brought and wisdom taught  
 To hearts of all condition.  
 The sailor, bound for Puget Sound,  
 Finds pleasure still unfailing,  
 If he but troll the barcarole  
 Old Osborne wrote on Whaling.

If there were need, I could proceed  
*Ad naus.* with this prescription,  
 But, *inter nos*, a larger dose  
 Might give you fits conniption;  
 Yet, ere I end, there's one dear friend  
 I'd hold before these others,  
 For he and I in years gone by  
 Have chummed around like brothers.

Together we have sung in glee  
 The song old Horace made for  
 Our genial craft, together quaffed  
 What bowls that doctor paid for!  
 I love the rest, but love him best;  
 And, were not times so pressing,  
 I'd buy and send—you smile, old friend?  
 Well, then, here goes my blessing.



~~BARBARA~~

BLITHE was the youth that summer day  
 As he smote at the ribs of earth,  
 And he plied his pick with a merry click,  
 And he whistled anon in mirth;  
 And the constant thought of his dear one's face  
 Seemed to illumine that ghostly place.

The gaunt earth envied the lover's joy,  
 And she moved, and closed on his head:  
 With no one nigh and with never a cry  
 The beautiful boy lay dead;  
 And the treasure he sought for his sweetheart fair  
 Crumbled, and clung to his glorious hair.

Fifty years is a mighty space  
 In the human toil for bread;  
 But to Love and to Death 't is merely a breath,  
 A dream that is quickly sped,—  
 Fifty years, and the fair lad lay  
 Just as he fell that summer day.

At last came others in quest of gold,  
 And hewed in that mountain place;  
 And deep in the ground one time they found  
 The boy with the smiling face:  
 All uncorrupt by the pitiless air,  
 He lay, with his crown of golden hair.

They bore him up to the sun again,  
 And laid him beside the brook,  
 And the folk came down from the busy town  
 To wonder and prate and look;  
 And so, to a world that knew him not,  
 The boy came back to the old-time spot.

Old Barbara hobbled among the rest,—  
 Wrinkled and bowed was she,—

And she gave a cry, as she fared anigh,  
 "At last he is come to me!"  
 And she kneeled by the side of the dead boy there,  
 And she kissed his lips, and she stroked his hair.

"Thine eyes are sealed, O dearest one!  
 And better it is 't is so,  
 Else thou might 'st see how harsh with me  
 Dealt Life thou couldst not know.  
 Kindlier Death has kept *thee* fair;  
 The sorrow of Life hath been *my* share."

Barbara bowed her aged face,  
 And fell on the breast of her dead;  
 And the golden hair of her dear one there  
 Caressed her snow-white head.  
 Oh, Life is sweet, with its touch of pain;  
 But sweeter the Death that joined those twain.

---

### THE CAFÉ MOLINEAU

THE Café Molineau is where  
 A dainty little minx  
 Serves God and men as best she can  
 By serving meats and drinks.  
 Oh, such an air the creature has,  
 And such a pretty face!  
 I took delight that autumn night  
 In hanging round the place.

I know but very little French  
 (I have not long been here);  
 But when she spoke, her meaning broke  
 Full sweetly on my ear.  
 Then, too, she seemed to understand  
 Whatever I 'd to say,  
 Though most I knew was "oony poo,"  
 "Bong zhoor," and "see voo play."

The female wit is always quick,  
 And of all womankind  
 'T is here in France that you, perchance,  
 The keenest wits shall find;  
 And here you 'll find that subtle gift,  
 That rare, distinctive touch,  
 Combined with grace of form and face,  
 That glads men overmuch.

"Our girls at home," I mused aloud,  
 "Lack either that or this;  
 They don't combine the arts divine  
 As does the Gallic miss.  
 Far be it from me to malign  
 Our belles across the sea,  
 And yet I 'll swear none can compare  
 With this ideal She."

And then I praised her dainty foot  
 In very awful French,  
 And parleywood in guileful mood  
 Until the saucy wench  
 Tossed back her haughty auburn head,  
 And froze me with disdain:  
 "There are on me no flies," said she,  
 "For I come from Bangor, Maine!"

---

## HOLLY AND IVY

HOLLY standeth in ye house  
 When that Noel draweth near;  
 Evermore at ye door  
 Standeth Ivy, shivering sore  
 In ye night wind bleak and drear;  
 And, as weary hours go by,  
 Doth ye one to other cry.

"Sister Holly," Ivy quoth,  
     "What is that within you see?  
 To and fro doth ye glow  
 Of ye yule-log flickering go;  
     Would its warmth did cherish me!  
 Where thou bidest is it warm;  
 I am shaken of ye storm."

"Sister Ivy," Holly quoth,  
     "Brightly burns the yule-log here,  
 And love brings beauteous things,  
 While a guardian angel sings  
     To the babes that slumber near;  
 But, O Ivy! tell me now,  
 What without there seest thou?"

"Sister Holly," Ivy quoth,  
     "With fair music comes ye Morn,  
 And afar burns ye Star  
 Where ye wondering shepherds are  
     And the Shepherd King is born:  
 'Peace on earth, good-will to men,'  
 Angels cry, and cry again."

Holly standeth in ye house  
     When that Noel draweth near;  
 Clambering o'er yonder door,  
 Ivy standeth evermore;  
     And to them that rightly hear  
 Each one speaketh of ye love  
 That outpoureth from Above.

---

### THE BOLTONS, 22

WHEN winter nights are grewsome, and the heavy, yellow fog  
 Gives to Piccadilly semblance of a dank, malarious bog;  
 When a demon, with companion in similitude of bell,  
 Goes round informing people he has crumpets for to sell;

When a weird, asthmatic minstrel haunts your door for hours along,  
 Until you've paid him tu'pence for the thing he calls a song,—  
 When, in short, the world's against you, and you'd give that  
     world, and more,  
 To lay your weary heart at rest upon your native shore,  
 There's happily one saving thing for you and yours to do:  
 Go call on Isaac Henderson, The Boltons, 22.

The place is all so cheery and so warm, I love to spend  
 My evenings in communion with the genial host, my friend.  
 One sees *chefs d'œuvre* of masters in profusion on the walls,  
 And a monster canine swaggers up and down the spacious halls;  
 There are divers things of beauty to astound, instruct, and please,  
 And everywhere assurance of contentment and of ease:  
 But best of all the gentle hearts I meet with in the place,—  
 The host's good-fellowship, his wife's sincere and modest grace;  
 Why, if there be cordiality that warms you through and through,  
 It's found at Isaac Henderson's, The Boltons, 22.

My favorite room's the study that is on the second floor;  
 And there we sit in judgment on men and things galore.  
 The fire burns briskly in the grate, and sheds a genial glare  
 On me, who most discreetly have pre-empted Isaac's chair,—  
 A big, low chair, with grateful springs, and curious device  
 To keep a fellow's cerebellum com'fable and nice.  
 A shade obscures the functions of the stately lamp, in spite  
 Of Mrs. Henderson's demands for somewhat more of light;  
 But he and I demur, and say a mystic gloom will do  
 For winter-night communion at the Boltons, 22.

Sometimes he reads me Browning, or from Bryant culls a bit,  
 And sometimes plucks a gem from Hood's philosophy and wit;  
 And oftentimes I tell him yarns, and (what I fear is worse)  
 Recite him sundry specimens of woolly Western verse.  
 And while his muse and mine transcend the bright Horatian's stars,  
 He smokes his modest pipe, and I—I smoke his choice cigars!  
 For best of mild Havanas this considerate host supplies,—  
 The proper brand, the proper shade, and quite the proper size;  
 And so I buckle down and smoke and smoke,—and so will you,  
 If ever you're invited to the Boltons, 22.

But, oh! the best of worldly joys is as a dream short-lived:  
 'T is twelve o'clock, and Robinson reports our cab arrived.  
 A last libation ere we part, and hands all round, and then  
 A cordial invitation to us both to come again.  
 So home through Piccadilly and through Oxford Street we jog,  
 On slippery, noisy pavements and in blinding, choking fog,—  
 The same old route through Circus, Square, and Quadrant we  
     retrace,  
 Till we reach the princely mansion known as 20 Alfred Place;  
 And then we seek our feathery beds of cotton to renew  
 In dreams the sweet distractions of the Boltons, 22.

God bless you, good friend Isaac, and your lovely, gracious wife;  
 May health and wealth attend you, and happiness, through life;  
 And as you sit of evenings that quiet room within,  
 Know that in spirit I shall be your guest as I have been.  
 So fill and place beside that chair that dainty claret-cup;  
 Methinks that ghostly hands shall take the tempting offering up,  
 That ghostly lips shall touch the bowl and quaff the ruby wine,  
 Pledging in true affection this toast to thee and thine:  
 "May God's best blessings fall as falls the gentle, gracious dew  
 Upon the kindly household at the Boltons, 22!"

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### DIBDIN'S GHOST

DEAR wife, last midnight, whilst I read  
     The tomes you so despise,  
 A spectre rose beside the bed,  
     And spake in this true wise:  
 "From Canaan's beatific coast  
     I've come to visit thee,  
 For I am Frogmole Dibdin's ghost,"  
     Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

I bade him welcome, and we twain  
     Discussed with buoyant hearts  
 The various things that appertain  
     To bibliomaniac arts.

“Since you are fresh from t' other side,  
Pray tell me of that host  
That treasured books before they died,”  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

“They 've entered into perfect rest;  
For in the life they 've won  
There are no auctions to molest,  
No creditors to dun.  
Their heavenly rapture has no bounds  
Beside that jasper sea;  
It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,”  
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

Much I rejoiced to hear him speak  
Of biblio-bliss above,  
For I am one of those who seek  
What bibliomaniacs love.  
“But tell me, for I long to hear  
What doth concern me most,  
Are wives admitted to that sphere?”  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

“The women folk are few up there;  
For 't were not fair, you know,  
That they our heavenly joy should share  
Who vex us here below.  
The few are those who have been kind  
To husbands such as we;  
They knew our fads, and did n't mind,”  
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

“But what of those who scold at us  
When we would read in bed?  
Or, wanting victuals, make a fuss  
If we buy books instead?  
And what of those who 've dusted not  
Our motley pride and boast,—  
Shall they profane that sacred spot?”  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

“Oh, no! they tread that other path,  
 Which leads where torments roll,  
 And worms, yes, bookworms, vent their wrath  
 Upon the guilty soul.  
 Untouched of bibliomaniac grace,  
 That saveth such as we,  
 They wallow in that dreadful place,”  
 Says Dibdin’s ghost to me.

“To my dear wife will I recite  
 What things I ’ve heard you say;  
 She ’ll let me read the books by night,  
 She ’s let me buy by day.  
 For we together by and by  
 Would join that heavenly host;  
 She ’s earned a rest as well as I,”  
 Says I to Dibdin’s ghost.

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### THE BOTTLE AND THE BIRD

ONCE on a time a friend of mine prevailed on me to go  
 To see the dazzling splendors of a sinful ballet show;  
 And after we had revelled in the saltatory sights,  
 We sought a neighboring *café* for more tangible delights.  
 When I demanded of my friend what viands he preferred,  
 He quoth: “A large cold bottle, and a small hot bird!”

Fool that I was, I did not know what anguish hidden lies  
 Within the morceau that allures the nostrils and the eyes!  
 There is a glorious candor in an honest quart of wine,  
 A certain inspiration which I cannot well define!  
 How it bubbles, how it sparkles, how its gurgling seems to say:  
 “Come! on a tide of rapture let me float your soul away!”

But the crispy, steaming mouthful that is spread upon your plate,—  
 How it discounts human sapience and satirizes fate!  
 You wouldn’t think a thing so small could cause the pains and aches



That certainly accrue to him that of that thing partakes;  
 To me, at least (a guileless wight!), it never once occurred  
 What horror was encompassed in that small hot bird.

Oh! what a head I had on me when I awoke next day  
 And what a firm conviction of intestinal decay!  
 What seas of mineral water and of bromide I applied  
 To quench those fierce volcanic fires that rioted inside!  
 And, oh, the thousand solemn, awful vows I plighted then  
 Never to tax my system with a small hot bird again!

The doctor seemed to doubt that birds could worry people so,  
 But, bless him! since I ate the bird, I guess I ought to know!  
 The acidous condition of my stomach, so he said,  
 Bespoke a vinous irritant that amplified my head,  
 And, ergo, the causation of the thing, as he inferred,  
 Was the large cold bottle,—*not* the small hot bird.

Of course I know it was n't, and I 'm sure you 'll say I 'm right  
 If ever it has been your wont to train around at night.  
 How sweet is retrospection when one's heart is bathed in wine,  
 And before its balmy breath how do the ills of life decline!  
 How the gracious juices drown what griefs would vex a mortal  
 breast,  
 And float the flattered soul into the port of dreamless rest!

But you, O noxious, pigmy bird! whether it be you fly,  
 Or paddle in the stagnant pools that sweltering, festering lie,—  
 I curse you and your evil kind for that you do me wrong,  
 Engendering poisons that corrupt my petted muse of song;  
 Go, get thee hence! and never more discomfit me and mine,—  
 I fain would barter all thy brood for one sweet draught of wine!

So hither come, O sportive youth! when fades the telltale day,—  
 Come hither, with your fillets and your wreaths of posies gay;  
 We shall unloose the fragrant seas of seething, frothing wine  
 Which now the cobwebbed glass and envious wire and corks  
 confine,  
 And midst the pleasing revelry the praises shall be heard  
 Of the large cold bottle,—*not* the small hot bird!

## CARLSBAD

DEAR Palmer, just a year ago we did the Carlsbad cure,  
 Which, though it be exceeding slow, is as exceeding sure;  
 To corpulency you were prone, dyspepsia bothered me,—  
 You tipped the beam at twenty stone and I at ten stone three!  
 The cure, they told us, works both ways: it makes the fat man lean  
 The thin man, after many days, achieves a portly mien;  
 And though it's true you still are fat, while I am like a crow,—  
 All skin and feathers,—what of that? The cure takes time, you  
 know.

The Carlsbad scenery is sublime,—that's what the guide-books say;  
 We did not think so at that time, nor think *I* so to-day!  
 The bluffs that squeeze the panting town permit no pleasing views,  
 But weigh the mortal spirits down and give a chap the blues.  
 With nothing to amuse us then or mitigate our spleen,  
 We rose and went to bed again, with three bad meals between;  
 And constantly we made our moan,—ah, none so drear as we,  
 When you were weighing twenty stone and I but ten stone three!

We never scaled the mountain-side, for walking was my bane,  
 And you were much too big to ride the mules that there obtain;  
 And so we loitered in the shade, with Israel out in force,  
 Or through the Pupp'sche allee strayed and heard the band dis-  
 course.

Sometimes it pleased us to recline upon the Tepl's brink,  
 Or watch the bilious human line file round to get a drink;  
 Anon the portier's piping tone embittered you and me,  
 When you were weighing twenty stone and I but ten stone three!

And oh! those awful things to eat! No pudding, cake, or pie,  
 But just a little dab of meat, and crusts absurdly dry;  
 Then, too, that water twice a day,—one swallow was enough  
 To take one's appetite away,—the tepid, awful stuff!  
 Tortured by hunger's cruel stings, I'd little else to do  
 Than feast my eyes upon the things prescribed and cooked for you.  
 The goodies went to you alone, the husks all fell to me,  
 When you were weighing twenty stone and I weighed ten stone three.

Yet happy days! and rapturous ills! and sweetly dismal date!  
 When, sandwiched in between those hills, we twain bemoaned  
 our fate.

The little woes we suffered then like mists have sped away,  
 And I were glad to share again those ills with you to-day,—  
 To flounder in those rains of June that flood that Austrian vale,  
 To quaff that tepid Kaiserbrunn and starve on victuals stale!  
 And often, leagues and leagues away from where we suffered then,  
 With envious yearnings I survey what cannot be again!

And often in my quiet home, through dim and misty eyes,  
 I seem to see that curhaus dome blink at the radiant skies;  
 I seem to hear that Wiener band above the Tepl's roar,—  
 To feel the pressure of your hand and hear your voice once more;  
 And, better yet, my heart is warm with thoughts of you and yours,  
 For friendship hath a sweeter charm than thrice ten thousand cures!  
 So I am happy to have known that time across the sea  
 When you were weighing twenty stone and I weighed ten stone three.

---

 RED

ANY color, so long as it 's red,  
 Is the color that suits me best,  
 Though I will allow there is much to be said  
 For yellow and green and the rest;  
 But the feeble tints which some affect  
 In the things they make or buy  
 Have never—I say it with all respect—  
 Appealed to my critical eye.

There 's that in red that warmeth the blood,  
 And quickeneth a man within,  
 And bringeth to speedy and perfect bud  
 The germs of original sin;  
 So, though I 'm properly born and bred,  
 I 'll own, with a certain zest,  
 That any color, so long as it 's red,  
 Is the color that suits me best.

For where is the color that can compare  
 With the blush of a buxom lass;  
 Or where such warmth as of the hair  
 Of the genuine white horse class  
 And, lo! reflected within this cup  
 Of cheery Bordeaux I see  
 What inspiration girdeth me up,—  
 Yes, red is the color for me!

Through acres and acres of art I 've strayed  
 In Italy, Germany, France;  
 On many a picture a master has made  
 I 've squandered a passing glance:  
 Marines I hate, madonnas and  
 Those Dutch freaks I detest;  
 But the peerless daubs of my native land,—  
 They 're red, and I like them best.

'T is little I care how folk deride,—  
 I 'm backed by the West, at least;  
 And we are free to say that we can't abide  
 The tastes that obtain down East;  
 And we 're mighty proud to have it said  
 That here in the versatile West  
 Most any color, so long as it 's red,  
 Is the color that suits us best.

---

### AT CHEYENNE

YOUNG Lochinvar came in from the West,  
 With fringe on his trousers and fur on his vest;  
 The width of his hat-brim could nowhere be beat,  
 His No. 10 brogans were chuck full of feet,  
 His girdle was horrent with pistols and things,  
 And he flourished a handful of aces on kings.

The fair Mariana sate watching a star,  
 When who should turn up but the young Lochinvar!  
 Her pulchritude gave him a pectoral glow,  
 And he reined up his hoss with stentorian "Whoa!"  
 Then turned on the maiden a rapturous grin,  
 And modestly asked if he might n't step in.

With presence of mind that was marvellous quite,  
 The fair Mariana replied that he might;  
 So in through the portal rode young Lochinvar,  
 Pre-empted the claim, and cleaned out the bar.  
 Though the justice allowed he wa'n't wholly to blame,  
 He taxed him ten dollars and costs, just the same.

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## THE PNEUMOGASTRIC NERVE

UPON an average, twice a week,  
 When anguish clouds my brow,  
 My good physician friend I seek  
 To know "what ails me now."  
 He taps me on the back and chest,  
 And scans my tongue for bile,  
 And lays an ear against my breast  
 And listens there awhile;  
 Then is he ready to admit  
 That all he can observe  
 Is something wrong inside, to wit:  
 My pneumogastric nerve!

Now, when these Latin names **within**  
 Dyspeptic hulks like mine  
 Go wrong, a fellow should begin  
 To draw what's called the line.  
 It seems, however, that this same,  
 Which in my hulks abounds,  
 Is not, despite its awful name,  
 So fatal as it sounds:

Yet of all torments known to me,  
 I'll say without reserve,  
 There is no torment like to thee,  
 Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears  
 To be a patient foe,—  
 It waited nearly forty years  
 Its chance to lay me low;  
 Then, like some blithering blast of hell.  
 It struck this guileless bard,  
 And in that evil hour I fell  
 Prodigious far and hard.  
 Alas! what things I dearly love—  
 Pies, puddings, and preserves—  
 Are sure to rouse the vengeance of  
 All pneumogastric nerves!

Oh that I could remodel man!  
 I'd end these cruel pains  
 By hitting on a different plan  
 From that which now obtains.  
 The stomach, greatly amplified,  
 Anon should occupy  
 The all of that domain inside  
 Where heart and lungs now lie.  
 But, first of all, I should depose  
 That diabolic curve  
 And author of my thousand woes,  
 The pneumogastric nerve!

---

### TELKA

THROUGH those golden summer days  
 Our twin flocks were wont to graze  
 On the hillside, which the sun  
 Rested lovingly upon,—  
 Telka's flock and mine; and we

Sung our songs in rapturous glee,  
 Idling in the pleasant shade  
 Which the solemn Yew-tree made,  
 While the Brook anear us played,  
 And a white Rose, ghost-like, grew  
 In the shadow of the Yew.

Telka loved me passing well;  
 How I loved her none can tell!  
 How I love her none may know,—  
 Oh, that man loves woman so!  
 When she was not at my side,  
 Loud my heart in anguish cried,  
 And my lips, till she replied.  
 Yet they think to silence me,—  
 As if love could silenced be!  
 Fool were I, and fools were they!  
 Still I wend my lonely way,  
 "Telka," evermore I cry;  
 Answer me the woods and sky,  
 And the weary years go by.

Telka, she was passing fair;  
 And the glory of her hair  
 Was such glory as the sun  
 With his blessing casts upon  
 Yonder lonely mountain height,  
 Lifting up to bid good-night  
 To her sovereign in the west,  
 Sinking wearily to rest,  
 Drowsing in that golden sea  
 Where the realms of Dreamland be.

So our love to fulness grew,  
 Whilst beneath the solemn Yew  
 Ghost-like paled the Rose of white,  
 As it were some fancied sight  
 Blanched it with a dread affright.  
 Telka, she was passing fair;  
 And our peace was perfect there

Till, enchanted by her smile,  
 Lurked the South Wind there awhile,  
 Underneath that hillside tree  
 Where with singing idled we,  
 And I heard the South Wind sa,  
 Flattering words to her that day  
 Of a city far away.  
 But the Yew-tree crouched as though  
 It were like to whisper No  
 To the words the South wind said  
 As he smoothed my Telka's head.  
 And the Brook, all pleading, cried  
 To the dear one at my side:  
 "Linger always where I am;  
 Stray not thence, O cosset lamb!  
 Wander not where shadows deep  
 On the treacherous quicksands sleep,  
 And the haunted waters leap;  
 Be thou ware the waves that flow  
 Toward the prison pool below,  
 Where, beguiled from yonder sky,  
 Captive moonbeams shivering lie,  
 And at dawn of morrow die."  
 So the Brook to Telka cried,  
 But my Telka naught replied;  
 And, as in a strange affright,  
 Paled the Rose a ghostlier white.

When anon the North Wind came,—  
 Rudely blustering Telka's name,  
 And he kissed the leaves that grew  
 Round about the trembling Yew,—  
 Kissed and romped till, blushing red,  
 All one day in terror fled,  
 And the white Rose hung her head;  
 Coming to our trysting spot,  
 Long I called; she answered not.  
 "Telka!" pleadingly I cried  
 Up and down the mountain-side  
 Where we twain were wont to bide.



There were those who thought that I  
 Could be silenced with a lie,  
 And they told me Telka's name  
 Should be spoken now with shame;  
 "She is lost to us and thee,"—  
 That is what they said to me.

"Is my Telka lost?" quoth I.  
 "On this hilltop shall I cry,  
 So that she may hear and then  
 Find her way to me again.  
 The South Wind spoke a lie that day;  
 All deceived, she lost her way;  
 Yonder where the shadows sleep  
 'Mongst the haunted waves that leap  
 Over treacherous quicksands deep,  
 And where captive moonbeams lie  
 Doomed at morrow's dawn to die,  
 She is lost, and that is all;  
 I will search for her, and call."

Summer comes and winter goes,  
 Buds the Yew and blooms the Rose;  
 All the others are anear,—  
 Only Telka is not here!  
 Gone the peace and love I knew  
 Sometime 'neath the hillside Yew;  
 And the Rose, that mocks me so,  
 I had crushed it long ago  
 But that Telka loved it then,  
 And shall soothe its terror when  
 She comes back to me again.  
 Call I, seek I everywhere  
 For my Telka, passing fair.

It is, oh, so many a year  
 I have called! She does not hear,  
 Yet nor feared nor worn am I;  
 For I know that if I cry  
 She shall sometime hear my call.

She is lost, and that is all,—  
 She is lost in some far spot;  
 I have searched, and found it not.  
 Could she hear me calling, then  
 Would she come to me again;  
 For she loved me passing well,—  
 How I love her none can tell!  
 That is why these years I've cried  
 "Telka!" on this mountain-side.  
 "Telka!" still I, pleading, cry;  
 Answer me the woods and sky,  
 And the lonely years go by.

On an evening dark and chill  
 Came a shadow up the hill,—  
 Came a spectre, grim and white  
 As a ghost that walks the night,  
 Grim and bowed, and with the cry  
 Of a wretch about to die,—  
 Came and fell and cried to me:  
 "It is Telka come!" said she.  
 So she fell and so she cried  
 On that lonely mountain-side  
 Where was Telka wont to bide.

"Who hath bribed those lips to lie?  
 Telka's face was fair," quoth I;  
 "Thine is furrowed with despair.  
 There is winter in thy hair;  
 But upon her beauteous head  
 Was there summer glory shed,—  
 Such a glory as the sun,  
 When his daily course is run,  
 Smiles upon this mountain height  
 As he kisses it good-night.  
 There was music in her tone,  
 Misery in thy voice alone.  
 They have bid thee lie to me.  
 Let me pass! Thou art not she!  
 Let my sorrow sacred be  
 Underneath this trysting tree!"

So in wrath I went my way,  
 And they came another day,—  
 Came another day, and said:  
 “Hush thy cry, for she is dead.  
 Yonder on the mountain-side  
 She is buried where she died,  
 Where you twain were wont to bide.  
 Where she came and fell and cried  
 Pardon that thy wrath denied;  
 And above her bosom grows  
 As in mockery the Rose:  
 It was white; but now 't is red,  
 And in shame it bows its head  
 Over sinful Telka dead.”

So they thought to silence me,—  
 As if love could silenced be!  
 Fool were I, and fools were they!  
 Scornfully I went my way,  
 And upon the mountain-side  
 “Telka!” evermore I cried.  
 “Telka!” evermore I cry;  
 Answer me the woods and sky:  
 So the lonely years go by.

She is lost, and that is all;  
 Sometime she shall hear my call,  
 Hear my pleading call, and then  
 Find her way to me again.



## PLAINT OF THE MISSOURI 'COON IN THE BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

FRIEND, by the way you hump yourself you 're from the States, I  
 know,  
 And born in old Mizoorah, where the 'coons in plenty grow.  
 I, too, am native of that clime; but harsh, relentless fate  
 Has doomed me to an exile far from that noble State;

And I, who used to climb around, and swing from tree to tree,  
 Now lead a life of ignominious ease, as you can see.  
 Have pity, O compatriot mine! and bide a season near,  
 While I unfurl a dismal tale to catch your friendly ear.

My pedigree is noble: they used my grandsire's skin  
 To piece a coat for Patterson to warm himself within,—  
 Tom Patterson, of Denver; no ermine can compare  
 With the grizzled robe that Democratic statesman loves to wear  
 Of such a grandsire I am come; and in the County Cole  
 All up an ancient cottonwood our family had its hole.  
 We envied not the liveried pomp nor proud estate of kings,  
 As we hustled round from day to day in search of bugs and things.

And when the darkness fell around, a mocking-bird was nigh,  
 Inviting pleasant, soothing dreams with his sweet lullaby;  
 And sometimes came the yellow dog to brag around all night  
 That nary 'coon could wallop him in a stand-up barrel fight.  
 We simply smiled and let him howl, for all Mizzoorians know  
 That ary 'coon can best a dog, if the coon gets half a show;  
 But we 'd nestle close and shiver when the mellow moon had ris'n,  
 And the hungry nigger sought our lair in hopes to make us his'n.

Raised as I was, it's hardly strange I pine for those old days;  
 I cannot get acclimated, or used to German ways.  
 The victuals that they give me here may all be very fine  
 For vulgar, common palates, but they will not do for mine.  
 The 'coon that's been accustomed to stanch Democratic cheer  
 Will not put up with onion tarts and sausage steeped in beer!  
 No; let the rest, for meat and drink, accede to slavish terms,  
 But send *me* back from whence I came, and let me grub for worms!

They come, these gaping Teutons do, on Sunday afternoons,  
 And wonder what I am,—alas, there are no German 'coons!  
 For if there were, I still might swing at home from tree to tree,  
 The symbol of Democracy, that's woolly, blithe, and free.  
 And yet for what my captors are I would not change my lot,  
 For *I* have tasted liberty, these others, *they* have not;  
 So, even caged, the Democratic 'coon more glory feels  
 Than the conscript German puppets with their swords about their  
 heels.

Well, give my love to Crittenden, to Clardy, and O'Neill,  
 To Jasper Burke and Colonel Jones, and tell 'em how I feel;  
 My compliments to Cockrill, Stephens, Switzler, Francis, Vest,  
 Bill Nelson, J. West Goodwin, Jedge Broadhead, and the rest.  
 Bid them be steadfast in the faith, and pay no heed at all  
 To Joe McCullagh's badinage or Chauncey Filley's gall;  
 And urge them to retaliate for what I 'm suffering here  
 By cinching all the alien class that wants its Sunday beer.

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THE PARTRIDGE

As beats the sun from mountain crest,  
     With "Pretty, pretty,"  
 Cometh the partridge from her nest.  
 The flowers threw kisses sweet to her  
 (For all the flowers that bloomed knew her);  
 Yet hasteneth she to mine and me,—  
     Ah, pretty, pretty!  
     Ah, dear little partridge!

And when I hear the partridge cry  
     So pretty, pretty,  
 Upon the house-top breakfast I.  
 She comes a-chirping far and wide.  
 And swinging from the mountain-side  
 I see and hear the dainty dear,—  
     Ah, pretty, pretty!  
     Ah, dear little partridge!

Thy nest 's inlaid with posies rare,  
     And pretty, pretty,  
 Bloom violet, rose, and lily there;  
 The place is full of balmy dew  
 (The tears of flowers in love with you!);  
 And one and all, impassioned, call,  
     "O pretty, pretty!  
     O dear little partridge!"

Thy feathers they are soft and sleek,—  
 So pretty, pretty!  
 Long is thy neck, and small thy beak,  
 The color of thy plumage far  
 More bright than rainbow colors are.  
 Sweeter than dove is she I love,—  
 My pretty, pretty!  
 My dear little partridge!

When comes the partridge from the tree,  
 So pretty, pretty,  
 And sings her little hymn to me,  
 Why, all the world is cheered thereby,  
 The heart leaps up into the eye,  
 And Echo then gives back again  
 Our "Pretty, pretty!"  
 Our "Dear little partridge!"

Admitting thee most blest of all,  
 And pretty, pretty,  
 The birds come with thee at thy call,  
 In flocks they come, and round thee play,  
 And this is what they seem to say:—  
 They say, and sing, each feathered thing,  
 "Ah, pretty, pretty!"  
 Ah, dear little partridge!"

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### CORINTHIAN HALL

CORINTHIAN HALL is a tumble-down place,  
 Which some finical folks have pronounced a disgrace<sup>r</sup>  
 But once was a time when Corinthian Hall  
 Excited the rapture and plaudits of all,  
 With its carpeted stairs,  
 And its new yellow chairs,  
 And its stunning *ensemble* of citified airs.  
 Why, the Atchison Champion said 't was the best  
 Of Thespian temples extant in the West.

It was new, and was ours,—that was ages ago,  
 Before opry had spoiled the legitimate show,—  
 It was new, and was ours! We could toss back the jeer  
 Our rivals had launched at our city for years.

Corinthian Hall,

Why, it discounted all

Other halls in the Valley, and well I recall  
 The night of the opening; from near and afar  
 Came the crowd to see Toodles performed by De Bar.

Oh, those days they were palmy, and never again  
 Shall earth see such genius as gladdened us then;  
 For actors were actors, and each one knew how  
 To whoop up his art in the sweat of his brow.  
 He 'd a tragedy air, and wore copious hair;  
 And when he ate victuals, he ordered 'em rare.  
 Dame Fortune ne'er feazed him,—in fact, never could  
 When liquor was handy and walking was good.

And the shows in those days! Ah, how well I recall  
 The shows that I saw in Corinthian Hall!  
 Maggie Mitchell and Lotty were then in their prime;  
 And as for Jane Coombs, she was simply sublime;  
 And I 'm ready to swear there is none could compare  
 With Breslau in Borgia, supported by Fair;  
 While in passionate rôles it was patent to us  
 That the great John A. Stevens was *ne ultra plus*.

And was there demand for the tribute of tears,  
 We had sweet Charlotte Thompson those halcyon years,  
 And wee Katie Putnam. The savants allow  
 That the like of Kate Fisher ain't visible now.  
 What artist to-day have we equal to Rae,  
 Or to sturdy Jack Langrishe? God rest 'em, I say!  
 And when died Buchanan, the "St. Jo Gazette"  
 Opined that the sun of our drama had set.

Corinthian Hall was devoted to song  
 When the Barnabee concert troupe happened along.

Or Ossian E. Dodge, or the Comical Brown,  
 Or the Holmans with William H. Crane struck our town;  
     But the one special card  
     That hit us all hard  
 Was Caroline Richings and Peter Bernard;  
 And the bells of the Bergers still ring in my ears;  
 And, oh, how I laughed at Sol Russell those years!

The Haverly Minstrels were boss in those days,  
 And our critics accorded them columns of praise;  
 They'd handsome mustaches and big cluster rings,  
 And their shirt fronts were blazing with diamonds and things;  
 They gave a parade, and sweet music they made  
 Every evening in front of the house where they played.  
 'Twi'xt posters and hand-bills the town was agog  
 For Primrose and West in their great statue clog.

Many years intervene, yet I 'm free to maintain  
 That I doted on Chanfrau, McWade, and Frank Frayne;  
 Tom Stivers, the local, declared for a truth  
 That Mayo as Hamlet was better than Booth:  
 While in rôles that were thrillin', involving much killin',  
 Jim Wallick loomed up our ideal of a villain;  
 Mrs. Bowers, Alvin Joslin, Frank Aiken,—they all  
 Earned their titles to fame in Corinthian Hall.

But Time, as begrudging the glory that fell  
 On the spot I revere and remember so well,  
 Spent his spite on the timbers, the plaster, and paint,  
 And breathed on them all his morbiferous taint;  
 So the trappings of gold and the gear manifold  
 Got gangrened with rust and rheumatic with mould,  
 And we saw dank decay and oblivion fall,  
 Like vapors of night, on Corinthian Hall.

When the gas is ablaze in the opry at night,  
 And the music goes floating on billows of light,  
 Why, I often regret that I 'm grown to a man,  
 And I pine to be back where my mission began,



And I'm fain to recall  
Reminiscences all

That come with the thought of Corinthian Hall,—  
To hear and to see what delighted me then,  
And to revel in raptures of boyhood again.

Though Corinthian Hall is a tumble-down place,  
Which some finical folks have pronounced a disgrace,  
There is one young old boy, quite as worthy as they,  
Who, aweary of art as expounded to-day,  
    Would surrender what gold  
    He's amassed to behold  
A tithe of the wonderful doings of old,  
A glimpse of the glories that used to enthral  
Our *crème de la crème* in Corinthian Hall.



## THE RED, RED WEST

I've travelled in heaps of countries, and studied all kinds of art,  
Till there is n't a critic or connoisseur who's properly deemed so  
smart;

And I'm free to say that the grand results of my explorations show  
That somehow paint gets redder the farther out West I go.

I've sipped the voluptuous sherbet that the Orientals serve,  
And I've felt the glow of red Bordeaux tingling each separate  
nerve;

I've sampled your classic Massic under an arbor green,  
And I've reeked with song a whole night long over a brown poteen.

The stalwart brew of the land o' cakes, the schnapps of the fru-  
gal Dutch,

The much-praised wine of the distant Rhine, and the beer praised  
overmuch,

The ale of dear old London, and the port of Southern climes,—  
All, *ad infin.*, have I taken in a hundred thousand times.

Yet, as I afore-mentioned, these other charms are naught  
 Compared with the paramount gorgeousness with which the West  
     is fraught;  
 For Art and Nature are just the same in the land where the porker  
     grows,  
 And the paint keeps getting redder the farther out West one goes.

Our savants have never discovered the reason why this is so,  
 And ninety per cent. of the laymen care less than the savants know;  
 It answers every purpose that this is manifest:  
 The paint keeps getting redder the farther you go out West.

Give me no home 'neath the pale pink dome of European skies,  
 No cot for me by the salmon sea that far to the southward lies;  
 But away out West I would build my nest on top of a carmine hill  
 Where I can paint, without restraint, creation redder still!

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### THE THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE



FROM out Cologne there came three kings  
 To worship Jesus Christ, their King.  
 To Him they sought fine herbs they brought,  
 And many a beauteous golden thing;  
 They brought their gifts to Bethlehem town,  
 And in that manger set them down.

Then spake the first king, and he said:  
 "O Child, most heavenly, bright, and fair!  
 I bring this crown to Bethlehem town  
 For Thee, and only Thee, to wear;  
 So give a heavenly crown to me  
 When I shall come at last to Thee!"

The second, then. "I bring Thee here  
 This royal robe, O Child!" he cried;  
 "Of silk 't is spun, and such an one  
 There is not in the world beside;  
 So in the day of doom requite  
 Me with a heavenly robe of white!"

The third king gave his gift, and quoth:  
 "Spikenard and myrrh to Thee I bring,  
 And with these twain would I most fain  
 Anoint the body of my King;  
 So may their incense sometime rise  
 To plead for me in yonder skies!"

ok

Thus spake the three kings of Cologne,  
 That gave their gifts, and went their way;  
 And now kneel I in prayer hard by  
 The cradle of the Child to-day;  
 Nor crown, nor robe, nor spice I bring  
 As offering unto Christ, my King.

Yet have I brought a gift the Child  
 May not despise, however small;  
 For here I lay my heart to-day,  
 And it is full of love to all.  
 Take Thou the poor but loyal thing,  
 My only tribute, Christ, my King!



## IPSWICH

In Ipswich nights are cool and fair,  
 And the voice that comes from the yonder sea  
 Sings to the quaint old mansions there  
 Of "the time, the time that used to be";  
 And the quaint old mansions rock and groan,  
 And they seem to say in an undertone,  
 With half a sigh and with half a moan:  
 "It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich witches weave at night  
 Their magic spells with impish glee;  
 They shriek and laugh in their demon flight  
 From the old Main House to the frightened sea.

And ghosts of eld come out to weep  
 Over the town that is fast asleep;  
 And they sob and they wail, as on they creep:  
 "It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich riseth Heart-Break Hill  
 Over against the calling sea;  
 And through the nights so deep and chill  
 Watcheth a maiden constantly,—  
 Watcheth alone, nor seems to hear  
 Over the roar of the waves anear  
 The pitiful cry of a far-off year:  
 "It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich once a witch I knew,—  
 An artless Saxon witch was she;  
 By that flaxen hair and those eyes of blue,  
 Sweet was the spell she cast on me.  
 Alas! but the years have wrought me ill,  
 And the heart that is old and battered and chill  
 Seeketh again on Heart-Break Hill  
 What was, but never again can be.

Dear Anna, I would not conjure down  
 The ghost that cometh to solace me;  
 I love to think of old Ipswich town,  
 Where somewhat better than friends were we;  
 For with every thought of the dear old place  
 Cometh again the tender grace  
 Of a Saxon witch's pretty face,  
 As it was, and is, and ever shall be.

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### BILL'S TENOR AND MY BASS

BILL was short and dapper, while I was thin and tall;  
 I had flowin' whiskers, but Bill had none at all;  
 Clothes would never seem to set so nice on *me* as *him*,—  
 Folks used to laugh, and say I was too powerful slim,—

But Bill's clothes fit him like the paper on the wall;  
 And we were the sparkin'est beaus in all the place  
 When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

Cyrus Baker's oldest girl was member of the choir,—  
 Eyes as black as Kelsey's cat, and cheeks as red as fire!  
 She had the best sopranner voice I think I ever heard,—  
 Sung "Coronation," "Burlington," and "Chiny" like a bird;  
 Never done better than with Bill a-standin' nigh 'er,  
 A-holdin' of her hymn-book so she would n't lose the place,  
 When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

Then there was Prudence Hubbard, so cosey-like and fat,—  
*She* sung alto, and wore a pee-wee hat;  
 Beauded her around one winter, and, first thing I knew,  
 One evenin' on the portico I up and called her "Prue!"  
 But, sakes alive! she did n't mind a little thing like that;  
 On all the works of Providence she set a cheerful face  
 When Bill was singin' tenor and I was singin' bass.

Bill, nevermore we two shall share the fun we used to then,  
 Nor know the comfort and the peace we had together when  
 We lived in Massachusetts in the good old courtin' days,  
 And lifted up our voices in psalms and hymns of praise.  
 Oh, how I wisht that I could live them happy times again!  
 For life, as we boys knew it, had a sweet, peculiar grace  
 When you was singin' tenor and I was singin' bass.

The music folks have nowadays ain't what it used to be,  
 Because there ain't no singers now on earth like Bill and me.  
 Why, Lemuel Bangs, who used to go to Springfield twice a year,  
 Admitted that for singin' Bill and me had not a peer  
 When Bill went soarin' up to A and I dropped down to D!  
 The old bull-fiddle Beza Dimmitt played war n't in the race  
 'Longside of Bill's high tenor and my sonorious bass.

Bill moved to Californy in the spring of '54,  
 And we folks that used to know him never knew him any more;  
 Then Cyrus Baker's oldest girl, she kind o' pined a spell,  
 And, hankerin' after sympathy, it naterally befell

That she married Deacon Pitkin's boy, who kep' the general store;  
 And so the years, the changeful years, have rattled on apace  
 Since Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

As I was settin' by the stove this evenin' after tea,  
 I noticed wife kep' hitchin' close and closer up to me;  
 And as she patched the gingham frock our gran'child wore to-day,  
 I heerd her gin a sigh that seemed to come from fur away.  
 Could n't help inquiren' what the trouble might be;  
 "Was thinkin' of the time," says Prue, a-breshin' at her face,  
 "When Bill sung tenor and you sung bass."

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### THE "ST. JO GAZETTE"

WHEN I helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo Gazette,"  
 I was upon familiar terms with every one I met;  
 For "items" were my stock in trade in that my callow time,  
 Before the muses tempted me to try my hand at rhyme,—  
     Before I found in verses  
     Those soothing, gracious mercies,  
 Less practical, but much more glorious than a well-filled purse is  
 A votary of Mammon, I hustled round and sweat,  
 And helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo Gazette."

The labors of the day began at half-past eight A. M.,  
 For the farmers came in early, and I had to tackle them;  
 And many a noble bit of news I managed to acquire  
 By those discreet attentions which all farmer-folk admire,  
     With my daily commentary  
     On affairs of farm and dairy,  
 The tone of which anon with subtle pufferies I'd vary,—  
 Oh, many a peck of apples and of peaches did I get  
 When I helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo Gazette."

Dramatic news was scarce, but when a minstrel show was due,  
 Why, Milton Tootle's opera house was then my rendezvous;  
 Judge Grubb would give me points about the latest legal case.  
 And Dr. Runcie let me print his sermons when I'd space;

Of fevers, fractures, humors,  
 Contusions, fits, and tumors,  
 Would Dr. Hall or Dr. Baines confirm or nail the rumors;  
 From Colonel Dawes what railroad news there was I used to  
 get,—  
 When I helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo Gazette."

For "personals" the old Pacific House was just the place,—  
 Pap Abell knew the pedigrees of all the human race;  
 And when he 'd gi'n up all he had, he 'd drop a subtle wink,  
 And lead the way where one might wet one's whistle with a drink.  
 Those drinks at the Pacific,  
 When days were sudorific,  
 Were what Parisians (pray excuse my French!) would call "mag-  
 nifique";  
 And frequently an invitation to a meal I 'd get  
 When I helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo Gazette."

And when in rainy weather news was scarce as well as slow,  
 To Saxton's bank of Hopkins' store for items would I go.  
 The jokes which Colonel Saxton told were old, but good enough  
 For local application in lieu of better stuff;  
 And when the ducks were flying,  
 Or the fishing well worth trying—  
 Gosh! but those "sports" at Hopkins' store could beat the world  
 at lying!  
 And I—I printed all their yarns, though not without regret,  
 When I helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo Gazette."

For squibs political I 'd go to Colonel Waller Young,  
 Or Colonel James N. Burnes, the "statesman with the silver  
 tongue";  
 Should some old pioneer take sick and die, why, then I 'd call  
 On Frank M. Posegate for the "life," and Posegate knew 'em all  
 Lon Tullar used to pony  
 Up descriptions that were tony  
 Of toilets worn at party, ball, or conversazione;  
 For the ladies were addicted to the style called "deckolett"  
 When I helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo Gazette."

So was I wont my daily round of labor to pursue;  
 And when came night I found that there was still more work to do,—  
 The telegraph to edit, yards and yards of proof to read,  
 And reprint to be gathered to supply the printers' greed.

Oh, but it takes agility,  
 Combined with versatility,

To run a country daily with appropriate ability.  
 There never were a smarter lot of editors, I'll bet,  
 Than we who whooped up local on the "St. Jo Gazette."

Yes, maybe it was irksome; maybe a discontent  
 Rebellious rose amid the toil I daily underwent.  
 If so, I don't remember; this only do I know,—  
 My thoughts turn ever fondly to that time in old St. Jo.

The years that speed so fleetly  
 Have blotted out completely

All else than that which still remains to solace me so sweetly;  
 The friendships of that time,—ah, me! they are as precious yet  
 As when I was a local on the "St. Jo Gazette."

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### IN AMSTERDAM

MEYNHEER Hans Von Der Bloom has got  
 A majazin in Kalverstraat,  
 Where one may buy for sordid gold  
 Wares quaint and curious, new and old.  
 Here are antiquities galore,—  
 The jewels which Dutch monarchs wore,  
 Swords, teacups, helmets, platters, clocks,  
 Bright Dresden jars, dull Holland crocks,  
 And all those joys I might rehearse  
 That please the eye, but wreck the purse.

I most admired an ancient bed,  
 With ornate carvings at its head,—  
 A massive frame of dingy oak,  
 Whose curious size and mould bespoke  
 Prodigious age. "How much?" I cried.



“Ein tousand gildens,” Hans replied;  
And then the honest Dutchman said  
A king once owned that glorious bed,—  
King Fritz der Foorst, of blessed fame,  
Had owned and slept within the same!

Then long I stood and mutely gazed,  
By reminiscent splendors dazed,  
And I had bought it right away  
Had I the wherewithal to pay.  
But, lacking of the needed pelf  
I thus discoursed within myself:  
“O happy Holland! where’s the bliss  
That can approximate to this  
Possession of the rare antique  
Which maniacs hanker for and seek?  
*My* native land is full of stuff  
That’s good, but is not old enough.  
Alas! it has no oaken beds  
Wherein have slumbered royal heads,  
No relic on whose face we see  
The proof of grand antiquity.”

Thus reasoned I a goodly spell  
Until, perchance, my vision fell  
Upon a trademark at the head  
Of Fritz der Foorst’s old oaken bed,—  
A rampant wolverine, and round  
This strange device these words I found:  
“Patent Antique. Birkey & Gay,  
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.”

At present I’m not saying much  
About the simple, guileless Dutch;  
And as it were a loathsome spot  
I keep away from Kalverstraat,  
Determined when I want a bed  
In which hath slept a royal head  
I’ll patronize no middleman,  
But deal direct with Michigan.

## TO THE PASSING SAINT

As to-night you came your way,  
    Bearing earthward heavenly joy  
Tell me, O dear saint, I pray,  
    Did you see my little boy?

By some fairer voice beguiled,  
    Once he wandered from my sight;  
He is such a little child,  
    He should have my love this night.

It has been so many a year,—  
    Oh, so many a year since then!  
Yet he was so very dear,  
    Surely he will come again.

If upon your way you see  
    One whose beauty is divine,  
Will you send him back to me?  
    He is lost, and he is mine.

Tell him that his little chair  
    Nestles where the sunbeams meet,  
That the shoes he used to wear  
    Yearn to kiss his dimpled feet.

Tell him of each pretty toy  
    That was wont to share his glee;  
Maybe that will bring my boy  
    Back to them and back to me.

O dear saint, as on you go  
    Through the glad and sparkling frost,  
Bid those bells ring high and low  
    For a little child that's lost!

O dear saint, that blessest men  
 With the grace of Christmas joy,  
 Soothe this heart with love again,—  
 Give me back my little boy!

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## THE FISHERMAN'S FEAST

OF all the gracious gifts of Spring,  
 Is there another can surpass  
 This delicate, voluptuous thing,—  
 This dapple-green, plump-shouldered bass?  
 Upon a damask napkin laid,  
 What exhalations superfine  
 Our gustatory nerves pervade,  
 Provoking quenchless thirsts for wine!

The ancients loved this noble fish;  
 And, coming from the kitchen fire  
 All piping hot upon a dish,  
 What raptures did he not inspire?  
 "Fish should swim twice," they used to say,—  
 Once in their native, vapid brine,  
 And then again, a better way—  
 You understand; fetch on the wine!

Ah, dainty monarch of the flood,  
 How often have I cast for you,  
 How often sadly seen you scud  
 Where weeds and water-lilies grew!  
 How often have you filched my bait,  
 How often snapped my treacherous line!  
 Yet here I have you on this plate,—  
 You *shall* swim twice, and *now* in *wine*.

And harkee, garçon! let the blood  
 Of cobwebbed years be spilled for him,—  
 Ay, in a rich Burgundian flood  
 This piscatorial pride should swim;

So, were he living, he would say  
 He gladly died for me and mine,  
 And, as it were his native spray,  
 He 'd lash the sauce—what, ho! the wine!

I would it were ordained for me  
 To share your fate, O finny friend!  
 I surely were not loath to be  
 Reserved for such a noble end;  
 For when old Chronos, gaunt and grim,  
 At last reels in his ruthless line,  
 What were my ecstasy to swim  
 In wine, in wine, in glorious wine!

Well, here 's a health to you, sweet Spring!  
 And, prithee, whilst I stick to earth,  
 Come hither every year and bring  
 The boons provocative of mirth;  
 And should your stock of bass run low,  
 However much I might repine,  
 I think I might survive the blow,  
 If plied with wine and still more wine!

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### THE ONION TART

OF tarts there be a thousand kinds,  
 So versatile the art,  
 And, as we all have different minds,  
 Each has his favorite tart;  
 But those which most delight the rest  
 Methinks should suit me not:  
 The onion tart doth please me best,—  
 Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

Where but in Deutschland can be found  
 This boon of which I sing?  
 Who but a Teuton could compound  
 This *sui generis* thing?

None with the German frau can vie  
 In arts cuisine, I wot,  
 Whose *summum bonum* breeds the sigh,  
 "Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!"

You slice the fruit upon the dough,  
 And season to the taste,  
 Then in an oven (not too slow)  
 The viand should be placed;  
 And when 't is done, upon a plate  
 You serve it piping hot,  
 Your nostrils and your eyes dilate,—  
 Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

It sweeps upon the sight and smell  
 In overwhelming tide,  
 And then the sense of taste as well  
 Betimes is gratified:  
 Three noble senses drowned in bliss!  
 I prithee tell me, what  
 Is there beside compares with this?  
 Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

For if the fruit be proper young,  
 And if the crust be good,  
 How shall they melt upon the tongue  
 Into a savory flood!  
 How seek the Mecca down below,  
 And linger round that spot,  
 Entailing weeks and months of woe,—  
 Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

If Nature gives men appetites  
 For things that won't digest,  
 Why, let *them* eat whatso delights,  
 And let *her* stand the rest;  
 And though the sin involve the cost  
 Of Carlsbad, like as not  
 'T is better to have loved and lost,—  
 Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

Beyond the vast, the billowy tide,  
 Where my compatriots dwell,  
 All kinds of victuals have I tried,  
 All kinds of drinks, as well;  
 But nothing known to Yankee art  
 Appears to reach *the spot*  
 Like this Teutonic onion tart,—  
 Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

So, though I quaff of Carlsbad's tide  
 As full as I can hold,  
 And for complete reform inside  
 Plank down my hoard of gold,  
 Remorse shall not consume my heart,  
 Nor sorrow vex my lot,  
 For I have eaten onion tart,—  
 Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

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### GRANDMA'S BOMBAZINE

It's everywhere that women fair invite and please my eye,  
 And that on dress I lay much stress I can't and sha' n't deny:  
 The English dame who's all aflame with divers colors bright,  
 The Teuton belle, the ma'moiselle,—all give me keen delight;  
 And yet I'll say, go where I may, I never yet have seen  
 A dress that's quite as grand a sight as was that bombazine.

Now, you must know 't was years ago this quaint but noble gowr  
 Flashed in one day, the usual way, upon our solemn town.  
 'T was Fisk who sold for sordid gold that gravely scrumptious  
 thing,—  
 Jim Fisk, the man who drove a span that would have joyed a  
 king,—  
 And grandma's eye fell with a sigh upon that sombre sheen,  
 And grandpa's purse looked much the worse for grandma's bom-  
 bazine.

Though ten years old, I never told the neighbors of the gown;  
For grandma said, "This secret, Ned, must not be breathed in  
town."

The sitting-room for days of gloom was in a dreadful mess  
When that quaint dame, Miss Kelsey, came to make the wondrous  
dress:

To fit and baste and stitch a waist, with whalebones in between,  
Is precious slow, as all folks know who've made a bombazine

With fortitude dear grandma stood the trial to the end  
(The nerve we find in womankind I cannot comprehend!);  
And when 't was done, resolved that none should guess at the  
surprise,

Within the press she hid that dress, secure from prying eyes;  
For grandma knew a thing or two,—by which remark I mean  
That Sundays were the days for her to wear that bombazine.

I need not state she got there late; and, sailing up the aisle  
With regal grace, on grandma's face reposed a conscious smile.  
It fitted so, above, below, and hung so well all round,  
That there was not one faulty spot a critic could have found.  
How proud I was of her, because she looked so like a queen!  
And that was why, perhaps, that I admired the bombazine.

But there *were* those, as you'd suppose, who scorned that per-  
fect gown;

For ugly-grained old cats obtained in that New England town:  
The Widow White spat out her spite in one: "It does n't fit!"  
The Packard girls (they wore false curls) all giggled like to split;  
Sophronia Wade, the sour old maid, *she* turned a bilious green,  
When she descried that joy and pride, my grandma's bomba-  
zine.

But grandma knew, and I did too, that gown was wondrous fine,—  
The envious sneers and jaundiced jeers were a conclusive sign.  
Why, grandpa said it went ahead of all the girls in town,  
And, saying this, he snatched a kiss that like to burst that gown  
But, blushing red, my grandma said, "Oh, is n't grandpa mean!"  
Yet evermore my grandma wore *his* favorite bombazine.

And, when she died that sombre pride passed down to heedless heirs,—

Alas, the day 't was hung away beneath the kitchen stairs!  
Thence in due time, with dust and grime, came foes on foot and wing,

And made their nests and sped their guests in that once beauteous thing.

'T is so, forsooth! 'Time's envious tooth corrodes each human scene;  
And so, at last, to ruin passed my grandma's bombazine.

Yet to this day, I'm proud to say, it plays a grateful part,—  
The thoughts it brings are of such things as touch and warm my heart.

This gown, my dear, you show me here I'll own is passing fair,  
Though I'll confess it's no such dress as grandma used to wear.  
Yet wear it, *do*; perchance when you and I are off the scene,  
Our boy shall sing *this* comely thing as *I* the bombazine.

---

### RARE ROAST BEEF

WHEN the numerous distempers to which all flesh is heir  
Torment us till our very souls are reeking with despair;  
When that monster fiend, Dyspepsy, rears its spectral hydra head,  
Filling *bon vivants* and epicures with certain nameless dread;  
When *any* ill of body or of intellect abounds,  
Be it sickness known to Galen or disease unknown to Lowndes,—  
In such a dire emergency it is my firm belief  
That there is no diet quite so good as rare roast beef.

And even when the body's in the very prime of health,  
When sweet contentment spreads upon the cheeks her rosy wealth,  
And when a man devours three meals per day and pines for more,  
And growls because instead of three square meals there are not four,—

Well, even then, though cake and pie do service on the side,  
And coffee is a luxury that may not be denied,  
Still of the many viands there is one that's hailed as chief,  
And that, as you are well aware, is rare roast beef.



Some like the sirloin, but I think the porterhouse is best,—  
 'T is juicier and tenderer and meatier than the rest;  
 Put on this roast a dash of salt, and then of water pour  
 Into the sizzling dripping-pan a cupful, and no more;  
 The oven being hot, the roast will cook in half an hour;  
 Then to the juices in the pan you add a little flour,  
 And so you get a gravy that is called the cap sheaf  
 Of that glorious *summum bonum*, rare roast beef.

Served on a platter that is hot, and carved with thin, keen knife,  
 How does this savory viand enhance the worth of life!  
 Give me no thin and shadowy slice, but a thick and steaming slab,—  
 Who would not choose a generous hunk to a bloodless little dab?  
 Upon a nice hot plate how does the juicy morceau steam,  
 A symphony in scarlet or a red incarnate dream!  
 Take from me eyes and ears and all, O Time, thou ruthless thief!  
 Except these teeth werewith to deal with rare roast beef.

Most every kind and rôle of modern victuals have I tried,  
 Including roasted, fricaseed, broiled, toasted, stewed, and fried,  
 Your canvasbacks and papa-bottes and mutton-chops subese,  
 Your patties à la Turkey and your doughnuts à la grease;  
 I've whiled away dyspeptic hours with crabs in marble halls,  
 And in the lowly cottage I've experienced codfish balls;  
 But I've never found a viand that could so allay all grief  
 And soothe the cockles of the heart as rare roast beef.

I honor that sagacious king who, in a grateful mood,  
 Knighted the savory loin that on the royal table stood;  
 And as for me I'd ask no better friend than this good roast,  
 Which is my squeamish stomach's fortress (*feste Burg*) and host,  
 For with this ally with me I can mock Dyspepsy's wrath,  
 Can I pursue the joy of Wisdom's pleasant, peaceful path.  
 So I do off my vest and let my waistband out a reef  
 When I soever set me down to rare roast beef.

## OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE

THERE are no days like the good old days,—  
 The days when we were youthful!  
 When humankind were pure of mind,  
 And speech and deeds were truthful;  
 Before a love for sordid gold  
 Became man's ruling passion,  
 And before each dame and maid became  
 Slave to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls,—  
 Against the world I 'd stake 'em!  
 As buxom and smart and clean of heart  
 As the Lord knew how to make 'em!  
 They were rich in spirit and common-sense,  
 And piety all supportin';  
 They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,  
 And they made such likely courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys,—  
 When *we* were boys together!  
 When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet  
 That dimpled the laughing heather;  
 When the pewee sung to the summer dawn  
 Of the bee in the billowy clover,  
 Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will  
 Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love,—  
 The love that mother gave us!  
 We are old, old men, yet we pine again  
 For that precious grace, —God save us!  
 So we dream and dream of the good old times,  
 And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,  
 As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams  
 Of heaven away off yonder.

## MR. BILLINGS OF LOUISVILLE

THERE are times in one's life which one cannot forget;  
And the time I remember 's the evening I met  
A haughty young scion of bluegrass renown  
Who made my acquaintance while painting the town  
A handshake, a cocktail, a smoker, and then  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

There flowed in his veins the blue blood of the South,  
And a cynical smile curled his sensuous mouth;  
He quoted from Lanier and Poe by the yard,  
But his purse had been hit by the war, and hit hard:  
I felt that he honored and flattered me when  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I wonder that never again since that night  
A vision of Billings has hallowed my sight;  
I pine for the sound of his voice and the thrill  
That comes with the touch of a ten-dollar bill:  
I wonder and pine; for—I say it again—  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I've heard what old Whittier sung of Miss Maud;  
But all such philosophy 's nothing but fraud;  
To one who 's a bear in Chicago to-day,  
With wheat going up, and the devil to pay,  
These words are the saddest of tongue or of pen:  
"Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten."

---

  
POET AND KING

THOUGH I am king, I have no throne  
Save this rough wooden siege alone;  
I have no empire, yet my sway  
Extends a myriad leagues away;

No servile vassal bends his knee  
In grovelling reverence to me,  
Yet at my word all hearts beat high,  
And there is fire in every eye,  
And love and gratitude they bring  
As tribute unto me, a king.

The folk that throng the busy street  
Know not it is a king they meet;  
And I am glad there is not seen  
The monarch in my face and mien.  
I should not choose to be the cause  
Of fawning or of coarse applause:  
I am content to know the arts  
Wherewith to lord it o'er their hearts;  
For when unto their hearts I sing,  
I am a king, I am a king!

My sceptre,—see, it is a pen!  
Wherewith I rule these hearts of men.  
Sometime it pleaseth to beguile  
Its monarch fancy with a smile;  
Sometime it is athirst for tears:  
And so adown the laurelled years  
I walk, the noblest lord on earth,  
Dispensing sympathy and mirth.  
Aha! it is a magic thing  
That makes me what I am,—a king!

Let empires crumble as they may,  
Proudly I hold imperial sway;  
The sunshine and the rain of years  
Are human smiles and human tears  
That come or vanish at my call,—  
I am the monarch of them all!  
Mindful alone of this am I:  
The songs I sing shall never die;  
Not even envious Death can wring  
His glory from so great a king.

Come, brother, be a king with me,  
 And rule mankind eternally;  
 Lift up the weak, and cheer the strong,  
 Defend the truth, combat the wrong!  
 You'll find no sceptre like the pen  
 To hold and sway the hearts of men;  
 Its edicts flow in blood and tears  
 That will outwash the flood of years:  
 So, brother, sing your songs, oh, sing!  
 And be with me a king, a king!

---

## LIZZIE

I WONDER ef all wimmin air  
 Like Lizzie is when we go out  
 To theatres an' concerts where  
 Is things the papers talk about.  
 Do other wimmin fret an' stew  
 Like they wuz bein' crucified,—  
 Frettin' a show or concert through,  
 With wonderin' ef the baby cried?

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma 's there  
 To see that everything is right;  
 Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care  
 Ain't good enuff f'r baby, quite.  
 Yet what am I to answer when  
 She kind uv fidgets at my side,  
 An' asks me every now an' then,  
 "I wonder ef the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes  
 A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile;  
 Seems like she heern the pleadin' cries  
 Uv one she thinks uv all the while;  
 An' so she 's sorry that she come.  
 An' though she allus tries to hide

The truth, she 'd ruther stay to hum  
 Than wonder ef the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike—  
 By Lizzie you kin jedge the rest;  
 There never wuz a little tyke,  
 But that his mother loved him best.  
 And nex' to bein' what I be—  
 The husband uv my gentle bride—  
 I 'd wisht I wuz that croodlin' wee,  
 With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.

---

### ALWAYS RIGHT

Don't take on so, Hiram,  
 But do what you're told to do;  
 It's fair to suppose that yer mother knows  
 A heap sight more than you.  
 I'll allow that sometimes *her* way  
 Don't seem the wisest, quite;  
 But the *easiest* way,  
 When she's had her say,  
 Is to reckon yer mother is right.

Courted her ten long winters,  
 Saw her to singin'-school;  
 When she went down one spell to town,  
 I cried like a durned ol' fool;  
 Got mad at the boys for callin'  
 When I sparked her Sunday night:  
 But she said she knew  
 A thing or two,—  
 An' I reckoned yer mother wuz right.

I courted till I wuz aging,  
 And she wuz past her prime,—  
 I'd have died, I guess, if she had n't said yes  
 When I popped f'r the hundredth time.

Said she 'd never have took me  
 If I had n't stuck so tight;  
 Opined that we  
 Could never agree,—  
 And I reckon yer mother wuz right!

---

## PROVIDENCE AND THE DOG

W TEN I was young and callow, which was many years ago,  
 Within me the afflatus went surging to and fro;  
 And so I wrote a tragedy that fairly reeked with gore,  
 With every act concluding with the dead piled on the floor,—  
 A mighty effort, by the gods! and after I had read  
 The manuscript to Daly, that dramatic censor said:  
 "The plot is most exciting, and I like the dialogue;  
 You should take the thing to Providence, and try it on a dog."

McCambridge organized a troupe, including many a name  
 Unknown alike to guileless me, to riches, and to fame.  
 A pompous man whose name was Rae was Nestor of this troupe,—  
 Amphibious, he was quite at home outside or in the soup!  
 The way McCambridge billed him! Why, such dreams in red  
 and green  
 Had ne'er before upon the boards of Yankeedom been seen;  
 And my proud name was heralded,—oh, that I'd gone incog.,  
 When we took that play to Providence to try it on a dog!

Shall I forget the awful day we struck that wretched town?  
 Yet in what melting irony the treacherous sun beamed down!  
 The sale of seats had not been large; but then McCambridge  
 said  
 The factory people seldom bought their seats so far ahead,  
 And Rae indorsed McCambridge. So they partly set at rest  
 The natural misgivings that perturbed my youthful breast;  
 For I wondered and lamented that the town was not agog  
 When I took my play to Providence to try it on a dog.

They never came at all,—aha! I knew it all the time,—  
 They never came to see and hear my tragedy sublime.  
 Oh, fateful moment when the curtain rose on act the first!  
 Oh, moment fateful to the soul for wealth and fame athirst!  
 But lucky factory girls and boys to stay away that night,  
 When the author's fervid soul was touched by disappointment's  
     blight,—  
 When desolation settled down on me like some dense fog  
 For having tempted Providence, and tried it on a dog!

Those actors did n't know their parts; they maundered to and fro,  
 Ejaculating platitudes that were quite *mal à propos*;  
 And when I sought to reprimand the graceless scamps, the lot  
 Turned fiercely on me, and denounced my charming play as rot.  
 I might have stood their bitter taunts without a passing grunt,  
 If I'd had a word of solace from the people out in front;  
 But that chilly corporal's guard sat round like bumps upon a log  
 When I played that play at Providence with designs upon the dog.

We went with lots of baggage, but we did n't bring it back,—  
 For who would be so hampered as he walks a railway track?  
 "Oh, ruthless muse of tragedy! what prodigies of shame,  
 What marvels of injustice are committed in thy name!"  
 Thus groaned I in the spirit, as I strode what stretch of ties  
 'Twixt Providence, Rhode Island, and my native Gotham lies;  
 But Rae, McCambridge, and the rest kept up a steady jog,—  
 'T was not the first time they had plied their arts upon the dog.

So much for my first battle with the fickle goddess, Fame,—  
 And I hear that some folks nowadays are faring just the same.  
 Oh, hapless he that on the graceless Yankee dog relies!  
 The dog fares stout and hearty, and the play it is that dies.  
 So ye with tragedies to try, I beg of you, beware!  
 Put not your trust in Providence, that most delusive snare;  
 Cast, if you will, your pearls of thought before the Western hog,  
 But never go to Providence to try it on a dog.



## GETTIN' ON

WHEN I wuz somewhat younger,  
 I wuz reckoned purty gay;  
 I had my fling at everything  
 In a rollickin', coltish way.  
 But times have strangely alterec.  
 Since sixty years ago—  
 This age of steam an' things don't seem  
 Like the age I used to know.  
 Your modern innovations  
 Don't suit me, I confess,  
 As did the ways of the good ol' days,—  
 But I 'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza,  
 An' hitch round with the sun;  
 Sometimes, mayhap, I take a nap,  
 Waitin' till school is done.  
 An' then I tell the children  
 The things I done in youth,—  
 An' near as I can, as a vener'ble man,  
 I stick to the honest truth,—  
 But the looks of them 'at listen  
 Seem sometimes to express  
 The remote idee that I 'm gone—you see?—  
 An' I *am* gettin' on, I guess.

I get up in the mornin',  
 An', nothin' else to do,  
 Before the rest are up an' dressed,  
 I read the papers through.  
 I hang round with the women  
 All day an' hear 'em talk;  
 An' while they sew or knit I show  
 The baby how to walk.  
 An', somehow, I feel sorry  
 When they put away his dress  
 An' cut his curls ('cause they 're like a girl's!)—  
 I 'm gettin' on, I guess.

Sometimes, with twilight round me,  
 I see, or seem to see,  
 A distant shore where friends of yore  
 Linger an' watch for me.  
 Sometimes I've heered 'em callin'  
 So tender-like 'nd low  
 That it almost seemed like a dream I dreamed,  
 Or an echo of long ago;  
 An' sometimes on my forehead  
 There falls a soft caress,  
 Or the touch of a hand,—you understand,—  
 I'm gettin' on, I guess.

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### THE SCHNELLEST ZUG

FROM Hanover to Leipzig is but a little way,  
 Yet the journey by the so-called schnelllest zug consumes a day,  
 You start at half-past ten or so, and not till nearly night  
 Do the double towers of Magdeburg loom up before your sight;  
 From thence to Leipzig's quick enough,—of that I'll not com-  
 plain,—

But from Hanover to Magdeburg—confound that schnelllest train!

The Germans say, that "schnell" means fast, and "schnellest"  
 faster yet,—

In all my life no grimmer bit of humor have I met!  
 Why, thirteen miles an hour 's the greatest speed they ever go,  
 While on the engine piston-rods do moss and lichens grow;  
 And yet the average Teuton will presumptuously maintain  
 That one *can't* know what swiftness is till he's tried das schnel-  
 lest train!

Fool that I was! I should have walked,—I had no time to waste:  
 The little journey I had planned I had to do in haste,—  
 The quaint old town of Leipzig with its literary mart,  
 And Dresden with its crockery-shops and wondrous wealth of art.  
 The Saxon Alps, the Carlsbad cure for all dyspeptic pain,—  
 These were the ends I had in view when I took that schnelllest train

The natives dozed around me, yet none too deep to hear  
 The guard's sporadic shout of "funf minuten" (meaning beer);  
 I counted forty times at least that voice announce the stops  
 Required of those fat natives to glut their greed for hops,  
 Whilst *I* crouched in a corner, a monument to woe,  
 And thought unholy, awful things, and felt my whiskers grow!

And then, the wretched sights one sees while travelling by that  
 train,—

The women doing men-folks' work at harvesting the grain,  
 Or sometimes grubbing in the soil, or hitched to heavy carts  
 Beside the family cow or dog, doing their slavish parts!  
 The husbands strut in soldier garb,—indeed *they* were too vain  
 To let creation see *them* work from that creeping schnelllest train!

I found the German language all too feeble to convey  
 The sentiments that surged through my dyspeptic hulk that day;  
 I had recourse to English, and exploded without stint  
 Such virile Anglo-Saxon as would never do in print,  
 But which assuaged my rising gorge and cooled my seething brain  
 While snailing on to Magdeburg upon that schnelllest train.

The typical New England freight that maunders to and fro,  
 The upper Mississippi boats, the bumptious B. & O.,  
 The creeping Southern railroads with their other creeping things,  
 The Philadelphy cable that is run out West for rings,  
 The Piccadilly 'buses with their constant roll and shake,—  
 All have I tried, and yet I'd give the "schnellest zug" the cake!

My countrymen, if ever you should seek the German clime,  
 Put not your trust in Baedeker if you are pressed for time;  
 From Hanover to Magdeburg is many a weary mile  
 By "schnellest zug," but done afoot it seems a tiny while;  
 Walk, swim, or skate, and then the task will not appear in vain.  
 But you'll break the third commandment if you take the schnell-  
 est train!

## BETHLEHEM-TOWN

OK  
 As I was going to Bethlehem-town,  
 Upon the earth I cast me down  
 All underneath a little tree  
 That whispered in this wise to me:  
 "Oh, I shall stand on Calvary  
 And bear what burthen saveth thee!"

As up I fared to Bethlehem-town,  
 I met a shepherd coming down,  
 And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight  
 Hath spread before mine eyes this night,—  
 An angel host most fair to see,  
 That sung full sweetly of a tree  
 That shall uplift on Calvary  
 What burthen saveth you and me!"

And as I gat to Bethlehem-town,  
 Lo! wise men came that bore a crown.  
 "Is there," cried I, "in Bethlehem  
 A King shall wear this diadem?"  
 "Good sooth," they quoth, "and it is He  
 That shall be lifted on the tree  
 And freely shed on Calvary  
 What blood redeemeth us and thee!"

Unto a Child in Bethlehem-town  
 The wise men came and brought the crown;  
 And while the infant smiling slept,  
 Upon their knees they fell and wept;  
 But, with her babe upon her knee,  
 Naught recked that Mother of the tree,  
 That should uplift on Calvary  
 What burthen saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem-town  
 And think on Him that wears the crown.  
 I may not kiss His feet again,

OK Nor worship Him as did I then,  
 My King hath died upon the tree,  
 And hath outpoured on Calvary  
 - What blood redeemeth you and me!

is the Christ the Blood

## THE DOINGS OF DELSARTE

In former times my numerous rhymes excited general mirth,  
 And I was then of all good men the merriest man on earth;

And my career  
 From year to year  
 Was full of cheer  
 And things,

Despite a few regrets, perdieu! which grim dyspepsia brings;  
 But now how strange and harsh a change has come upon the  
 scene!

Horrors appall the life where all was formerly so serene:  
 Yes, wasting care hath cast its snare about my honest heart,  
 Because, alas! it hath come to pass my daughter's learned Delsarte.

In flesh and joint and every point the counterpart of me,  
 She grew so fast she grew at last a marvellous thing to see,—  
 Long, gaunt, and slim, each gangling limb played stumbling-  
 block to t' other,

The which excess of awkwardness quite mortified her mother.  
 Now, as for me, I like to see the carriages uncouth  
 Which certify to all the shy, unconscious age of youth.  
 If maidenkind be pure of mind, industrious, tidy, smart,  
 What need that they should fool away their youth upon Delsarte?

In good old times my numerous rhymes occasioned general mirth,  
 But now you see

Revealed in me  
 The gloomiest bard on earth.

I sing no more of the joys of yore that marked my happy life,  
 But rather those depressing woes with which the present's rife.

Unreconciled to that gaunt child, who 's now a fashion-plate,  
 One song I raise in Art's dispraise, and so do I fight with Fate:  
 This gangling bard has found it hard to see his counterpart  
 Long, loose, and slim, divorced from him by that hectic dude,  
 Delsarte.

Where'er she goes,  
 She loves to pose,  
 In classic attitudes,  
 And droop her eyes in languid wise, and feign abstracted moods:  
 And she, my child,  
 Who all so wild,  
 So helpless and so sweet,  
 That once she knew not what to do with those great big hands  
 and feet,  
 Now comes and goes with such repose, so calmly sits or stands,  
 Is so discreet with both her feet, so deft with both her hands.  
 Why, when I see that satire on me, I give an angry start,  
 And I utter one word—it is commonly heard—derogatory to  
 Delsarte.

In years gone by 't was said that I was quite a scrumptious man,  
 Conceit galore had I before this Delsarte craze began;  
 But now these wise  
 Folks criticise  
 My figure and my face,  
 And I opine they even incline to sneer at my musical bass.  
 Why, sometimes they presume to say this wart upon my cheek  
 Is not refined, and remarks unkind they pass on that antique.  
 With lusty bass and charms of face and figure will I part  
 Ere they extort this grand old wart to placate their Delsarte.

Oh, wretched day! as all shall say who 've known my Muse be  
 fore,  
 When by this rhyme you see that I 'm not in it any more.  
 Good-by the mirth that over earth diffused such keen delight;  
 The old-time bard  
 Of pork and lard  
 Is plainly out of sight.

All withered now about his brow the laurel fillets droop,  
While Lachesis brews

For the poor old Muse

A portion of scalding soup.

Engrave this line, O friends of mine! over my broken heart:

"He hustled and strove, and fancied he throve, till his daughter  
learned Delsarte."

---

THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE

OUT yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies, OK  
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies.  
Their radiant wings are folded, and their eyes are bended low,  
As they sing among the beds whereon the flowers delight to grow,—

"Sleep, oh, sleep!

The Shepherd guardeth His sheep.

Fast speedeth the night away,

Soon cometh the glorious day;

Sleep, weary ones, while ye may,

Sleep, oh, sleep!"

*learn on to*

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair and wondrous sight,  
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night;  
And, lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong  
The music of the angels in that tender slumber-song,—

"Sleep, oh, sleep!

The Shepherd loveth His sheep.

He that guardeth His flock the best

Hath folded them to His loving breast;

So sleep ye now, and take your rest,—

Sleep, oh, sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing  
song,

And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;

So through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's vigils glorify.

God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet lullaby,—

"Sleep, oh, sleep!  
 The Shepherd loveth His sheep.  
 Fast speedeth the night away,  
 Soon cometh the glorious day;  
 Sleep, weary ones, while ye may,—  
 Sleep, oh, sleep!"

*Leannin*

---

### THE DREAM-SHIP

WHEN the world is fast asleep,  
 Along the midnight skies—  
 As though it were a wandering cloud—  
 The ghostly dream-ship flies.

An angel stands at the dream-ship's helm,  
 An angel stands at the prow,  
 And an angel stands at the dream-ship's side  
 With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,  
 Pilot and helmsman are,  
 And the angel with the wreath of rue  
 Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor;  
 They fall on young and old;  
 And some are dreams of poverty,  
 And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,  
 And some that melt to tears;  
 Some are dreams of the dawn of love,  
 And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,  
 Alike on young and old,  
 Bringing to slumbering earth their joys  
 And sorrows manifold.



The friendless youth in them shall do  
 The deeds of mighty men,  
 And drooping age shall feel the grace  
 Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—  
 The pauper be a king—  
 In that revenge or recompense  
 The dream-ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams  
 That are for all and me,  
 And there is never mortal man  
 Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course  
 Along the haunted skies—  
 As though it were a cloud astray—  
 The ghostly dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns  
 Pilot and helmsman are,  
 And an angel with a wreath of rue  
 Tosseth the dreams afar.

---

## BALLAD OF WOMEN I LOVE

PRUDENCE MEARS hath an old blue plate  
 Hid away in an oaken chest,  
 And a Franklin platter of ancient date  
 Beareth Amandy Baker's crest;  
 What times soever I've been their guest,  
 Says I to myself in an undertone:  
 "Of womenfolk, it must be confessed,  
 These do I love, and these alone."

Well, again, in the Nutmeg State,  
 Dorothy Pratt is richly blest

With a relic of art and a land effete—  
 A pitcher of glass that 's cut, not pressed.  
 And a Washington teapot is possessed  
 Down in Pelham by Marthy Stone—  
 Think ye now that I say in jest  
 "These do I love, and these alone?"

Were Hepsy Higgins inclined to mate,  
 Or Dorcas Eastman prone to invest  
 In Cupid's bonds, they could find their fate  
 In the bootless bard of Crockery Quest.  
 For they 've heaps of trumpery—so have the rest  
 Of those spinsters whose ware I 'd like to own;  
 You can see why I say with such certain zest,  
 "These do I love, and these alone."

## ENVOY

Prince, show me the quickest way and best  
 To gain the subject of my moan;  
 We 've neither spinsters nor relics out West—  
 These do I love, and these alone.

---

 SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE, my dear, that you were I  
 And by your side your sweetheart sate;  
 Suppose you noticed by and by  
 The distance 'twixt you were too great;  
 Now tell me, dear, what would you do?  
 I know—and so do you.

And when (so comfortably placed)  
 Suppose you only grew aware  
 That that dear, dainty little waist  
 Of hers looked very lonely there;  
 Pray tell me sooth—what would you do?  
 I know, and so do you.

When, having done what I just did  
With not a frown to check or chill,  
Suppose her red lips seemed to bid  
Defiance to your lordly will;  
Oh, tell me, sweet, what would you do?  
I know, and so do you.

---

## MYSTERIOUS DOINGS

As once I rambled in the woods  
I chanced to spy amid the brake  
A huntsman ride his way beside  
A fair and passing tranquil lake;  
Though velvet bucks sped here and there,  
He let them scamper through the green—  
Not one smote he, but lustily  
He blew his horn—what could it mean?

As on I strolled beside that lake,  
A pretty maid I chanced to see  
Fishing away for finny prey,  
Yet not a single one caught she;  
All round her boat the fishes leapt  
And gambolled to their hearts' content,  
Yet never a thing did the maid but sing—  
I wonder what on earth it meant.

As later yet I roamed my way,  
A lovely steed neighed loud and long,  
And an empty boat sped all afloat  
Where sang a fishermaid her song;  
All underneath the prudent shade,  
Which yonder kindly willows threw,  
Together strayed a youth and maid—  
I can't explain it all, can you?

## WITH TWO SPOONS FOR TWO SPOONS

How trifling shall these gifts appear  
 Among the splendid many  
 That loving friends now send to cheer  
 Harvey and Ellen Jenney.

And yet these baubles symbolize  
 A certain fond relation  
 That well beseems, as I surmise,  
 This festive celebration.

Sweet friends of mine, be spoons once more,  
 And with your tender cooing  
 Renew the keen delights of yore—  
 The rapturous bliss of wooing.

What though that silver in your hair  
 Tells of the years a-flying?  
 'T is yours to mock at Time and Care  
 With love that is undying.

In memory of this Day, dear friends,  
 Accept the modest token  
 From one who with the bauble sends  
 A love that can't be spoken.

---

 MARY SMITH

AWAY down East where I was reared amongst my Yankee kith,  
 There used to live a pretty girl whose name was Mary Smith;  
 And though it 's many years since last I saw that pretty girl,  
 And though I feel I 'm sadly worn by Western strife and whirl;  
 Still, oftentimes, I think about the old familiar place,  
 Which, someway, seemed the brighter for Miss Mary's pretty face,  
 And in my heart I feel once more revived the glow  
 I used to feel in those old times when I was Mary's beau.

I saw her home from singing school—she warbled like a bird.  
 A sweeter voice than hers for song or speech I never heard.  
 She was soprano in the choir, and I a solemn bass,  
 And when we unisoned our voices filled that holy place;  
 The tenor and the alto never had the slightest chance,  
 For Mary's upper register made every heartstring dance;  
 And, as for me, I shall not brag, and yet I'd have you know  
 I sung a very likely bass when I was Mary's beau.

On Friday nights I'd drop around to make my weekly call,  
 And though I came to visit her, I'd have to see 'em all.  
 With Mary's mother sitting here and Mary's father there,  
 The conversation never flagged so far as I'm aware;  
 Sometimes I'd hold her worsted, sometimes we'd play at games,  
 Sometimes dissect the apples which we'd named each other's  
 names.

Oh how I loathed the shrill-toned clock that told me when to go—  
 'T was ten o'clock at half-past eight when I was Mary's beau.

Now there was Luther Baker—because he'd come of age  
 And thought himself some pumpkins because he drove the stage—  
 He fancied he could cut me out; but Mary was my friend—  
 Elsewise I'm sure the issue had had a tragic end.  
 For Luther Baker was a man I never could abide,  
 And, when it came to Mary, either he or I had died.  
 I merely cite this instance incidentally to show  
 That I was quite in earnest when I was Mary's beau.

How often now those sights, those pleasant sights, recur again:  
 The little township that was all the world I knew of then—  
 The meeting-house upon the hill, the tavern just beyond,  
 Old deacon Packard's general store, the sawmill by the pond,  
 The village elms I vainly sought to conquer in my quest  
 Of that surpassing trophy, the golden oriole's nest.  
 And, last of all those visions that come back from long ago,  
 The pretty face that thrilled my soul when I was Mary's beau.

Hush, gentle wife, there is no need a pang should vex your heart—  
 'T is many years since fate ordained that she and I should part:  
 To each a true, maturer love came in good time, and yet

It brought not with its nobler grace the power to forget.  
 And would you fain begrudge me now the sentimental joy  
 That comes of recollections of my sparkings when a boy?  
 I warrant me that, were your heart put to the rack, 't would show  
 That it had predilections when I was Mary's beau.

And, Mary, should these lines of mine seek out your biding place,  
 God grant they bring the old sweet smile back to your pretty face—  
 God grant they bring you thoughts of me, not as I am to-day,  
 With faltering step and brimming eyes and aspect grimly gray;  
 But thoughts that picture me as fair and full of life and glee  
 As *we* were in the olden times—as *you* shall always be.  
 Think of me ever, Mary, as the boy you used to know  
 When time was fleet, and life was sweet, and I was Mary's beau.

Dear hills of old New England, look down with tender eyes  
 Upon one little lonely grave that in your bosom lies;  
 For in that cradle sleeps a child who was so fair to see  
 God yearned to have unto Himself the joy she brought to me;  
 And bid your winds sing soft and low the song of other days,  
 When, hand in hand and heart to heart, we went our pleasant  
 ways—

Ah me! but could I sing again that song of long ago,  
 Instead of this poor idle song of being Mary's beau.

---

### JESSIE

WHEN I remark her golden hair  
 Swoon on her glorious shoulders,  
 I marvel not that sight so rare  
 Doth ravish all beholders;  
 For summon hence all pretty girls  
 Renowned for beauteous tresses,  
 And you shall find among their curls  
 There 's none so fair as Jessie's.

And Jessie's eyes are, oh, so blue  
 And full of sweet revealings—  
 They seem to look you through and through  
 And read your inmost feelings;  
 Nor black emits such ardent fires,  
 Nor brown such truth expresses—  
 Admit it, all ye gallant squires—  
 There are no eyes like Jessie's.

Her voice (like liquid beams that roll  
 From moonland to the river)  
 Steals subtly to the raptured soul,  
 Therein to lie and quiver;  
 Or falls upon the grateful ear  
 With chaste and warm caresses—  
 Ah, all concede the truth (who hear):  
 There 's no such voice as Jessie's.

Of other charms she hath such store  
 All rivalry excelling,  
 Though I used adjectives galore,  
 They 'd fail me in the telling;  
 But now discretion stays my hand—  
 Adieu, eyes, voice, and tresses.  
 Of all the husbands in the land  
 There 's none so fierce as Jessie's

— .

## TO EMMA ABBOTT

THERE—let thy hands be folded  
 Awhile in sleep's repose;  
 The patient hands that wearied not,  
 But earnestly and nobly wrought  
 In charity and faith;  
 And let thy dear eyes close—  
 The eyes that looked alway to God,  
 Nor quailed beneath the chastening rod  
 Of sorrow:

Fold thou thy hands and eyes  
 For just a little while,  
 And with a smile  
 Dream of the morrow

And, O white voiceless flower,  
 The dream which thou shalt dream  
 Should be a glimpse of heavenly things,  
 For yonder like a seraph sings  
 The sweetness of a life  
 With faith alway its theme;  
 While speedeth from those realms above  
 The messenger of that dear love  
 That healeth sorrow.  
 So sleep a little while,  
 For thou shalt wake and sing  
 Before thy King  
 When cometh the morrow.

---

### THE GREAT JOURNALIST IN SPAIN

Good editor Dana—God bless him, we say—  
 Will soon be afloat on the main,  
 Will be steaming away  
 Through the mist and the spray  
 To the sensuous climate of Spain.

Strange sights shall he see in that beautiful land  
 Which is famed for its soap and its Moor,  
 For, as we understand,  
 The scenery is grand  
 Though the system of railways is poor.

For moonlight of silver and sunlight of gold  
 Glint the orchards of lemons and mangoes,  
 And the ladies, we 're told,  
 Are a joy to behold  
 As they twine in their lissome fandangoes.



What though our friend Dana shall twang a guitar  
 And murmur a passionate strain;  
 Oh, fairer by far  
 Than those ravishments are  
 The castles abounding in Spair.

These castles are built as the builder may list—  
 They are sometimes of marble or stone,  
 But they mostly consist  
 Of east wind and mist  
 With an ivy of froth overgrown.

A beautiful castle our Dana shall raise  
 On a futile foundation of hope,  
 And its glories shall blaze  
 In the somnolent haze  
 Of the mythical lake del y Soap.

The fragrance of sunflowers shall swoon on the air  
 And the visions of Dreamland obtain,  
 And the song of "World's Fair"  
 Shall be heard everywhere  
 Through that beautiful castle in Spain.

---

## THE STODDARDS

WHEN I am in New York, I like to drop around at night,  
 To visit with my honest, genial friends, the Stoddards hight;  
 Their home in Fifteenth street is all so snug, and furnished so,  
 That, when I once get planted there, I don't know when to go!  
 A cosey cheerful refuge for the weary homesick guest,  
 Combining Yankee comforts with the freedom of the West.

The first thing you discover, as you maunder through the hall,  
 Is a curious little clock upon a bracket on the wall:

'T was made by Stoddard's father, and it's very, very old—  
 The connoisseurs assure me it is worth its weight in gold;  
 And I, who've bought all kinds of clocks, 'twixt Denver and the  
     Rhine,  
 Cast envious eyes upon that clock, and wish that it were mine.

But in the parlor. Oh, the gems on tables, walls, and floor—  
 Rare first editions, etchings, and old crockery galore.  
 Why, talk about the Indies and the wealth of Orient things—  
 They couldn't hold a candle to these quaint and sumptuous  
     things;  
 In such profusion, too—Ah me! how dearly I recall  
 How I have sat and watched 'em and wished I had 'em all.

Now, Mr. Stoddard's study is on the second floor,  
 A wee blind dog barks at me as I enter through the door;  
 The Cerberus would fain begrudge what sights it cannot see,  
 The rapture of that visual feast it cannot share with me;  
 A miniature edition this—this most absurd of hounds—  
 A genuine unique, I'm sure, and one unknown to Lowndes.

Books—always books—are piled around; some musty, and all old;  
 Tall, solemn folios such as Lamb declared he loved to hold;  
 Large paper copies with their virgin margins white and wide,  
 And presentation volumes with the author's comps. inside;  
 I break the tenth commandment with a wild impassioned cry:  
 Oh, how came Stoddard by these things? Why Stoddard, and  
     not I?

From yonder wall looks Thackeray upon his poet friend,  
 And underneath the genial face appear the lines he penned;  
 And here, gad:ooks, ben honge ye prynte of marvaillous renowne  
 Yt shameth Chaucers gallaunt knyghtes in Canterbury towne;  
 And still more books and pictures. I'm dazed, bewildered, vexed;  
 Since I've broke the tenth commandment, why not break the eighth  
     one next?

And, furthermore, in confidence inviolate be it said  
 Friend Stoddard owns a lock of hair that grew on Milton's head:

Now I have Gladstone axes and a lot of curious things,  
Such as pimply Dresden teacups and old German wedding-rings;  
But nothing like that saintly tock have I on wall or shelf,  
And, being somewhat short of hair, I should like that lock myself.

But Stoddard has a soothing way, as though he grieved to see  
Invidious torments prey upon a nice young chap like me.  
He waves me to an easy chair and hands me out a weed  
And pumps me full of that advice he seems to know I need;  
So sweet the tap of his philosophy and knowledge flows  
That I can't help wishing that I knew a half what Stoddard knows.

And so we sit for hours and hours, praising without restraint  
The people who are thoroughbreds, and roasting the ones that ain't;  
Happy, thrice happy, is the man we happen to admire,  
But wretched, oh, how wretched he that hath provoked our ire;  
For I speak emphatic English when I once get fairly r'iled,  
And Stoddard's wrath 's an Ossa upon a Pelion piled.

Out yonder, in the alcove, a lady sits and darns,  
And interjects remarks that always serve to spice our yarns;  
She 's Mrs. Stoddard; there 's a dame that 's truly to my heart:  
A tiny little woman, but so quaint, and good, and smart  
That, if you asked me to suggest which one I should prefer  
Of all the Stoddard treasures, I should promptly mention her.

O dear old man, how I should like to be with you this night,  
Down in your home in Fifteenth street, where all is snug and bright;  
Where the shaggy little Cerberus dreams in its cushioned place,  
And the books and pictures all around smile in their old friend's face;  
Where the dainty little sweetheart, whom you still were proud to woo,  
Charms back the tender memories so dear to her and you.

## THE THREE TAILORS

I SHALL tell you in rhyme how, once on a time,  
 Three tailors tramped up to the inn Ingleheim,  
     On the Rhine, lovely Rhine;  
 They were broke, but the worst of it all, they were curst  
 With that malady common to tailors—a thirst  
     For wine, lots of wine.

“Sweet host,” quoth the three, “we ’re hard up as can be,  
 Yet skilled in the practice of cunning are we,  
     On the Rhine, genial Rhine;  
 And we pledge you we will impart you that skill  
 Right quickly and fully, providing you ’ll fill  
     Us with wine, cooling wine.”

But that host shook his head, and he warily said:  
 “Though cunning be good, we take money instead,  
     On the Rhine, thrifty Rhine;  
 If ye fancy ye may without pelf have your way  
 You ’ll find there ’s both host and the devil to pay  
     For your wine, costly wine.”

Then the first knavish wight took his needle so bright  
 And threaded its eye with a wee ray of light  
     From the Rhine, sunny Rhine;  
 And, in such a deft way, patched a mirror that day  
 That where it was mended no expert could say—  
     Done so fine ’t was for wine.

The second thereat spied a poor little gnat  
 Go toiling along on his nose broad and flat  
     Towards the Rhine, pleasant Rhine;  
 “Aha, tiny friend, I should hate to offend,  
 But your stockings need darning”—which same did he mend,  
     All for wine, soothing wine.

And next there occurred what you ’ll deem quite absurd—  
 His needle a space in the wall thrust the third,  
     By the Rhine, wondrous Rhine;

And then all so spry, he leapt through the eye  
 Of that thin cambric needle—nay, think you I 'd lie  
 About wine—not for wine.

The landlord allowed (with a smile) he was proud  
 To do the fair thing by that talented crowd  
 On the Rhine, generous Rhine.  
 So a thimble filled he as full as could be—  
 “Drink long and drink hearty, my jolly friends three,  
 Of my wine, filling wine.”

## THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY

A TORTUOUS double iron track; a station here, a station there;  
 A locomotive, tender, tanks; a coach with stiff reclining chair;  
 Some postal cars, and baggage, too; a vestibule of patent make;  
 With buffers, duffers, switches, and the sougning automatic brake—  
 This is the Orient's novel pride, and Syria's gaudiest modern gem:  
 The railway scheme that is to ply 'twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

Beware, O sacred Mooley cow, the engine when you hear its bell;  
 Beware, O camel, when resounds the whistle's shrill, unholy swell;  
 And, native of that guileless land, unused to modern travel's snare,  
 Beware the fiend that peddles books—the awful peanut-boy beware.  
 Else, trusting in their specious arts, you may have reason to con-  
 demn

The traffic which the knavish ply 'twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

And when, ah, when the bonds fall due, how passing wroth will  
 wax the state

From Nebo's mount to Nazareth will spread the cry “Repudiate”!  
 From Hebron to Tiberius, from Jordan's banks unto the sea,  
 Will rise profuse anathemas against “that —— monopoly!”  
 And F. M. B. A. shepherd-folk, with Sockless Jerry leading them,  
 Will swamp that corporation line 'twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

## THE WOOING OF THE SOUTHLAND

(ALASKAN BALLAD)

THE Northland reared his hoary head  
And spied the Southland leagues away—  
“Fairest of all fair brides,” he said,  
“Be thou my bride, I pray!”

Whereat the Southland laughed and cried:  
“I’ll bide beside my native sea,  
And I shall never be thy bride  
Till thou com’st wooing me!”

The Northland’s heart was a heart of ice,  
A diamond glacier, mountain high—  
Oh, love is sweet at any price,  
As well know you and I!

So gayly the Northland took his heart  
And cast it in the wailing sea—  
“Go, thou, with all thy cunning art,  
And woo my bride for me!”

For many a night and for many a day,  
And over the leagues that rolled between,  
The true-heart messenger sped away  
To woo the Southland queen.

But the sea wailed loud, and the sea wailed long,  
While ever the Northland cried in glee:  
“Oh, thou shalt sing us our bridal song,  
When comes my bride, O sea!”

At the foot of the Southland’s golden throne  
The heart of the Northland ever throbs—  
For that true-heart speaks in the waves that moan,  
The songs that it sings are sobs.

Ever the Southland spurns the cries  
Of the messenger pleading the Northland's part;  
The summer shines in the Southland's eyes—  
The winter bides in her heart!

And ever unto that far-off place  
Which love doth render a hallowed spot,  
The Northland turneth his honest face  
And wonders she cometh not.

The sea wails loud, and the sea wails long,  
As the ages of waiting drift slowly by  
But the sea shall sing no bridal song—  
As well know you and I!

---

### STAR OF THE EAST

STAR of the East, that long ago  
Brought wise men on their way  
Where, angels singing to and fro,  
The Child of Bethlehem lay—  
Above that Syrian hill afar  
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear  
But for the tender grace  
That with thy glory comes to cheer  
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;  
For by that charity we see  
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way  
In wisdom undefiled  
To seek that manger out and lay  
Our gifts before the child—  
To bring our hearts and offer them  
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

## TWIN IDOLS

THERE are two phrases, you must know,  
 So potent (yet so small)  
 That wheresoe'er a man may go  
 He needs none else at all;  
 No servile guide to lead the way  
 Nor lackey at his heel,  
 If he be learned enough to say  
 "Comme bien" and "Wie viel."

The sleek, pomaded Parleyvoo  
 Will air his sweetest airs  
 And quote the highest rates when you  
 "Comme bien" for his wares;  
 And, though the German stolid be,  
 His so-called heart of steel  
 Becomes as soft as wax when he  
 Detects the words "Wie viel."

Go, search the boulevards and rues  
 From Havre to Marseilles—  
 You'll find all eloquence you use  
 Except "Comme bien" fails;  
 Or in the country auf der Rhine  
 Essay a business deal  
 And all your art is good fuhr nein  
 Beyond the point—"Wie viel."

It matters not what game or prey  
 Attracts your greedy eyes—  
 You must pursue the good old way  
 If you would win the prize;  
 It is to get a titled mate  
 All run down at the heel,  
 If you inquire of stock effete,  
 "Comme bien" or "Wie viel."



So he is wise who envieth not  
 A wealth of foreign speech,  
 Since with two phrases may be got  
 Whatever 's in his reach;  
 For Europe is a soulless shrine  
 In which all classes kneel  
 Before twin idols, deemed divine—  
 "Comme bien" and "Wie viel."

---

## BEN APFELGARTEN

THERE was a certain gentleman, Ben Apfelgarten called,  
 Who lived way off in Germany a many years ago,  
 And he was very fortunate in being very bald  
 And so was very happy he was so.  
 He warbled all the day  
 Such songs as only they  
 Who are very, very circumspect and very happy may;  
 The people wondered why,  
 As the years went gliding by,  
 They never heard him once complain or even heave a sigh!

The women of the province fell in love with genial Ben,  
 Till (maybe you can fancy it) the dickens was to pay  
 Among the callow students and the sober-minded men—  
 With the women-folk a-cuttin' up that way!  
 Why, they gave him turbans red  
 To adorn his hairless head,  
 And knitted jaunty nightcaps to protect him when abed!  
 In vain the rest demurred—  
 Not a single chiding word  
 Those ladies deigned to tolerate—remonstrance was absurd!

Things finally got into such a very dreadful way  
 'That the others (oh, how artful) formed the politic design  
 To send him to the reichstag; so, one dull November day,  
 They elected him a member from the Rhine!

Then the other members said:

“Gott im Himmel! what a head!”

But they marvelled when his speeches they listened to or read;

And presently they cried:

“There must be heaps inside

Of the smooth and shiny cranium his constituents deride!”

Well, when at last he up 'nd died—long past his ninetieth year—

The strangest and the most lugubrious funeral he had,

For women came in multitudes to weep upon his bier—

The men all wond'ring why on earth the women had gone mad!

And this wonderment increased

Till the sympathetic priest

Inquired of those same ladies: “Why this fuss about deceased?”

Whereupon were they appalled,

For, as one, those women squalled:

“We doted on deceased for being bald—bald—bald!”

He was bald because his genius burnt that shock of hair away

Which, elsewhere, clogs one's keenness and activity of mind;

And (barring present company, of course) I'm free to say

That, after all, it's intellect that captures womankind.

At any rate, since then

(With a precedent in Ben),

The women-folk have been in love with us bald-headed men!

---

## THE DREAMS

Two dreams came down to earth one night

From the realm of mist and dew;

One was a dream of the old, old days,

And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane

That led to the pickerel pond

Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves

To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old-time dream  
Were pleasant and fair to see,  
And the dreamer he walked with them again  
As often of old walked he.

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane  
That tangled his curly hair!  
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made  
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought  
From yonder midnight skies,  
Or was it tears from the dear, dead years  
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The *other* dream ran fast and free,  
As the moon benignly shed  
Her golden grace on the smiling face  
In the little trundle-bed.

For 't was a dream of times to come—  
Of the glorious noon of day—  
Of the summer that follows the careless spring  
When the child is done with play.

And 't was a dream of the busy world  
Where valorous deeds are done;  
Of battles fought in the cause of right,  
And of victories nobly won.

It breathed no breath of the dear old home  
And the quiet joys of youth;  
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends  
Or the old-time faith and truth.

But 't was a dream of youthful hopes,  
And fast and free it ran,  
And it told to a little sleeping child  
Of a boy become a man!

These were the dreams that came one night  
 To earth from yonder sky;  
 These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed—  
 My little boy and and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I  
 Were glad that it was so;  
*He* loved to dream of days to come,  
 And *I* of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I  
 Unwillingly awoke,  
 But neither of his precious dream  
 Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams  
 Gave each his tender sign;  
 For there was triumph in *his* eyes—  
 And there were tears in *mine*!

---

### IN NEW ORLEANS

TWAS in the Crescent City not long ago befell  
 The tear-compelling incident I now propose to tell;  
 So come, my sweet collector friends, and listen while I sing  
 Unto your delectation this brief, pathetic thing—  
 No lyric pitched in vaunting key, but just a requiem  
 Of blowing twenty dollars in by nine o'clock a. m.

Let critic folk the poet's use of vulgar slang upbraid,  
 But, when I'm speaking by the card, I call a spade a spade;  
 And I, who have been touched of that same mania, myself,  
 Am well aware that, when it comes to parting with his pelf,  
 The curio collector is so blindly lost in sin  
 That he doesn't spend his money—he simply blows it in!

In Royal street (near Conti) there 's a lovely curio-shop,  
 And there, one balmy, fateful morn, it was my chance to stop;  
 To stop was hesitation—in a moment I was lost—  
*That* kind of hesitation does not hesitate at cost!  
 I spied a pewter tankard there, and, my! it was a gem—  
 And the clock in old St. Louis told the hour of eight a. m.!

Three quaint Bohemian bottles, too, of yellow and of green,  
 Cut in archaic fashion that I ne'er before had seen;  
 A lovely, hideous platter wreathed about with pink and rose,  
 With its curious depression into which the gravy flows;  
 Two dainty silver salts—oh, there was no resisting *them*—  
 And I 'd blown in twenty dollars by nine o'clock a. m.

With twenty dollars, one who is a prudent man, indeed,  
 Can buy the wealth of useful things his wife and children need;  
 Shoes, stockings, knickerbockers, gloves, bibs, nursing-bottles, caps,  
 A gown—the gown for which his spouse too long has pined, per-  
 haps!

These and ten thousand other spectres harrow and condemn  
 The man who 's blown in twenty by nine o'clock a. m.

Oh, mean advantage conscience takes (and one that I abhor!)  
 In asking one this question: "What *did* you buy it for?"  
 Why doesn't conscience ply its blessed trade *before* the act,  
*Before* one's cussedness becomes a bald, accomplished fact—  
*Before* one 's fallen victim to the Tempter's stratagem  
 And blown in twenty dollars by nine o'clock a. m.?

Ah me! now that the deed is done, how penitent I am!  
 I *was* a roaring lion—behold a bleating lamb!  
 I've packed and shipped those precious things to that more pre-  
 cious wife

Who shares with our sweet babes the strange vicissitudes of life,  
 While he who, in his folly, gave up his store of wealth  
 Is far away, and means to keep his distance—for his health!

## MY PLAYMATES

THE wind comes whispering to me of the country green and cool—  
 Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a reedy pool;  
 It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on the hill,  
 And I hear the thrush's evening song and the robin's morning trill:  
 So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used to know  
 Where the sassafras and snakeroot and checkerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh, who lived on Baker's hill?  
 And what's become of Noble Pratt, whose father kept the mill?  
 And what's become of Lizzie Crum and Anastasia Snell,  
 And of Roxie Root, who 'tended school in Boston for a spell?  
 They were the boys and they the girls who shared my youthful  
 play—  
 They do not answer to my call! My playmates—where are they!

What has become of Levi and his little brother Joe,  
 Who lived next door to where we lived some forty years ago?  
 I'd like to see the Newton boys and Quincy Adams Brown,  
 And Hepsy Hall and Ella Cowles, who spelled the whole school  
 down!  
 And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow, and all  
 Who I am sure would answer could they only hear my call!

I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys again  
 And talk about the times we used to wish that we were men!  
 And one—I shall not name her—could I see her gentle face  
 And hear her girlish treble in this distant, lonely place!  
 The flowers and hopes of springtime—they perished long ago,  
 And the garden where they blossomed is white with winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples, have you seen those girls and boys  
 That but a little while ago made, oh! such pleasant noise?  
 O trees, and hills, and brooks, and lanes, and meadows, do you  
 know

Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?  
 You see I'm old and weary, and I've travelled long and far;  
 I am looking for my playmates—I wonder where they are!

## STOVES AND SUNSHINE

PRATE, ye who will, of so-called charms you find across the sea—  
 The land of stoves and sunshine is good enough for me!  
 I've done the grand for fourteen months in every foreign clime,  
 And I've learned a heap of learning, but I've shivered all the time;  
 And the biggest bit of wisdom I've acquired—as I can see—  
 Is that which teaches that this land's the land of lands for me.

Now, I am of opinion that a person should get some  
 Warmth in this present life of ours, not all in that to come;  
 So when Boreas blows his blast, through country and through  
     town,  
 Or when upon the muddy streets the stifling fog rolls down,  
 Go, guzzle in a pub, or plod some bleak malarious grove,  
 But let me toast my shrunken shanks beside some Yankee stove.

The British people say they "don't believe in stoves, y' know";  
 Perchance because we warmed 'em so completely years ago!  
 They talk of "drahfts" and "stuffiness" and "ill effects of heat,"  
 As they chatter in their barny rooms or shiver 'round the street;  
 With sunshine such a rarity, and stoves esteemed a sin,  
 What wonder they are wedded to their fads—catarrh and gin?

In Germany are stoves galore, and yet you seldom find  
 A fire within the stoves, for German stoves are not that kind;  
 The Germans say that fires make dirt, and dirt's an odious  
     thing,  
 But the truth is that the pfennig is the average Teuton's king,  
 And since the fire costs pfennigs, why, the thrifty soul denies  
 Himself all heat except what comes with beer and exercise.

The Frenchman builds a fire of cones, the Irishman of peat;  
 The frugal Dutchman buys a fire when he has need of heat—  
 That is to say, he pays so much each day to one who brings  
 The necessary living coals to warm his soup and things;  
 In Italy and Spain they have no need to heat the house—  
 Neath balmy skies the native picks the mandolin and louse.

Now, we 've no mouldy catacombs, no feudal castles grim,  
 No ruined monasteries, no abbeys ghostly dim;  
 Our ancient history is new, our future 's all ahead,  
 And we 've got a tariff bill that 's made all Europe sick abed—  
 But what is best, though short on tombs and academic groves,  
 We double discount Christendom on sunshine and on stoves.

Dear land of mine! I come to you from months of chill and  
 storm,  
 Blessing the honest people whose hearts and hearths are warm;  
 A fairer, sweeter song than this I mean to weave to you  
 When I 've reached my lakeside 'dobe and once get heated through;  
 But, even then, the burthen of that fairer song shall be  
 That the land of stoves and sunshine is good enough for me.

---

### A DRINKING SONG

COME, brothers, share the fellowship  
 We celebrate to-night;  
 There 's grace of song on every lip  
 And every heart is light!  
 But first, before our mentor chimes  
 The hour of jubilee,  
 Let 's drink a health to good old times,  
 And good times yet to be!  
 Clink, clink, clink!  
 Merrily let us drink!  
 There 's store of wealth  
 And more of health  
 In every glass, we think.  
 Clink, clink, clink!  
 To fellowship we drink!  
 And from the bowl  
 No genial soul  
 In such an hour can shrink.



And you, oh, friends from west and east  
 And other foreign parts,  
 Come share the rapture of our feast,  
 The love of loyal hearts;  
 And in the wassail that suspends  
 All matters burthensome,  
 We 'll drink a health to good old friends  
 And good friends yet to come.  
 Clink, clink, clink!  
 To fellowship we drink!  
 And from the bowl  
 No genial soul  
 In such an hour will shrink.  
 Clink, clink, clink!  
 Merrily let us drink!  
 There 's fellowship  
 In every sip  
 Of friendship's brew, we think.

---

### THE STRAW PARLOR

WAY up at the top of a big stack of straw  
 Was the cunningest parlor that ever you saw!  
 And there could you lie when weary of play  
 And gossip or laze in the cosiest way;  
 No matter how careworn or sorry one's mood  
 No worldly distraction presumed to intrude.  
 As a refuge from onerous mundane ado  
 I think I approve of straw parlors, don't you?

A swallow with jewels aflame on her breast  
 On that straw parlor's ceiling had builded her nest;  
 And she flew in and out all the happy day long,  
 And twittered the soothingest lullaby song.  
 Now some might suppose that that beautiful bira  
 Performed for her babies the music they heard;  
 I reckon she twittered her répertoire through  
 For the folk in the little straw parlor, don't you?

And down from a rafter a spider had hung  
 Some swings upon which he incessantly swung.  
 He cut up such didoes—such antics he played  
 Way up in the air, and was never afraid!  
 He never made use of his horrid old sting,  
 But was just upon earth for the fun of the thing!  
 I deeply regret to observe that so few  
 Of these good-natured insects are met with, don't you?

And, down in the strawstack, a wee little mite  
 Of a cricket went chirping by day and by night;  
 And further down, still, a cunning blue mouse  
 In a snug little nook of that strawstack kept house!  
 When the cricket went "chirp," Miss Mousie would squeak  
 "Come in," and a blush would enkindle her cheek!  
 She thought—silly girl! 't was a beau come to woo,  
 But I guess it was only the cricket, don't you?

So the cricket, the mouse, and the motherly bird  
 Made as soothing music as ever you heard;  
 And, meanwhile, that spider by means of his swings  
 Achieved most astounding gyrations and things!  
 No wonder the little folk liked what they saw  
 And loved what they heard in that parlor of straw!  
 With the mercury up to 102  
 In the shade, I opine they just sizzled, don't you?

But once there invaded that Eden of straw  
 The vilest Feline that ever you saw!  
 She pounced on that cricket with rare promptitude  
 And she tucked him away where he'd do the most good  
 And then, reaching down to the nethermost house,  
 She deftly expiscated little Miss Mouse!  
 And, as for the Swallow, she shrieked and withdrew—  
 I rather admire her discretion, don't you?

Now listen: That evening a cyclone obtained,  
 And the mortgage was all on that farm that remained!  
 Barn, strawstack and spider—they all blew away,  
 And nobody knows where they're at to this day!

And, as for the little straw parlor, I fear  
 It was wafted clean off this sublunary sphere!  
 I really incline to a hearty "boo-hoo"  
 When I think of this tragical ending, don't you?

---

## THE DISCREET COLLECTOR

Down south there is a curio-shop  
 Unknown to many men;  
 Thereat do I intend to stop  
 When I am South again;  
 The narrow street through which to go—  
 Aha! I know it well!  
 And maybe you would like to know—  
 But no—I will not tell!

'T is there to find the loveliest plates  
 (The bluest of the blue!)  
 At such surprisingly low rates  
 You 'd not believe it true!  
 And there is one Napoleon vase  
 Of dainty Sèvres to sell—  
 I'm sure you 'd like to know that place—  
 But no—I will not tell!

Then, too, I know another shop  
 Has old, old beds for sale,  
 With lovely testers up on top  
 Carved in ornate detail;  
 And there are sideboards rich and rare,  
 With fronts that proudly swell—  
 Oh, there are bargains waiting there,  
 But where I will not tell!

And hark! I know a bottle-man  
 Smiling and debonaïr,  
 And he has promised me I can  
 Choose of his precious ware!

In age and shape and color, too,  
 His dainty goods excel—  
 Aha, my friends, if you but knew—  
 But no! I will not tell!

A thousand other shops I know  
 Where bargains can be got—  
 Where other folk would like to go  
 Who have what I have not.  
 I let them hunt; I hold my mouth—  
 Yes, though I know full well  
 Where lie the treasures of the South,  
 I'm not a-going to tell!

---

## THE WIND

(THE TALE)

COMETH the Wind from the garden, fragrant and full of sweet  
 singing—  
 Under my tree where I sit cometh the Wind to confession.

“Out in the garden abides the Queen of the beautiful Roses—  
 Her do I love and to-night wooed her with passionate singing;  
 Told I my love in those songs, and answer she gave in her  
 blushes—  
 She shall be bride of the Wind, and she is the Queen of the  
 Roses!”

“Wind, there is spice in thy breath; thy rapture hath fragrance  
 Sabæan!”

“Straight from my wooing I come—my lips are bedewed with her  
 kisses—  
 My lips and my song and my heart are drunk with the rapture  
 of loving!”

## (THE SONG)

The Wind he loveth the red, red Rose,  
 And he wooeth his love to wed:  
     Sweet is his song  
     The Summer long  
 As he kisseth her lips so red;  
 And he recketh naught of the ruin wrought  
 When the Summer of love is sped!

## (AGAIN THE TALE)

Cometh the Wind from the garden, bitter with sorrow of winter.

“Wind, is thy love-song forgot? Wherefore thy dread lamentations?”

Sigheth and moaneth the Wind: “Out of the desolate garden  
 Come I from vigils with ghosts over the grave of the Summer!”

“Thy breath that was fragrant anon with rapture of music and  
 loving,  
 It grieveth all things with its sting and the frost of its wailing  
 displeasure.”

The Wind maketh evermore moan and ever it giveth this answer:  
 “My heart it is numb with the cold of the love that was born of  
 the Summer—  
 I come from the garden all white with the wrath and the sorrow  
 of Winter;  
 I have kissed the low, desolate tomb where my bride in her loveliness  
 lieth  
 And the voice of the ghost in my heart is the voice that forever  
 outcrieth!”

## (AGAIN THE SONG)

The Wind he walleth the red, red Rose  
 When the Summer of love is sped—

He waileth above  
 His lifeless love  
 With her shroud of snow o'erspread—  
 Crieth such things as a true heart brings  
 To the grave of its precious dead.

---

### A PARAPHRASE

OUR Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name;  
 Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, in Heaven the  
 same;  
 Give us this day our daily bread, and may our debts to Heaven—  
 As we our earthly debts forgive—by Thee be all forgiven;  
 When tempted or by evil vexed, restore Thou us again,  
 And Thine be the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, forever and  
 ever; amen.

---

### WITH BRUTUS IN ST. JO

OF all the opry-houses then obtaining in the West  
 The one which Milton Tootle owned was, by all odds, the best;  
 Milt, being rich, was much too proud to run the thing alone,  
 So he hired an "acting manager," a gruff old man named Krone—  
 A stern, commanding man with piercing eyes and flowing beard,  
 And his voice assumed a thunderous tone when Jack and I ap-  
 peared;  
 He said that Julius Cæsar had been billed a week or so,  
 And would have to have some armies by the time he reached St. Jo!

O happy days, when Tragedy still winged an upward flight,  
 When actors wore tin helmets and cambric robes at night!  
 O happy days, when sounded in the public's rapturous ears  
 The creak of pasteboard armor and the clash of wooden spears!  
 O happy times for Jack and me and that one other supe  
 That then and there did constitute the noblest Roman's troop!  
 With togas, battle axes, shields, we made a dazzling show,  
 When we were Roman soldiers with Brutus in St. Jo!

We wheeled and filed and double-quickened wherever Brutus led,  
 The folks applauding what we did as much as what he said;  
 'T was work, indeed; yet Jack and I were willing to allow  
 'T was easier following Brutus than following father's plough;  
 And at each burst of cheering, our valor would increase—  
 We tramped a thousand miles that night, at fifty cents apiece!  
 For love of Art—not lust for gold—consumed us years ago,  
 When we were Roman soldiers with Brutus in St. Jo!

To-day, while walking in the Square, Jack Langrish says to me:  
 "My friend, the drama nowadays ain't what it used to be!  
 These farces and these comedies—how feebly they compare  
 With that mantle of the tragic art which Forrest used to wear!  
 My soul is warped with bitterness to think that you and I—  
 Co-heirs to immortality in seasons long gone by—  
 Now draw a paltry stipend from a Boston comic show,  
 We, who were Roman soldiers with Brutus in St. Jo!"

And so we talked and so we mused upon the whims of Fate  
 That had degraded Tragedy from its old, supreme estate;  
 And duly, at the Morton bar, we stigmatized the age  
 As sinfully subversive of the interests of the Stage!  
 For Jack and I were actors in the halcyon, palmy days  
 Long, long before the Hoyt school of farce became the craze;  
 Yet, as I now recall it, it was twenty years ago  
 That we were Roman soldiers with Brutus in St. Jo!

We were by birth descended from a race of farmer kings  
 Who had done eternal battle with grasshoppers and things;  
 But the Kansas farms grew tedious—we pined for that delight  
 We read of in the *Clipper* in the barber's shop by night!  
 We would be actors--Jack and I—and so we stole away  
 From our native spot, Wathena, one dull September day,  
 And started for Missouri—ah, little did we know  
 We were going to train as soldiers with Brutus in St. Jo!

Our army numbered three in all—Marc Antony's was four;  
 Our army hankered after fame, but Marc's was after gore!  
 And when we reached Philippi, at the outset we were met  
 With an inartistic gusto I can never quite forget.

For Antony's overwhelming force of thumpers seemed to be  
 Resolved to do "them Kansas jays"—and that meant Jack and me!  
 My lips were sealed but that it seems quite proper you should know  
 That Rome was nowhere in it at Philippi in St. Jo!

I've known the slow-consuming grief and ostentatious pain  
 Accruing from McKean Buchanan's melancholy Dane;  
 Away out West I've witnessed Bandmann's peerless hardihood,  
 With Arthur Cambridge have I wrought where walking was not  
 good;

In every phase of horror have I bravely borne my part,  
 And even on my uppers have I proudly stood for Art!  
 And, after all my suffering, it were not hard to show  
 That I got my allopathic dose with Brutus at St. Jo!

That army fell upon me in a most bewildering rage  
 And scattered me and mine upon that histrionic stage;  
 My toga rent, my helmet gone and smashed to smithereens,  
 They picked me up and hove me through whole centuries of scenes!  
 I sailed through Christian eras and mediæval gloom  
 And fell from Arden forest into Juliet's painted tomb!  
 Oh, yes, I travelled far and fast that night, and I can show  
 The scars of honest wounds I got with Brutus in St. Jo!

Ah me, old Davenport is gone, of fickle fame forgot,  
 And Barrett sleeps forever in a much neglected spot;  
 Fred Warde, the papers tell me, in far woolly western lands  
 Still flaunts the banner of high Tragic Art at one-night stands;  
 And Jack and I, in Charley Hoyt's Bostonian dramas wreak  
 Our vengeance on creation at some eensty dolls. per week.  
 By which you see that public taste has fallen mighty low  
 Since we fought as Roman soldiers with Brutus in St. Jo!



## PAN LIVETH

THEY told me once that Pan was dead,  
 And so, in sooth, I thought him;  
 For vainly where the streamlets led  
 Through flowery meads I sought him—  
 Nor in his dewy pasture bed  
 Nor in the grove I caught him.  
*"Tell me," 'twas so my clamor ran—  
 "Tell me, oh, where is Pan?"*

But, once, as on my pipe I played  
 A requiem sad and tender,  
 Lo, thither came a shepherd-maid—  
 Full comely she and slender!  
 I were indeed a churlish blade  
 With wailings to offend 'er—  
*For, surely, wooing's sweeter than  
 A mourning over Pan!*

So, presently, whiles I did scan  
 That shepherd-maiden pretty,  
 And heard her accents, I began  
 To pipe a cheerful ditty;  
 And so, betimes, forgot old Pan  
 Whose death had waked my pity;  
*So—so did Love undo the man  
 Who sought and pined for Pan!*

He was *not* dead! I found him there—  
 The Pan that I was after!  
 Caught in that maiden's tangling hair,  
 Drunk with her song and laughter!  
 I doubt if there be elsewhere  
 A merrier god or dafter—  
*Nay, nor a mortal kindlier than  
 Is this same dear old Pan!*

Beside me, as my pipe I play,  
 My shepherdess is lying,  
 While here and there her lambkins stray  
 As sunny hours go flying;  
 They look like me—those lambs—they say,  
 And that I 'm not denying!  
*And for that sturdy, romping clan,  
 All glory be to Pan!*

Pan is not dead, O sweetheart mine!  
 It is to hear his voices  
 In every note and every line  
 Wherein the heart rejoices!  
 He liveth in that sacred shrine  
 That Love's first, holiest choice is!  
*So pipe, my pipe, while still you can,  
 Sweet songs in praise of Pan!*

---

DR. SAM

TO MISS GRACE KING

Down in the old French quarter,  
 Just out of Rampart street,  
 I went my way  
 At close of day  
 Unto the quaint retreat  
 Where lives the Voodoo Doctor  
 By some esteemed a sham,  
 Yet I 'll declare there 's none elsewhere  
 So skilled as Doctor Sam  
*With the claws of a devilled crawfish,  
 The juice of the prickly prune,  
 And the quivering dew  
 From a yarb that grew  
 In the light of a midnight moon!*

**I** never should have known **him**  
 But for the colored folk  
     That here obtain  
     And ne'er in vain  
 That wizard's art invoke;  
**For** when the Eye that's Evi  
     Would him and his'n damn,  
**The** negro's grief gets quick relief  
 Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam.  
     *With the caul of an alligator,*  
     *The plume of an unborn loon,*  
     *And the poison wrung*  
     *From a serpent's tongue*  
     *By the light of the midnight moon!*

**In** all neurotic ailments  
 I hear that he excels,  
     And he insures  
     Immediate cures  
 Of weird, uncanny spells;  
**The** most unruly patient  
     Gets docile as a lamb  
**And** is freed from ill by the potent skill  
 Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam;  
     *Feathers of strangled chickens,*  
     *Moss from the dank lagoon,*  
     *And plasters wet*  
     *With spider sweat*  
     *In the light of a midnight moon!*

**They** say when nights are grewsome  
 And hours are, oh! so late,  
     Old Sam steals out  
     And hunts about  
 For charms that hoodoos hate!  
**That** from the moaning river  
     And from the haunted glen  
**He** silently brings what eerie things  
 Give peace to hoodooed men:—

*The tongue of a piebald 'possum,  
 The tooth of a senile 'coon,  
 The buzzard's breath that smells of death,  
 And the film that lies  
 On a lizard's eyes  
 In the light of a midnight moon!*

---

## WINFREDA

(A BALLAD IN THE ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE)

WHEN to the dreary greenwood gloam  
 Winfreda's husband strode that day,  
 The fair Winfreda bode at home  
 To toil the weary time away;  
 "While thou are gone to hunt," said she,  
 "I'll brew a goodly sop for thee."

Lo, from a further, gloomy wood,  
 A hungry wolf all bristling hied  
 And on the cottage threshold stood  
 And saw the dame at work inside;  
 And, as he saw the pleasing sight,  
 He licked his fangs so sharp and white.

Now when Winfreda saw the beast,  
 Straight at the grinning wolf she ran,  
 And, not affrighted in the least,  
 She hit him with her cooking pan,  
 And as she thwacked him on the head—  
 "Scat! scat!" the fair Winfreda said.

The hills gave answer to their din—  
 The brook in fear beheld the sight,  
 And all that bloody field within  
 Wore token of Winfreda's might.  
 The wolf was very loath to stay—  
 But, oh! he could not get away.

Winfreda swept him o'er the wold  
And choked him till his gums were blue,  
And till, beneath her iron hold,  
His tongue hung out a yard or two,  
And with his hair the riven ground  
Was strewn for many leagues around.

They fought a weary time that day,  
And seas of purple blood were shed,  
Till by Winfreda's cunning lay  
That awful wolf all limp and dead;  
Winfreda saw him reel and drop—  
Then back she went to brewing sop.

So when the husband came at night  
From bootless chase, cold, gaunt, and grim,  
Great was that Saxon lord's delight  
To find the sop dished up for him;  
And as he ate, Winfreda told  
How she had laid the wolf out cold.

The good Winfreda of those days  
Is only "pretty Birdie" now—  
Sickly her soul and weak her ways—  
And she, to whom we Saxons bow,  
Leaps on a bench and screams with fright  
If but a mouse creeps into sight.

---

LYMAN, FREDERICK, AND JIM

(FOR THE FELLOWSHIP CLUB)

LYMAN and Frederick and Jim, one day,  
Set out in a great big ship—  
Steamed to the ocean adown the bay  
Out of a New York slip.  
"Where are you going and what is your game?"  
The people asked those three.

“Darned if we know; but all the same  
 Happy as larks are we;  
 And happier still we ’re going to be!”  
     Said Lyman  
     And Frederick  
     And Jim.

The people laughed “Aha, oho!  
 Oho, aha!” laughed they;  
 And while those three went sailing so  
     Some pirates steered that way.  
 The pirates they were laughing, too—  
     The prospect made them glad;  
 But by the time the job was through  
     Each of them pirates, bold and bad,  
     Had been done out of all he had  
         By Lyman  
         And Frederick  
         And Jim.

Days and weeks and months they sped,  
     Painting that foreign clime  
 A beautiful, bright vermilion red—  
     And having a —— of a time!  
 ’T was all so gaudy a lark, it seemed  
     As if it could not be,  
 And some folks thought it a dream they dreamed  
     Of sailing that foreign sea,  
     But I ’ll identify you these three—  
         Lyman  
         And Frederick  
         And Jim.

Lyman and Frederick are bankers and sich  
     And Jim is an editor kind;  
 The first two named are awfully rich  
     And Jim ain’t far behind!  
 So keep your eyes open and mind your tricks,  
     Or you are like to be  
 In quite as much of a Tartar fix

As the pirates that sailed the sea  
 And monkeyed with the pardners three,  
     Lyman  
     And Frederick  
     And Jim!

---

## BE MY SWEETHEART

SWEETHEART, be my sweetheart  
 When birds are on the wing,  
 When bee and bud and babbling flood  
 Bespeak the birth of spring,  
 Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
 And wear this posy-ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
 In the mellow golden glow  
 Of earth aflush with the gracious blush  
 Which the ripening fields foreshow;  
 Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
 As into the noon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
 When falls the bounteous year,  
 When fruit and wine of tree and vine  
 Give us their harvest cheer;  
 Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
 For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
 When the year is white and old,  
 When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,  
 And the hand of age is cold;  
 Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
 Till the year of our love be told!

## THE PETER-BIRD

OUT of the woods by the creek cometh a calling for Peter,  
 And from the orchard a voice echoes and echoes it over;  
 Down in the pasture the sheep hear that strange crying for Peter,  
 Over the meadows that call is aye and forever repeated.  
 So let me tell you the tale, when, where, and how it all happened,  
 And, when the story is told, let us pay heed to the lesson.

Once on a time, long ago, lived in the State of Kentucky  
 One that was reckoned a witch—full of strange spells and devices;  
 Nightly she wandered the woods, searching for charms voodoo-  
 istic—

Scorpions, lizards, and herbs, dormice, chameleons, and plantains!  
 Serpents and caw-caws and bats, screech-owls and crickets and  
 adders—

These were the guides of that witch through the dank deeps of  
 the forest.

Then, with her roots and her herbs, back to her cave in the morning  
 Ambled that hussy to brew spells of unspeakable evil;  
 And, when the people awoke, seeing that hillside and valley  
 Sweltered in swathes as of mist—"Look!" they would whisper in  
 terror—

"Look! the old witch is at work brewing her spells of great evil!"  
 Then would they pray till the sun, darting his rays through the  
 vapor,

Lifted the smoke from the earth and baffled the witch's intentions.

One of the boys at that time was a certain young person named  
 Peter,

Given too little to work, given too largely to dreaming;  
 Fonder of books than of chores, you can imagine that Peter  
 Led a sad life on the farm, causing his parents much trouble.

"Peter!" his mother would call, "the cream is a'ready for  
 churning!"

"Peter!" his father would cry, "go grub at the weeds in the  
 garden!"

So it was "Peter!" all day—calling, reminding, and chiding—  
 Peter neglected his work; therefore that nagging at Peter!



Peter got hold of some books—how, I ’m unable to tell you;  
 Some have suspected the witch—this is no place for suspicions!  
 It is sufficient to stick close to the thread of the legend.  
 Nor is it stated or guessed what was the trend of those volumes;  
 What thing soever it was—done with a pen and a pencil,  
 Wrought with a brain, not a hoe—surely ’t was hostile to farming!  
 “Fudge on all readin’!” they quoth; or “*that’s* what’s the ruin  
 of Peter!”

So, when the mornings were hot, under the beech or the maple,  
 Cushioned in grass that was blue, breathing the breath of the blossoms,

Lulled by the hum of the bees, the coo of the ring-doves a-mating,  
 Peter would frivol his time at reading, or lazing, or dreaming.

“Peter!” his mother would call, “the cream is a’ ready for  
 churning!”

“Peter!” his father would cry, “go grub at the weeds in the  
 garden!”

“Peter!” and “Peter!” all day—calling, reminding, and chiding—  
 Peter neglected his chores; therefore that outcry for Peter;  
 Therefore the neighbors allowed evil would surely befall him—  
 Yes, on account of these things, ruin would come upon Peter!

Surely enough, on a time, reading and lazing and dreaming  
 Wrought the calamitous ill all had predicted for Peter;  
 For, of a morning in spring when lay the mist in the valleys—  
 “See,” quoth the folk, “how the witch breweth her evil decoctions!  
 See how the smoke from her fire broodeth on woodland and meadow!  
 Grant that the sun cometh out to smother the smudge of her  
 caldron!

She hath been forth in the night, full of her spells and devices,  
 Roaming the marshes and dells for heathenish magical nostrums;  
 Digging in leaves and at stumps for centipedes, pismires, and  
 spiders,

Grubbing in poisonous pools for hot salamanders and toadstools;  
 Charming the bats from the flues, snaring the lizards by twilight;  
 Sucking the scorpion’s egg and milking the breast of the adder!”

Peter derided these things held in such faith by the farmer,  
 Scouted at magic and charms, hooted at Jonahs and hoodoos—

Thinking and reading of books must have unsettled his reason!  
 "There ain't no witches," he cried; "it is n't smoky, but foggy  
 I will go out in the wet—you all can't hender me, nuther!"

Surely enough he went out into the damp of the morning,  
 Into the smudge that the witch spread over woodland and meadow,  
 Into the fleecy gray pall brooding on hillside and valley.  
 Laughing and scoffing, he strode into that hideous vapor;  
 Just as he said he would do, just as he bantered and threatened,  
 Ere they could fasten the door, Peter had done gone and done it!  
 Wasting his time over books, you see, had unsettled his reason—  
 Soddened his callow young brain with semipubescent paresis,  
 And his neglect of his chores hastened this evil condition.

Out of the woods by the creek cometh a calling for Peter  
 And from the orchard a voice echoes and echoes it over;  
 Down in the pasture the sheep hear that shrill crying for Peter,  
 Up from the spring house the wail stealeth anon like a whisper,  
 Over the meadows that call is aye and for ever repeated.  
 Such *were* the voices that whooped wildly and vainly for Peter  
 Decades and decades ago down in the State of Kentucky—  
 Such *are* the voices that cry now from the woodland and meadow,  
 "Peter—O Peter!" all day, calling, reminding, and chiding—  
 Taking us back to the time when Peter he done gone and done it!  
 These are the voices of those left by the boy in the farmhouse  
 When, with his laughter and scorn, hatless and bootless and  
     sockless,  
 Clothed in his jeans and his pride, Peter sailed out in the weather,  
 Broke from the warmth of his home into that fog of the devil,  
 Into the smoke of that witch brewing her damnable porridge!

Lo, when he vanished from sight, knowing the evil that threatened  
 Forth with importunate cries hastened his father and mother.  
 "Peter!" they shrieked in alarm, "Peter!" and evermore  
     "Peter!"—  
 Ran from the house to the barn, ran from the barn to the garden,  
 Ran to the corn-crib anon, then to the smoke-house proceeded;  
 Henhouse and woodpile they passed, calling and wailing and  
     weeping,  
 Through the front gate to the road, braving the hideous vapor—

Sought him in lane and on pike, called him in orchard and meadow,  
 Clamoring "Peter!" in vain, vainly outcrying for Peter.  
 Joining the search came the rest, brothers and sisters and cousins,  
 Venting unspeakable fears in pitiful wailing for Peter!  
 And from the neighboring farms gathered the men and the women,  
 Who, upon hearing the news, swelled the loud chorus for Peter.

Farmers and hussifs and maids, bosses and field-hands and niggers,  
 Colonels and jedges galore from cornfields and mint-beds and  
 thickets,

All that had voices to voice, all to those parts appertaining,  
 Came to engage in the search, gathered and bellowed for Peter.

The Taylors, the Dorseys, the Browns, the Wallers, the Mitchells,  
 the Logans,

The Yenowines, Crittendens, Dukes, the Hickmans, the Hobbses,  
 the Morgans;

The Ormsbys, the Thompsons, the Hikes, the Williamsons, Mur-  
 rays, and Hardins,

The Beynroths, the Sherleys, the Hokes, the Haldermans, Harneys,  
 and Slaughters—

All, famed in Kentucky of old for prowess prodigious at farming,  
 Now surged from their prosperous homes to join in that hunt for  
 the truant,

To ascertain where he was at, to help out the chorus for Peter.

Still on those prosperous farms where heirs and assigns of the  
 people

Specified hereinabove and proved by the records of probate—

*Still* on those farms shall you hear (and still on the turnpikes ad-  
 jacent)

That pitiful, petulant call, that pleading, expostulant wailing,

That hopeless, monotonous moan, that crooning and droning for  
 Peter.

Some say the witch in her wrath transmogrified all those good  
 people;

That, wakened from slumber that day by the calling and bawling  
 for Peter,

She out of her cave in a trice, and, waving the foot of a rabbit  
 (Crossed with the *caul* of a coon and smeared with the blood of a  
 chicken;

She changed all those folk into birds and shrieked with demoniac venom:

“Fly away over the land, moaning your Peter forever,  
Croaking of Peter, the boy who did n’t believe there were hoodoos,  
Crooning of Peter, the fool who scouted at stories of witches,  
Crying of Peter for aye, forever outcalling for Peter!”

This is the story they tell; so in good sooth saith the legend;  
As I have told it to you, so tell the folk and the legend.  
That it is true I believe, for on the breezes this morning  
Come the shrill voices of birds calling and calling for Peter;  
Out of the maple and beech glitter the eyes of the wailers,  
Peeping and peering for him who formerly lived in these places—  
Peter, the heretic lad, lazy and careless and dreaming,  
Sorely afflicted with books and with pubescent paresis,  
Hating the things of the farm, care of the barn and the garden,  
Always neglecting his chores—given to books and to reading,  
Which, as all people allow, turn the young person to mischief,  
Harden his heart against toil, wean his affections from tillage.

This is the legend of yore told in the state of Kentucky  
When in the springtime the birds call from the beeches and maples,  
Call from the petulant thorn, call from the acrid persimmon;  
When from the woods by the creek and from the pastures and  
meadows,  
When from the spring house and lane and from the mint-bed and  
orchard,  
When from the redbud and gum and from the redolent lilac,  
When from the dirt roads and pikes cometh that calling for Peter;  
Cometh the dolorous cry, cometh that weird iteration  
Of “Peter” and “Peter” for aye, of “Peter” and “Peter” forever!  
This is the legend of old, told in the tumtitty metre  
Which the great poets prefer, being less labor than rhyming  
(My first attempt at the same, my *last* attempt, too, I reckon!);  
Nor have I further to say, for the sad story is ended.

## SISTER'S CAKE

I'd not complain of Sister Jane, for she was good and kind,  
Combining with rare comeliness distinctive gifts of mind;  
Nay, I'll admit it were most fit that, worn by social cares,  
She'd crave a change from parlor life to that below the stairs,  
And that, eschewing needlework and music, she should take  
Herself to the substantial art of manufacturing cake.

At breakfast, then, it would befall that Sister Jane would say:  
"Mother, if you have got the things, I'll make some cake to-day!"  
Poor mother'd cast a timid glance at father, like as not—  
For father hinted sister's cooking cost a frightful lot—  
But neither *she* nor *he* presumed to signify dissent,  
Accepting it for gospel truth that what she wanted went.

No matter what the rest of 'em might chance to have in hand,  
The whole machinery of the house came to a sudden stand;  
The pots were hustled off the stove, the fire built up anew,  
With every damper set just so to heat the oven through;  
The kitchen-table was relieved of everything, to make  
That ample space which Jane required when she compounded cake.

And, oh! the bustling here and there, the flying to and fro;  
The click of forks that whipped the eggs to lather white as snow—  
And what a wealth of sugar melted swiftly out of sight—  
And butter? Mother said such waste would ruin father, quite!  
But Sister Jane preserved a mien no pleading could confound  
As she utilized the raisins and the citron by the pound.

Oh, hours of chaos, tumult, heat, vexatious din, and whirl!  
Of deep humiliation for the sullen hired-girl;  
Of grief for mother, hating to see things wasted so,  
And of fortune for that little boy who pined to taste that dough!  
It looked so sweet and yellow—sure, to taste it were no sin—  
But, oh! how sister scolded if he stuck his finger in!

The chances were as ten to one, before the job was through,  
That sister'd think of something else she'd great deal rather do!

So, then, she 'd softly steal away, as Arabs in the night,  
 Leaving the girl and ma to finish up as best they might;  
 These tactics (artful Sister Jane) enabled her to take  
 Or shift the credit or the blame of that too-treacherous cake!

And yet, unhappy is the man who has no Sister Jane—  
 For he who has no sister seems to me to live in vain.  
 I never had a sister—maybe that is why to-day  
 I 'm wizened and dyspeptic, instead of blithe and gay;  
 A boy who 's only forty should be full of romp and mirth,  
 But *I* (because I 'm sisterless) am the oldest man on earth!

Had I a little sister—oh, how happy I should be!  
 I 'd never let her cast her eyes on any chap but me;  
 I 'd love her and I 'd cherish her for better and for worse—  
 I 'd buy her gowns and bonnets, and sing her praise in verse;  
 And—yes, what 's more and vastly more—I tell you what I 'd do;  
 I 'd let her make her wondrous cake, and I would eat it, too!

I have a high opinion of the sisters, as you see—  
 Another fellow's sister is so very dear to me!  
 I love to work anear her when she 's making over frocks,  
 When she patches little trousers or darns prosaic socks;  
 But I draw the line at one thing—yes, I don my hat and take  
 A three hours' walk when she is moved to try her hand at cake!

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### ABU MIDJAN

*“When Father Time swings round his scythe,  
 Intomb me 'neath the bounteous vine,  
 So that its juices, red and blithe,  
 May cheer these thirsty bones of mine.*

*“Elsewise with tears and bated breath  
 Should I survey the life to be.  
 But oh! How should I hail the death  
 That brings that vinous grace to me!”*

So sung the dauntless Saracen,  
 Whereat the Prophet-Chief ordains  
 That, curst of Allah, loathed of men,  
 The faithless one shall die in chains.

But one vile Christian siave that lay  
 A prisoner near that prisoner saith:  
 "God willing, I will plant some day  
 A vine where liest thou in death."

Lo, over Abu Midjan's grave  
 With purpling fruit a vine-tree grows;  
 Where rots the martyred Christian slave  
 Allah, and only Allah, knows!

---

 ED

ED was a man that played for keeps, 'nd when he tuk the notion,  
 You cudn't stop him any more 'n a dam 'ud stop the ocean;  
 For when he tackled to a thing 'nd sot his mind plum to it,  
 You bet yer boots he done that thing though it broke the bank to  
 do it!

So all us boys uz knowed him best allowed he wuz n't jokin'  
 When on a Sunday he remarked uz how he 'd gin up smokin'.

Now this remark, that Ed let fall, fell, ez I say, on Sunday—  
 Which is the reason we wuz shocked to see him sail in Monday  
 A-puffin' at a snipe that sizzled like a Chinese cracker  
 An' smelt fur all the world like rags instead uv like terbacker;  
 Recoverin' from our first surprise, us fellows fell to pokin'  
 A heap uv fun at "folks uz said how they had gin up smokin'."

But Ed—sez he: "I found my work cud not be done without it—  
 Jes' try the scheme yourselves, my friends, ef any uv you doubt it!  
 It's hard, I know, upon one's health, but there's a certain beauty  
 In makin' sackerfices to the stern demands uv duty!  
 So, wholly in a sperrit uv denial 'nd concession,  
 I mortify the flesh 'nd smoke for the sake uv my profession!"

## JENNIE

SOME men affect a liking  
 For the prim in face and mind,  
 And some prefer the striking  
 And the loud in womankind;  
 Wee Madge is wooed of many,  
 And buxom Kate, as well,  
 And Jennie—charming Jennie—  
 Ah, Jennie doesn't tell!

What eyes so bright as Daisy's,  
 And who as Maud so fair?  
 Who does not sing the praises  
 Of Lucy's golden hair?  
 There 's Sophie—she is witty,  
 A very sprite is Nell,  
 And Susie's, oh, so pretty—  
 But Jennie doesn't tell!

And now for my confession:  
 Of all the virtues rare,  
 I argue that discretion  
 Doth most beseem the fair.  
 And though I hear the many  
 Extol each other belle,  
 I—I pronounce for Jennie,  
 For Jennie doesn't tell!



## CONTENTMENT

HAPPY the man that, when his day is done,  
 Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret--  
 The battle he has fought may not be won—  
 The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet;



Folding at last his hands upon his breast,  
 Happy is he, if hoary and forespent,  
 He sinks into the last, eternal rest,  
 Breathing these only words: “I am content.”

But happier he, that, while his blood is warm,  
 Sees hopes and friendships dead about him lie—  
 Bares his brave breast to envy's bitter storm,  
 Nor shuns the poison barbs of calumny;  
 And 'mid it all, stands sturdy and elate,  
 Girt only in the armor God hath meant  
 For him who 'neath the buffetings of fate  
 Can say to God and man: “I am content.”

---

“GUESS”

THERE is a certain Yankee phrase  
 I always have revered,  
 Yet, somehow, in these modern days,  
 It's almost disappeared;  
 It was the usage years ago,  
 But nowadays it's got  
 To be regarded coarse and low  
 To answer: “I guess not!”

The height of fashion called the pink  
 Affects a British craze—  
 Prefers “I fancy” or “I think”  
 To that time-honored phrase;  
 But here's a Yankee, if you please,  
 That brands the fashion rot,  
 And to all heresies like these  
 He answers, “I—guess not!”—

When Chaucer, Wycliff, and the rest  
 Express their meaning thus,  
 I guess, if not the very best,  
 It's good enough for us!

Why! shall the idioms of our speech  
 Be banished and forgot  
 For this vain trash which moderns teach?  
 Well, no, sir; I guess not!

There 's meaning in that homely phrase  
 No other words express—  
 No substitute therefor conveys  
 Such unobtrusive stress.  
 True Anglo-Saxon speech, it goes  
 Directly to the spot,  
 And he who hears it always knows  
 The worth of "I—guess—not!"

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### NEW-YEAR'S EVE

Good old days—dear old days  
 When my heart beat high and bold—  
 When the things of earth seemed full of life,  
 And the future a haze of gold!  
 Oh, merry was I that winter night,  
 And gleeful our little one's din,  
 And tender the grace of my darling's face  
 As we watched the new year in.  
 But a voice—a spectre's, that mocked at love—  
 Came out of the yonder hall;  
 "Tick-tock, tick-tock!" 't was the solemn clock  
 That ruefully croaked to all.  
 Yet what knew we of the griefs to be  
 In the year we longed to greet?  
 Love—love was the theme of the sweet, sweet dream  
 I fancied might never fleet!  
 But the spectre stood in that yonder gloom,  
 And these were the words it spake,  
 "Tick-tock, tick-tock"—and they seemed to mock  
 A heart about to break.

'T is new-year's eve, and again I watch  
 In the old familiar place,  
 And I 'm thinking again of that old time when  
 I looked on a dear one's face.  
 Never a little one hugs my knee  
 And I hear no gleeful shout—  
 I am sitting alone by the old hearthstone,  
 Watching the old year out.  
 But I welcome the voice in yonder gloom  
 That solemnly calls to me:  
 "Tick-tock, tick-tock!" —for so the clock  
 Tells of a life to be;  
 "Tick-tock, tick-tock!" —'t is so the clock  
 Tells of eternity.

---

 THE BROKEN RING

To the willows of the brookside  
 The mill wheel sings to-day—  
 Sings and weeps,  
 As the brooklet creeps  
 Wondering on its way;  
 And here is the ring *she* gave me  
 With love's sweet promise then—  
 It hath burst apart  
 Like the trusting heart  
 That may never be soothed again!

Oh, I would be a minstrel  
 To wander far and wide,  
 Weaving in song the merciless wrong  
 Done by a perjured bride!  
 Or I would be a soldier,  
 To seek in the bloody fray  
 What gifts of fate can compensate  
 For the pangs I suffer to-day!  
 Yet may this aching bosom,  
 By bitter sorrow crushed,

Be still and cold  
 In the churchyard mould  
 Ere *thy* sweet voice be hushed;  
 So sing, sing on forever,  
 O wheel of the brookside mill,  
 For you mind me again  
 Of the old time when  
 I felt love's gracious thrill.

---

### THE BALLAD OF THE TAYLOR PUP

Now lithe and listen, gentles all,  
 Now lithe ye all and hark  
 Unto a ballad I shall sing  
 About Buena Park.

Of all the wonders happening there  
 The strangest hap befell  
 Upon a famous Aprile morn,  
 As I you now shall tell.

It is about the Taylor pup  
 And of his mistress eke  
 And of the prankish time they had  
 That I am fain to speak.

#### FITTE THE FIRST

The pup was of as noble mien  
 As e'er you gazed upon;  
 They called his mother Lady  
 And his father was a Don.

And both his mother and his sire  
 Were of the race Bernard—  
 The family famed in histories  
 And hymned of every bard.

His form was of exuberant mould,  
Long, slim, and loose of joints;  
There never yet was pointer-dog  
So full as he of points.

His hair was like to yellow fleece,  
His eyes were black and kind,  
And like a nodding, gilded plume  
His tail stuck up behind.

His bark was very, very fierce,  
And fierce his appetite,  
Yet was it only things to eat  
That he was prone to bite.

But in that one particular  
He was so passing true  
That never did he quit a meal  
Until he had got through.

Potatoes, biscuits, mush, or hash,  
Joint, chop, or chicken limb—  
So long as it was edible,  
'T was all the same to him!

And frequently when Hunger's pangs  
Assailed that callow pup,  
He masticated boots and gloves  
Or chewed a door-mat up.

So was he much beholden of  
The folk that him did keep;  
They loved him when he was awake  
And better still asleep.

## FITTE THE SECOND

Now once his master, lingering o'er  
His breakfast coffee-cup,  
Observed unto his doting spouse:  
'You ought to wash the pup!'

“That shall I do this very day,”  
 His doting spouse replied;  
 “You will not know the pretty thing  
 When he is washed and dried.

“But tell me, dear, before you go  
 Unto your daily work,  
 Shall I use Ivory soap on him,  
 Or Colgate, Pears’ or Kirk?”

“Odzooks, it matters not a whit—  
 They all are good to use!  
 Take Pearline, if it pleases you—  
 Sapolio, if you choose!

“Take any soap, but take the pup  
 And also water take,  
 And mix the three discreetly up  
 Till they a lather make.

“Then mixing these constituent parts,  
 Let Nature take her way,”  
 With which advice that sapient sir  
 Had nothing more to say.

Then fared he to his daily toil  
 All in the Board of Trade,  
 While Mistress Taylor for that bath  
 Due preparation made.

#### FITTE THE THIRD

She whistled gayly to the pup  
 And called him by his name,  
 And presently the guileless thing  
 All unsuspecting came.

But when she shut the bath-room door,  
 And caught him as catch-can,  
 And hove him in that odious tub,  
 His sorrows then began.

How did that callow, yallow thing  
 Regret that Aprile morn—  
 Alas! how bitterly he rued  
 The day that he was born!

Twice and again, but all in vain,  
 He lifted up his wail;  
 His voice was all the pup could lift,  
 For thereby hangs this tale.

'T was by that tail she held him down,  
 And presently she spread  
 The creamy lather on his back,  
 His stomach, and his head.

His ears hung down in sorry wise,  
 His eyes were, oh! so sad—  
 He looked as though he just had lost  
 The only friend he had.

And higher yet the water rose,  
 The lather still increased,  
 And sadder still the countenance  
 Of that poor martyred beast!

Yet all the time his mistress spoke  
 Such artful words of cheer  
 As "Oh, how nice!" and "Oh, how clean!"  
 And "There's a patient dear!"

At last the trial had an end,  
 At last the pup was free;  
 She threw aside the bath-room door—  
 "Now get you gone!" quoth she.

#### FITTE THE FOURTH

Then from that tub and from that room  
 He gat with vast ado;  
 At every hop he gave a shake,  
 And—how the water flew!

He paddled down the winding stairs  
 And to the parlor hied,  
 Dispensing pools of foamy suds  
 And slop on every side.

Upon the carpet then he rolled  
 And brushed against the wall,  
 And, horror! whisked his lathery sides  
 On overcoat and shawl.

Attracted by the dreadful din,  
 His mistress came below—  
 Who, who can speak her wonderment—  
 Who, who can paint her woe!

Great smears of soap were here and there—  
 Her startled vision met  
 With blobs of lather everywhere,  
 And everything was wet!

Then Mrs. Taylor gave a shriek  
 Like one about to die:  
 "Get out—get out, and don't you dare  
 Come in till you are dry!"

With that she opened wide the door  
 And waved the critter through;  
 Out in the circumambient air  
 With grateful yelps he flew.

#### FITTE THE FIFTH

He whisked into the dusty street  
 And to the Waller lot,  
 Where bonnie Annie Evans played  
 With charming Sissy Knott.

And with those pretty little dears  
 He mixed himself all up—  
 Oh, fie upon such boisterous play—  
 Fie, fie, you naughty pup!



Woe, woe on Annie's India mull,  
 And Sissy's blue percale!  
 One got that pup's belathered flanks,  
 And one his soapy tail!

Forth to the rescue of those maids  
 Rushed gallant Willie Clow;  
 His panties they were white and clean—  
 Where are those panties now?

Where is the nicely laundered shirt  
 That Kendall Evans wore,  
 And Robbie James's tricot coat  
 All buttoned up before?

The leaven, which, as we are told,  
 Leavens a monstrous lump,  
 Hath far less reaching qualities  
 Than a wet pup on the jump.

This way and that he swung and swayed,  
 He gambolled far and near,  
 And everywhere he thrust himself  
 He left a soapy smear.

## FITTE THE SIXTH

That noon a dozen little dears  
 Were spanked and put to bed  
 With naught to stay their appetite  
 But cheerless crusts of bread.

That noon a dozen hired girls  
 Washed out each gown and shirt  
 Which that exuberant Taylor pup  
 Had frescoed o'er with dirt.

That whole day long the Aprile sun  
 Smiled sweetly from above  
 On clotheslines flaunting to the breeze  
 The emblems mothers love.

That whole day long the Taylor pup  
 This way and that did he  
 Upon his mad, erratic course,  
 Intent on getting dry.

That night when Mr. Taylor came  
 His vesper meal to eat,  
 He uttered things my pious pen  
 Would liefer not repeat.

Yet still that noble Taylor pup  
 Survives to romp and bark  
 And stumble over folks and things  
 In fair Buena Park.

Good sooth, I wot he should be called  
 Buena's favorite son  
 Who 's sired of such a noble sire  
 And dammed by every one!

---

AFTER READING TROLLOPE'S HISTORY OF  
 FLORENCE

MY books are on their shelves again  
 And clouds lie low with mist and rain.  
 Afar the Arno murmurs low  
 The tale of fields of melting snow.  
 List to the bells of times agone  
 The while I wait me for the dawn.

Beneath great Giotto's Campanile  
 The gray ghosts throng; their whispers steal  
 From poets' bosoms long since dust;  
 They ask me now to go. I trust  
 Their fleeter footsteps where again  
 They come at night and live as men.

The rain falls on Ghiberti's gates;  
 The big drops hang on purple dates;

And yet beneath the ilex-shades—  
 Dear trysting-place for boys and maids—  
 There comes a form from days of old,  
 With Beatrice's hair of gold.

The breath of lands or lilled streams  
 Floats through the fabric of my dreams;  
 And yonder from the hills of song,  
 Where psalmists brood and prophets throng,  
 The lone, majestic Dante leads  
 His love across the blooming meads.

Along the almond walks I tread  
 And greet the figures of the dead.  
 Mirandula walks here with him  
 Who lived with gods and seraphim;  
 Yet where Colonna's fair feet go  
 There passes Michael Angelo.

In Rome or Florence, still with her  
 Stands lone and grand her worshipper.  
 In Leonardo's brain there move  
 Christ and the children of His love;  
 And Raphael is touching now,  
 For the last time, an angel's brow.

Angelico is praying yet  
 Where lives no pang of man's regret,  
 And, mixing tears and prayers within  
 His palette's wealth, absolved from sin,  
 He dips his brush in hues divine;  
 San Marco's angel faces shine.

Within Lorenzo's garden green,  
 Where olives hide their boughs between,  
 The lovers, as they read betimes  
 Their love within Petrarca's lines,  
 Stand near the marbles found at Rome,  
 Lost shades that search in vain for home.

They pace the paths along the stream,  
 Dark Vallombrosa in their dream.  
 They sing, amidst the rain-drenched pines,  
 Of Tuscan gold that ruddier shines  
 Behind a saint's auroral face  
 That shows e'en yet the master's trace.

But lo, within the walls of gray,  
 Ere yet there falls a glint of day,  
 And far without, from hill to vale,  
 Where honey-hearted nightingale  
 Or meads of pale anemones  
 Make sweet the coming morning breeze—

I hear a voice, of prophet tone,  
 A voice of doom, like his alone  
 That once in Gadara was heard;  
 The old walls trembled—lo, the bird  
 Has ceased to sing, and yonder waits  
 Lorenzo at his palace gates.

Some Romola in passing by  
 Turns toward the ruler, and his sigh  
 Wanders amidst the myrtle bowers  
 Or o'er the city's mantled towers,  
 For she is Florence! "Wilt thou hear  
 San Marco's prophet? Doom is near."

"Her liberties," he cries, "restore!  
 This much for Florence—yea, and more  
 To men and God!" The days are gone;  
 And in an hour of perfect dawn  
 I stand beneath the cypress trees  
 That shiver still with words like these.

“THE OLD HOMESTEAD”

JEST as atween the awk'ard lines a hand we love has penn'd  
 Appears a meanin' hid from other eyes,  
 So, in your simple, homespun art, old honest Yankee friend,  
 A power o' tearful, sweet seggestion lies.  
 We see it all—the pictur' that our mem'ries hold so dear—  
 The homestead in New England far away,  
 An' the vision is so nat'ral-like we almost seem to hear  
 The voices that were heshed but yesterday.

Ah, who'd ha' thought the music of that distant childhood time  
 Would sleep through all the changeful, bitter years  
 To waken into melodies like Chris'mas bells a-chime  
 An' to claim the ready tribute of our tears!  
 Why, the robins in the maples an' the blackbirds round the pond,  
 The crickets an' the locusts in the leaves,  
 The brook that chased the trout adown the hillside just beyond,  
 An' the swallers in their nests beneath the eaves—  
 They all come troopin' back with you, dear Uncle Josh, to-day,  
 An' they seem to sing with all the joyous zest  
 Of the days when we were Yankee boys an' Yankee girls at play,  
 With nary thought of “livin' way out West”!

God bless ye, Denman Thomps'n, for the good y' do our hearts  
 With this music an' these memories o' youth—  
 God bless ye for the faculty that tops all human arts,  
 The good ol' Yankee faculty of Truth!

---

THE CONVALESCENT GRIPSTER

THE gods let slip that fiendish grip  
 Upon me last week Sunday—  
 No fiercer storm than racked my form  
 E'er swept the Bay of Fundy;

But now, good-by  
 To drugs, say I—  
     Good-by to gnawing sorrow;  
 I am up to-day,  
 And, whoop, hooray!  
     I'm going out to-morrow!

What aches and pain in bones and brain  
     I had I need not mention;  
 It seemed to me such pangs must be  
     Old Satan's own invention;  
 Albeit I  
 Was sure I'd die,  
     The doctor reassured me—  
 And, true enough,  
 With his vile stuff,  
     He ultimately cured me.

As there I lay in bed all day,  
     How fair outside looked to me!  
 A smile so mild old Nature smiled  
     It seemed to warm clean through ~~me~~.  
 In chastened mood  
 The scene I viewed,  
     Inventing, sadly solus,  
 Fantastic rhymes  
 Between the times  
     I had to take a bolus.

Of quinine slugs and other drugs  
     I guess I took a million—  
 Such drugs as serve to set each nerve  
     To dancing a cotillon;  
 The doctors say  
 The only way  
     To rout the grip instanter  
 Is to pour in  
 All kinds of sin—  
     Similibus curantur!

'T was hard; and yet I 'll soon forget  
 Those ills and cures distressing;  
 One's future lies 'neath gorgeous skies  
 When one is convalescing!  
 So now, good-by  
 To drugs say I—  
 Good-by, thou phantom Sorrow!  
 I am up to-day,  
 And, whoop, hooray!  
 I 'm going out to-morrow.

---

## THE SLEEPING CHILD

My baby slept—how calm his rest,  
 As o'er his handsome face a smile  
 Like that of angel flitted, while  
 He lay so still upon my breast!

My baby slept—his baby head  
 Lay all unkiss'd 'neath pall and shroud:  
 I did not weep or cry aloud—  
 I only wished I, too, were dead!

My baby sleeps—a tiny mound,  
 All covered by the little flowers,  
 Woos me in all my waking hours,  
 Down in the quiet burying-ground.

And when I sleep I seem to be  
 With baby in another land—  
 I take his little baby hand—  
 He smiles and sings sweet songs to me.

Sleep on, O baby, while I keep  
 My vigils till this day be passed!  
 Then shall I, too, lie down at last,  
 And with my baby darling sleep.

## THE TWO COFFINS

IN yonder old cathedral  
 Two lovely coffins lie;  
 In one, the head of the state lies dead,  
 And a singer sleeps hard by.

Once had that King great power  
 And proudly ruled the land—  
 His crown e'en now is on his brow  
 And his sword is in his hand.

How sweetly sleeps the singer  
 With calmly folded eyes,  
 And on the breast of the bard at rest  
 'The harp that he sounded lies.

The castle walls are falling  
 And war distracts the land,  
 But the sword leaps not from that mildewed spot  
 There in that dead king's hand.

But with every grace of nature  
 There seems to float along—  
 To cheer again the hearts of men—  
 The singer's deathless song.

---

 CLARE MARKET

IN the market of Clare, so cheery the glare  
 Of the shops and the booths of the tradespeople there;  
 That I take a delight on a Saturday night  
 In walking that way and in viewing the sight.  
 For it's here that one sees all the objects that please—  
 New patterns in silk and old patterns in cheese,



For the girls pretty toys, rude alarums for boys,  
 And baubles galore while discretion enjoys—  
 But here I forbear, for I really despair  
 Of naming the wealth of the market of Clare.

A rich man comes down from the elegant town  
 And looks at it all with an ominous frown;  
 He seems to despise the grandiloquent cries  
 Of the vender proclaiming his puddings and pies;  
 And sniffing he goes through the lanes that disclose  
 Much cause for disgust to his sensitive nose;  
 And free of the crowd, he admits he is proud  
 That elsewhere in London this thing 's not allowed  
 He has seen nothing there but filth everywhere,  
 And he 's glad to get out of the market of Clare.

But the child that has come from the gloom of the slum  
 Is charmed by the magic of dazzle and hum;  
 He feasts his big eyes on the cakes and the pies,  
 And they seem to grow green and protrude with surprise  
 At the goodies they vend and the toys without end—  
 And it 's oh! if he had but a penny to spend!  
 But alas, he must gaze in a hopeless amaze  
 At treasures that glitter and torches that blaze—  
 What sense of despair in this world can compare  
 With that of the waif in the market of Clare?

So, on Saturday night, when my custom invites  
 A stroll in old London for curious sights,  
 I am likely to stray by a devious way  
 Where goodies are spread in a motley array,  
 The things which some eyes would appear to despise  
 Impress me as pathos in homely disguise,  
 And my battered waif-friend shall have pennies to spend  
 So long as I 've got 'em (or chums that will lend);  
 And the urchin shall share in my joy and declare  
 That there 's beauty and good in the market of Clare

## A DREAM OF SPRINGTIME

I'm weary of this weather and I hanker for the ways  
 Which people read of in the psalms and preachers paraphrase—  
 The grassy fields, the leafy woods, the banks where I can lie  
 And listen to the music of the brook that flutters by,  
 Or, by the pond out yonder, hear the redwing blackbird's call  
 Where he makes believe he has a nest, but has n't one at all;  
 And by my side should be a friend—a trusty, genial friend,  
 With plenteous store of tales galore and natural leaf to lend;  
 Oh, how I pine and hanker for the gracious boon of spring—  
 For *then* I'm going a-fishing with John Lyle King!

How like to pigmies will appear creation, as we float  
 Upon the bosom of the tide in a three-by-thirteen boat—  
 Forgotten all vexations and all vanities shall be,  
 As we cast our cares to windward and our anchor to the lee;  
 Anon the minnow-bucket will emit batrachian sobs,  
 And the devil's darning-needles shall come wooing of our bobs;  
 The sun shall kiss our noses and the breezes toss our hair  
 (This latter metaphoric—we've no fimbriæ to spare!);  
 And I—transported by the bliss—shan't do a plaguey thing  
 But cut the bait and string the fish for John Lyle King!

Or, if I angle, it will be for bullheads and the like,  
 While he shall fish for gamey bass, for pickerel, and for pike.  
 I really do not care a rap for all the fish that swim—  
 But it's worth the wealth of Indies just to be along with him  
 In grassy fields, in leafy woods, beside the water-brooks,  
 And hear him tell of things he's seen or read of in his books—  
 To hear the sweet philosophy that trickles in and out  
 The while he is discoursing of the things we talk about;  
 A fountain-head refreshing—a clear, perennial spring  
 Is the genial conversation of John Lyle King!

Should varying winds or shifting tides redound to our despite—  
 In other words, should we return all bootless home at night,  
 I'd back him up in anything he had a mind to say  
 Of mighty bass he'd left behind or lost upon the way;

I'd nod assent to every yarn involving piscine game—  
 I'd cross my heart and make my affidavit to the same;  
 For what is friendship but a scheme to help a fellow out—  
 And what a paltry fish or two to make such bones about!  
 Nay, Sentiment a mantle of sweet charity would fling  
 O'er perjuries committed for John Lyle King.

At night, when as the camp-fire cast a ruddy, genial flame,  
 He'd bring his tuneful fiddle out and play upon the same;  
 No diabolic engine this—no instrument of sin—  
 No relative at all to that lewd toy, the violin!  
 But a godly hoosier fiddle—a quaint archaic thing  
 Full of all the proper melodies our grandmas used to sing;  
 With, "Bonnie Doon," and "Nellie Gray," and "Sitting on the Stile,"  
 "The Heart Bowed Down," the "White Cockade," and "Charm-  
 ing Annie Lisle"  
 Our hearts would echo and the sombre empyrean ring  
 Beneath the wizard sorcery of John Lyle King.

The subsequent proceedings should interest me no more—  
 Wrapped in a woolen blanket should I calmly dream and snore;  
 The finny game that swims by day is my supreme delight—  
 And *not* the scaly game that flies in darkness of the night!  
 Let those who are so minded pursue this latter game  
 But not repine if they should lose a boodle in the same;  
 For an example to you all one paragon should serve—  
 He towers a very monument to valor and to nerve;  
 No bob-tail flush, no nine-spot high, no measly pair can wring  
 A groan of desperation from John Lyle King!

A truce to badinage—I hope far distant is the day  
 When from these scenes terrestrial our friend shall pass away!  
 We like to hear his cheery voice uplifted in the land,  
 To see his calm, benignant face, to grasp his honest hand;  
 We like him for his learning, his sincerity, his truth,  
 His gallantry to woman and his kindness to youth,  
 For the lenience of his nature, for the vigor of his mind,  
 For the fulness of that charity he bears to all mankind—  
 That's why we folks who know him best so reverently cling  
 (And that is why I pen these lines) to John Lyle King.

And now adieu, a fōnd adieu to thee, O muse of rhyme—  
 I do remand thee to the shades until that happier time  
 When fields are green, and posies gay are budding everywhere,  
 And there 's a smell of clover bloom upon the vernal air;  
 When by the pond out yonder the redwing blackbird calls,  
 And distant hills are wed to Spring in veils of water-falls;  
 When from his aqueous element the famished pickerel springs  
 Two hundred feet into the air for butterflies and things—  
*Then* come again, O gracious muse, and teach me how to sing  
 'The glory of a fishing cruise with John Lyle King!

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### HOW SALTY WIN OUT

USED to think that luck wuz luck and nuthin' else but luck—  
 It made no diff'rence how or when or where or why it struck;  
 But sev'ral years ago I changt my mind, an' now proclaim  
 That luck 's a kind uv science—same as any other game;  
 It happened out in Denver in the spring uv '80 when  
 Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten.

Salty wuz a printer in the good ol' Tribune days,  
 An', natural-like, he fell into the good ol' Tribune ways;  
 So, every Sunday evenin' he would sit into the game  
 Which in this crowd uv thoroughbreds I think I need not name;  
 An' there he 'd sit until he rose, an', when he rose, he wore  
 Invariably less wealth about his person than before.

But once there came a powerful change; one sellum Sunday night  
 Occurred the tidal wave that put ol' Salty out o' sight.  
 He win on deuce an' ace an' Jack—he win on king an' queen—  
 Clif Bell allowed the like uv how he win wuz never seen.  
 An' how he done it wuz revealed to all us fellers when  
 He said he teched a humpback to win out ten.

There must be somethin' in it, for he never win afore,  
 An' when he told the crowd about the humpback, how they  
 swore!

For every sport allows it is a losin' game to luck  
 Agin the science uv a man who 's teched a hump f'r luck;  
 And there is no denyin' luck wuz nowhere in it when  
 Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten.

I've had queer dreams an' seen queer things, an' allus tried to  
 do

The thing that luck apparently intended f'r me to;  
 Cats, funerils, cripples, beggers have I treated with regard,  
 An' charity subscriptions have hit me powerful hard;  
 But what 's the use uv talkin'? I say, an' say again:  
 You 've got to tech a humpback to win out ten!

So, though I used to think that luck wuz lucky, I'll allow  
 That luck, for luck, agin a hump ain't nowhere in it now!  
 An' though I can't explain the whys an' wherefores, I maintain  
 There must be somethin' in it when the tip 's so straight an' plain  
 For I wuz there an' seen it, an' got full with Salty when  
 Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten!

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## BOCCACCIO

### LOVE AFFAIRS OF A BIBLIOMANIAC

ONE day upon a topmost shelf  
 I found a precious prize indeed,  
 Which father used to read himself,  
 But did not want us boys to read;  
 A brown old book of certain age  
 (As type and binding seemed to show),  
 While on the spotted title-page  
 Appeared the name "Boccaccio."

I'd never heard that name before,  
 But in due season it became  
 To him who fondly brooded o'er:  
 Those pages a belovèd name!

Adown the centuries I walked  
 Mid pastoral scenes and royal show;  
 With seigneurs and their dames I talked—  
 The crony of Boccaccio!

Those courtly knights and sprightly maids,  
 Who really seemed disposed to shine  
 In gallantries and escapades,  
 Anon became great friends of mine.  
 Yet was there sentiment with fun,  
 And oftentimes my tears would flow  
 At some quaint tale of valor done—  
 As told by my Boccaccio.

In boyish dreams I saw again  
 Bucolic belles and dames of court,  
 The princely youths and monkish men  
 Arrayed for sacrifice or sport.  
 Again I heard the nightingale  
 Sing as she sang those years ago  
 In his embowered Italian vale  
 To my revered Boccaccio.

And still I love that brown old book  
 I found upon the topmost shelf—  
 I love it so I let none look  
 Upon the treasure but myself!  
 And yet I have a strapping boy  
 Who (I have every cause to know)  
 Would to its full extent enjoy  
 The friendship of Boccaccio!

But boys are, oh! so different now  
 From what they were when I was one!  
 I fear my boy would not know how  
 To take that old raconteur's fun!  
 In your companionship, O friend,  
 I think it wise alone to go  
 Plucking the gracious fruits that bend  
 Where'er you lead, Boccaccio.

So rest you there upon the shelf,  
 Clad in your garb of faded brown;  
 Perhaps, sometime, my boy himself  
 Shall find you out and take you down.  
 Then may he feel the joy once more  
 That thrilled me, filled me years ago  
 When reverently I brooded o'er  
 The glories of Boccaccio!

---

 MARCUS VARRO

MARCUS VARRO went up and down  
 The places where old books were sold;  
 He ransacked all the shops in town  
 For pictures new and pictures old.  
 He gave the folk of earth no peace;  
 Snooping around by day and night,  
 He plied the trade in Rome and Greece  
 Of an insatiate Grangerite.

“Pictures!” was evermore his cry—  
 “Pictures of old or recent date,”  
 And pictures only would he buy  
 Wherewith to “extra-illustrate.”  
 Full many a tome of ancient type  
 And many a manuscript he took,  
 For nary purpose but to swipe  
 Their pictures for some other book.

While Marcus Varro plied his fad  
 There was not in the shops of Greece  
 A book or pamphlet to be had  
 That was not minus frontispiece.  
 Nor did he hesitate to ply  
 His baleful practices at home;  
 It was not possible to buy  
 A perfect book in all of Rome!

What must the other folks have done—  
 Who, glancing o'er the books they bought,  
 Came soon and suddenly upon  
 The vandalism Varro wrought  
 How must their cheeks have flamed with red—  
 How did their hearts with choler beat!  
 We can imagine what they said—  
 We can imagine, not repeat!

Where are the books that Varro made—  
 The pride of dilettante Rome—  
 With divers portraitures inlaid  
 Swiped from so many another tome?  
 The worms devoured them long ago—  
 O wretched worms! ye should have fed  
 Not on the books "extended" so,  
 But on old Varro's flesh instead!

Alas, that Marcus Varro lives  
 And is a potent factor yet!  
 Alas, that still his practice gives  
 Good men occasion for regret!  
 To yonder bookstall, pri'thee, go  
 And by the "missing" prints and plates  
 And frontispieces you shall know  
 He lives, and "extra-illustrates"!

---

### MY GARDEN

My garden aboundeth in pleasant nooks  
 And fragrance is over it all;  
 For sweet is the smell of my old, old books  
 In their places against the wall.

Here is a folio that 's grim with age  
 And yellow and green with mould;  
 There 's the breath of the sea on every page  
 And the hint of a stanch ship's hold.



And here is a treasure from France la belle  
Exhaleth a faint perfume  
Of wedded lily and asphodel  
In a garden of song abloom.

And this wee little book of Puritan mien  
And rude, conspicuous print  
Hath the Yankee flavor of wintergreen,  
Or, may be, of peppermint.

In Walton the brooks a-babbling tell  
Where the cheery daisy grows,  
And where in meadow or woodland dwell  
The buttercup and the rose.

But best beloved of books, I ween,  
Are those which one perceives  
Are hallowed by ashes dropped between  
The yellow, well-thumbed leaves.

For it's here a laugh and it's there a tear,  
Till the treasured book is read;  
And the ashes betwixt the pages here  
Tell us of one long dead.

But the gracious presence reappears  
As we read the book again,  
And the fragrance of precious, distant years  
Filleth the hearts of men.

Come, pluck with me in my garden nooks  
The posies that bloom for all;  
Oh, sweet is the smell of my old, old books  
In their places against the wall!

## ONE DAY I GOT A MISSIVE

ONE day I got a missive  
 Writ in a dainty hand,  
 Which made my manly bosom  
 With vanity expand.  
 'T was from a "young admirer"  
 Who asked me would I mind  
 Sending her "favorite poem"  
 "In autograph, and signed."

She craved the boon so sweetly  
 That I had been a churl  
 Had I repulsed the homage  
 Of this gentle, timid girl;  
 With bright illuminations  
 I decked the manuscript,  
 And in my choicest paints and inks  
 My brush and pen I dipt.

Indeed it had been tedious  
 But that a flattered smile  
 Played on my rugged features  
 And eased my toil the while.  
 I was assured my poem  
 Would fill her with delight—  
 I fancied she was pretty—  
 I knew that she was bright!

And for a spell thereafter  
 That unknown damsel's face  
 With its worshipful expression  
 Pursued me every place;  
 Meseemed to hear her whisper:  
 "O, thank you, gifted sir,  
 For the overwhelming honor  
 You so graciously confer!"

But a catalogue from Benjamin's  
Disproves what things meseemed—  
Dispels with savage certainty  
The flattering dreams I dreamed;  
For that poor "favorite poem,"  
Done and signed in autograph,  
Is listed in "Cheap Items"  
At a dollar-and-a-half.

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## POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

### WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM

WITH big tin trumpet and little red drum,  
Marching like soldiers, the children come!  
It's this way and that way they circle and file—  
My! but that music of theirs is fine!  
This way and that way, and after a while  
They march straight into this heart of mine!  
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb  
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum!

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall—  
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!  
It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,  
As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine;  
It will rock you away to the dreamland above—  
Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine,  
And jollier still is it bound to become  
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red drum!

So come; though I see not *his* dear little face  
And hear not *his* voice in this jubilant place,  
I know he were happy to bid me enshrine  
His memory deep in my heart with your play—  
Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine  
Holdeth my boy in its keeping to-day!  
And my heart it is lonely—so, little folk, come,  
March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!

## THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

HAVE you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?  
'T is a marvel of great renown!  
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea,  
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;  
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet  
(As those who have tasted it say)  
That good little children have only to eat  
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a **hard time**  
To capture the fruit which I sing;  
The tree is so tall that no person could climb  
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!  
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,  
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—  
And this is the way you contrive to get at  
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog  
And he barks with such terrible zest  
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,  
As her swelling proportions attest.  
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around  
From this leafy limb unto that,  
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—  
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,  
With stripings of scarlet or gold,  
And you carry away of the treasure that rains  
As much as your apron can hold!  
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me  
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,  
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree  
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

## KRINKEN

KRINKEN was a little child,—  
 It was summer when he smiled.  
 Oft the hoary sea and grim  
 Stretched its white arms out to him,  
 Calling, "Sun-child, come to me;  
 Let me warm my heart with thee!"  
 But the child heard not the sea.

Krinken on the beach one day  
 Saw a maiden Nis at play;  
 Fair, and very fair, was she,  
 Just a little child was he.  
 "Krinken," said the maiden Nis,  
 "Let me have a little kiss,—  
 Just a kiss, and go with me  
 To the summer-lands that be  
 Down within the silver sea."

Krinken was a little child,  
 By the maiden Nis beguiled;  
 Down into the calling sea  
 With the maiden Nis went he.

But the sea calls out no more;  
 It is winter on the shore,—  
 Winter where that little child  
 Made sweet summer when he smiled:  
 Though 't is summer on the sea  
 Where with maiden Nis went he,—  
 Summer, summer evermore,—  
 It is winter on the shore,  
 Winter, winter evermore.

Of the summer on the deep  
 Come sweet visions in my sleep;  
 His fair face lifts from the sea,  
 His dear voice calls out to me,—  
 These my dreams of summer be.

Krinken was a little child,  
 By the maiden Nis beguiled;  
 Oft the hoary sea and grim  
 Reached its longing arms to him,

Crying, "Sun-child, come to me;  
 Let me warm my heart with thee!"  
 But the sea calls out no more;  
 It is winter on the shore,—  
 Winter, cold and dark and wild;  
 Krinken was a little child,—  
 It was summer when he smiled;  
 Down he went into the sea,  
 And the winter bides with me.  
 Just a little child was he.

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### THE NAUGHTY DOLL ✓

My dolly is a dreadful care,—  
 Her name is Miss Amandy;  
 I dress her up and curl her hair,  
 And feed her taffy candy.  
 Yet heedless of the pleading voice  
 Of her devoted mother,  
 She will not wed her mother's choice,  
 But says she 'll wed another.

I 'd have her wed the china vase,—  
 There is no Dresden rarer;  
 You might go searching every place  
 And never find a fairer.  
 He is a gentle, pinkish youth,—  
 Of that there 's no denying;  
 Yet when I speak of him, forsooth,  
 Amandy falls to crying!

She loves the drum—that 's very plain—  
 And scorns the vase so clever;

And weeping, vows she will remain  
 A spinster doll forever!  
 The protestations of the drum  
 I am convinced are hollow;  
 When once distressing times should come,  
 How soon would ruin follow!

Yet all in vain the Dresden boy  
 From yonder mantel woos her;  
 A mania for that vulgar toy,  
 The noisy drum, imbues her!  
 In vain I wheel her to and fro,  
 And reason with her mildly,—  
 Her waxen tears in torrents flow,  
 Her sawdust heart beats wildly.

I'm sure that when I'm big and tall,  
 And wear long trailing dresses,  
 I sha'n't encourage beaux at all  
 Till mamma acquiesces;  
 Our choice will be a suitor then  
 As pretty as this vase is,—  
 Oh, how we'll hate the noisy men  
 With whiskers on their faces!

---

### NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

THE mill goes toiling slowly around  
 With steady and solemn creak,  
 And my little one hears in the kindly sound  
 The voice of the old mill speak.  
 While round and round those big white wings  
 Grimly and ghostlike creep,  
 My little one hears that the old mill sings:  
 "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,  
 And, over his pot of beer,



The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,  
 Lustily maketh cheer;  
 He mocks at the winds that caper along  
 From the far-off clamorous deep,—  
 But we—we love their lullaby song  
 Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound  
 Groans of the stony mart—  
 To-morrow how proudly he 'll trot you round,  
 Hitched to our new milk-cart!  
 And you shall help me blanket the kine  
 And fold the gentle sheep  
 And set the herring a-soak in brine—  
 But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes  
 That wearily droop and blink,  
 While the old mill buffets the frowning skies  
 And scolds at the stars that wink;  
 Over your face the misty wings  
 Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,  
 And rocking your cradle she softly sings:  
 "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

---

 INTRY-MINTRY

WILLIE and Bess, Georgie and May—  
 Once, as these children were hard at play,  
 An old man, hoary and tottering, came  
 And watched them playing their pretty game.  
 He seemed to wonder, while standing there,  
 What the meaning thereof could be—  
 Aha, but the old man yearned to share  
 Of the little children's innocent glee  
 As they circled around with laugh and shout  
 And told their rime at counting out:  
 "Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,

Apple-seed and apple-thorn;  
 Wire, brier, limber, lock,  
 Twelve geese in a flock;  
 Some flew east, some flew west,  
 Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—  
 Ah, the mirth of that summer-day!  
 'T was Father Time who had come to share  
 The innocent joy of those children there;  
     He learned betimes the game they played  
     And into their sport with them went he—  
     How *could* the children have been afraid,  
     Since little they recked whom he might be?  
 They laughed to hear old Father Time  
 Mumbling that curious nonsense rime  
     Of "Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,  
     Apple-seed and apple-thorn;  
     Wire, brier, limber, lock,  
     Twelve geese in a flock;  
     Some flew east, some flew west,  
     Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May,  
 And joy of summer—where are they?  
 The grim old man still standeth near  
 Crooning the song of a far-off year;  
     And into the winter I come alone,  
     Cheered by that mournful requiem,  
     Soothed by the dolorous monotone  
     That shall count me off as it counted them—  
 The solemn voice of old Father Time  
 Chanting the homely nursery rime  
     He learned of the children a summer morn  
     When, with "apple-seed and apple-thorn,"  
     Life was full of the dulcet cheer  
     That bringeth the grace of heaven anear—  
     The sound of the little ones hard at play—  
     Willie and Bess, Georgie and May.

## PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE

ALL day long they come and go—  
 Pittypat and Tippytoe;  
     Footprints up and down the hall,  
     Playthings scattered on the floor,  
     Finger-marks along the wall,  
     Telltale smudges on the door—  
 By these presents you shall know  
 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play!  
 And a dozen times a day  
     In they troop, demanding bread—  
     Only buttered bread will do,  
     And that butter must be spread  
     Inches thick with sugar too!  
 And I never can say “No,  
 Pittypat and Tippytoe!”

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe,  
 Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth;  
     For (I much regret to say)  
     Tippytoe and Pittypat  
     Sometimes interrupt their play  
     With an internecine spat;  
 Fie, for shame! to quarrel so—  
 Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Oh the thousand worrying things  
 Every day recurrent brings!  
     Hands to scrub and hair to brush,  
     Search for playthings gone amiss,  
     Many a wee complaint to hush,  
     Many a little bump to kiss;  
 Life seems one vain, fleeting show  
 To Pittypat and Tippytoe!

And when day is at an end,  
 There are little duds to mend:  
     Little frocks are strangely torn,  
     Little shoes great holes reveal,  
     Little hose, but one day worn,  
     Rudely yawn at toe and heel!  
 Who but *you* could work such woe,  
 Pittypat and Tippytoe?

But when comes this thought to me:  
 "Some there are that childless be,"  
     Stealing to their little beds,  
     With a love I cannot speak,  
     Tenderly I stroke their heads—  
     Fondly kiss each velvet cheek.  
 God help those who do not know  
 A Pittypat or Tippytoe!

On the floor and down the hall,  
 Rudely smutched upon the wall,  
     There are proofs in every kind  
     Of the havoc they have wrought,  
     And upon my heart you'd find  
     Just such trade-marks, if you sought;  
 Oh, how glad I am 't is so,  
 Pittypat and Tippytoe!

---

### BALOW, MY BONNIE

HUSH, bonnie, dinna greit;  
 Moder will rocke her sweete,—  
     Balow, my boy!  
 When that his toile ben done,  
 Daddie will come anone,—  
 Hush thee, my lyttel one;  
     Balow, my boy!

Gin thou dost sleepe, perchaunce  
 Fayries will come to daunce,—  
     Balow, my boy!  
 Oft hath thy moder seene  
 Moonlight and mirkland queene  
 Daunce on thy slumbering een,—  
     Balow, my boy!

Then droned a bomblebee  
 Saftly this songe to thee:  
     “Balow, my boy!”  
 And a wee heather bell,  
 Pluckt from a fayry dell,  
 Chimed thee this rune hersell:  
     “Balow, my boy!”

Soe, bonnie, dinna greit;  
 Moder doth rocke her sweete,—  
     Balow, my boy!  
 Give mee thy lyttel hand,  
 Moder will hold it and  
 Lead thee to balow land,—  
     Balow, my boy!

---

## THE HAWTHORNE CHILDREN

THE Hawthorne children—seven in all—  
 Are famous friends of mine,  
 And with what pleasure I recall  
 How, years ago, one gloomy fall,  
     I took a tedious railway line  
 And journeyed by slow stages down  
 Unto that sleepy seaport town  
     (Albeit one worth seeing),  
 Where Hildegarde, John, Henry, Fred,

And Beatrix and Gwendolen  
 And she that was the baby then—  
     These famous seven, as aforesaid,  
     Lived, moved, and had their being.

The Hawthorne children gave me such  
     A welcome by the sea,  
 That the eight of us were soon in touch,  
 And though their mother marvelled much,  
     Happy as larks were we!  
 Egad I was a boy again  
 With Henry, John, and Gwendolen!  
     And, oh! the funny capers  
     I cut with Hildegarde and Fred!  
 The pranks we heedless children played,  
 The deafening, awful noise we made—  
     'T would shock my family, if they read  
     About it in the papers!

The Hawthorne children all were smart;  
     The girls, as I recall,  
 Had comprehended every art  
 Appealing to the head and heart,  
     The boys were gifted, all;  
 'T was Hildegarde who showed me how  
 To hitch the horse and milk a cow  
     And cook the best of suppers;  
     With Beatrix upon the sands  
 I sprinted daily, and was beat,  
 While Henry stumped me to the feat  
     Of walking round upon my hands  
     Instead of on my "uppers."

The Hawthorne children liked me best  
     Of evenings, after tea;  
 For then, by general request,  
 I spun them yarns about the west—  
     And *all* involving Me!

I represented how I'd slain  
 The bison on the gore-smeared plain,  
 And divers tales of wonder  
 I told of how I'd fought and bled  
 In Injun scrimmages galore,  
 Till Mrs. Hawthorne quoth, "No more!"  
 And packed her darlings off to bed  
 To dream of blood and thunder!

They must have changed a deal since then:  
 The misses tall and fair  
 And those three lusty, handsome men,  
 Would they be girls and boys again  
 Were I to happen there,  
 Down in that spot beside the sea  
 Where we made such tumultuous glee  
 In dull autumnal weather?  
 Ah me! the years go swiftly by,  
 And yet how fondly I recall  
 The week when we were children all—  
 Dear Hawthorne children, you and I—  
 Just eight of us, together!

---

## LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

(JAPANESE LULLABY)

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings—  
 Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;  
 Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—  
 Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—  
 Silvery star with a tinkling song;  
 To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—  
 Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—  
 Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;  
 All silently creeping, it asks: “Is he sleeping—  
 Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?”

Up from the sea there floats the sob  
 Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,  
 As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—  
 Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—  
 Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;  
 Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—  
 Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

---

### THE LYTTEL BOY

SOME time there ben a lyttel boy  
 That wolde not renne and play,  
 And helpless like that little tyke  
 Ben allwais in the way.  
 “Goe, make you merrie with the rest,”  
 His weary moder cried;  
 But with a frown he catcht her gown  
 And hong untill her side.

That boy did love his moder well,  
 Which spake him faire, I ween;  
 He loved to stand and hold her hand  
 And ken her with his een;  
 His cosset bleated in the croft,  
 His toys unheeded lay,—  
 He wolde not goe, but, tarrying soe,  
 Ben allwais in the way.

Godde loveth children and doth gird  
 His throne with soche as these,



And he doth smile in plaisaunce while  
 They cluster at his knees;  
 And some time, when he looked on earth  
 And watched the bairns at play,  
 He kenned with joy a lyttel boy  
 Ben allwais in the way.

And then a moder felt her heart  
 How that it ben to-torne,  
 She kissed eche day till she ben gray  
 The shoon he use to worn;  
 No bairn let hold untill her gown  
 Nor played upon the floore,—  
 Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy  
 Ben in the way no more!

---

 TEENY-WEENY

EVERY evening, after tea,  
 Teeny-Weeny comes to me,  
 And, astride my willing knee,  
 Plies his lash and rides away;  
 Though that palfrey, all too spare,  
 Finds his burden hard to bear,  
 Teeny-Weeny doesn't care;  
 He commands, and I obey!

First it's trot, and gallop then;  
 Now it's back to trot again;  
 Teeny-Weeny likes it when  
 He is riding fierce and fast.  
 Then his dark eyes brighter grow  
 And his cheeks are all aglow:  
 "More!" he cries, and never "Whoa!"  
 Till the horse breaks down at last.

Oh, the strange and lovely sights  
 Teeny-Weeny sees of nights,

As he makes those famous flights  
 On that wondrous horse of his!  
 Oftentimes before he knows,  
 Wearylike his eyelids close,  
 And, still smiling, off he goes  
 Where the land of By-low is.

There he sees the folk of fay  
 Hard at ring-a-rosie play,  
 And he hears those fairies say:  
 "Come, let 's chase him to and fro!"  
 But, with a defiant shout,  
 Teeny puts that host to rout;  
 Of this tale I make no doubt,  
 Every night he tells it so.

So I feel a tender pride  
 In my boy who dares to ride  
 That fierce horse of his astride,  
 Off into those misty lands;  
 And as on my breast he lies,  
 Dreaming in that wondrous wise,  
 I caress his folded eyes,  
 Pat his little dimpled hands.

On a time he went away,  
 Just a little while to stay,  
 And I 'm not ashamed to say  
 I was very lonely then;  
 Life without him was so sad,  
 You can fancy I was glad  
 And made merry when I had  
 Teeny-Weeny back again!

So of evenings, after tea,  
 When he toddles up to me  
 And goes tugging at my knee,  
 You should hear his palfrey neigh!

You should see him prance and shy,  
 When, with an exulting cry,  
 Teeny-Weeny, vaulting high,  
 Plies his lash and rides away!

---

## NELLIE

His listening soul hears no echo of battle,  
 No pæan of triumph nor welcome of fame;  
 But down through the years comes a little one's prattle,  
 And softly he murmurs her idolized name.  
 And it seems as if now at his heart she were clinging  
 As she clung in those dear, distant years to his knee;  
 He sees her fair face, and he hears her sweet singing—  
 And Nellie is coming from over the sea.

While each patriot's hope stays the fulness of sorrow,  
 While our eyes are bedimmed and our voices are low,  
 He dreams of the daughter who comes with the morrow  
 Like an angel come back from the dear long ago.  
 Ah, what to him now is a nation's emotion,  
 And what for our love or our grief careth he?  
 A swift-speeding ship is a-sail on the ocean,  
 And Nellie is coming from over the sea!

O daughter—my daughter! when Death stands before me  
 And beckons me off to that far misty shore,  
 Let me see your loved form bending tenderly o'er me,  
 And feel your dear kiss on my lips as of yore.  
 In the grace of your love all my anguish abating,  
 I'll bear myself bravely and proudly as he,  
 And know the sweet peace that hallowed his waiting  
 When Nellie was coming from over the sea.

## NORSE LULLABY

THE sky is dark and the hills are white  
 As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night;  
 And this is the song the storm-king sings,  
 As over the world his cloak he flings:  
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep";  
 He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:  
 "Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine  
 Clings at the foot of a mother pine;  
 The tree bends over the trembling thing,  
 And only the vine can hear her sing:  
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—  
 What shall you fear when I am here?  
 Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,  
 The tree may croon to the vine to-night,  
 But the little snowflake at my breast  
 Liketh the song *I* sing the best—  
 Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;  
 Weary thou art, a-next my heart  
 Sleep, little one, sleep.

---

 GRANDMA'S PRAYER

I PRAY that, risen from the dead,  
 I may in glory stand—  
 A crown, perhaps, upon my head,  
 But a needle in my hand.

I've never learned to sing or play,  
 So let no harp be mine;  
 From birth unto my dying day,  
 Plain sewing's been my line.

Therefore, accustomed to the end  
 To plying useful stitches,  
 I'll be content if asked to mend  
 The little angels' breeches.

---

## SOME TIME

LAST night, my darling, as you slept,  
 I thought I heard you sigh,  
 And to your little crib I crept,  
 And watched a space thereby;  
 Then, bending down, I kissed your brow—  
 For, oh! I love you so—  
 You are too young to know it now,  
 But some time you shall know.

Some time, when, in a darkened place  
 Where others come to weep,  
 Your eyes shall see a weary face  
 Calm in eternal sleep;  
 The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,  
 The patient smile may show—  
 You are too young to know it now,  
 But some time you shall know.

Look backward, then, into the years.  
 And see me here to-night—  
 See, O my darling! how my tears  
 Are falling as I write;  
 And feel once more upon your brow  
 The kiss of long ago—  
 You are too young to know it now,  
 But some time you shall know.

## THE FIRE-HANGBIRD'S NEST

As I am sitting in the sun upon the porch to-day,  
 I look with wonder at the elm that stands across the way;  
 I say and mean "with wonder," for now it seems to me  
 That elm is not as tall as years ago it used to be!  
 The old fire-hangbird 's built her nest therein for many springs—  
 High up amid the sportive winds the curious cradle swings,  
 But not so high as when a little boy I did my best  
 To scale that elm and carry off the old fire-hangbird's nest!

The Hubbard boys had tried in vain to reach the homely prize  
 That dangled from that upper outer twig in taunting wise,  
 And once, when Deacon Turner's boy had almost grasped the  
 limb,  
 He fell! and had to have a doctor operate on him!  
 Philetus Baker broke his leg and Orrin Root his arm—  
 But what of that? The danger gave the sport a special charm!  
 The Bixby and the Cutler boys, the Newtons and the rest  
 Ran every risk to carry off the old fire-hangbird's nest!

I can remember that I used to knee my trousers through,  
 That mother used to wonder how my legs got black and blue,  
 And how she used to talk to me and make stern threats when  
 she  
 Discovered that my hobby was the nest in yonder tree;  
 How, as she patched my trousers or greased my purple legs,  
 She told me 't would be wicked to destroy a hangbird's eggs,  
 And then she 'd call on father and on gran'pa to attest  
 That they, as boys, had never robbed an old fire-hangbird's nest!

Yet all those years I coveted the trophy flaunting there,  
 While, as it were in mockery of my abject despair,  
 The old fire-hangbird confidently used to come and go.  
 As if she were indifferent to the bandit horde below!  
 And sometimes clinging to her nest we thought we heard her chide  
 The callow brood whose cries betrayed the fear that reigned in-  
 side:  
 "Hush, little dears! all profitless shall be their wicked quest—  
 I knew my business when I built the old fire-hangbird's nest!"

For many, very many years that mother-bird has come  
 To rear her pretty little brood within that cosey home.  
 She is the selfsame bird of old—I'm certain it is she—  
 Although the chances are that she has quite forgotten me.  
 Just as of old that prudent, crafty bird of compound name  
 (And in parenthesis I'll say her nest is still the same);  
 Just as of old the passion, too, that fires the youthful breast  
 To climb unto and comprehend the old fire-hangbird's nest!

I like to see my old-time friend swing in that ancient tree,  
 And, if the elm's as tall and sturdy as it *used* to be,  
 I'm sure that many a year that nest shall in the breezes blow,  
 For boys are n't what they used to be a forty years ago!  
 The elm looks shorter than it did when brother Rufe and I  
 Beheld with envious hearts that trophy flaunted from on high;  
 He writes that in the city where he's living 'way out West  
 His little boys have never seen an old fire-hangbird's nest!

Poor little chaps! how lonesomelike their city life must be—  
 I wish they'd come and live awhile in this old house with me!  
 They'd have the honest friends and healthful sports I used to know  
 When brother Rufe and I were boys a forty years ago.  
 So, when they grew from romping lads to busy, useful men,  
 They could recall with proper pride their country life again;  
 And of those recollections of their youth I'm sure the best  
 Would be of how they sought in vain the old fire-hangbird's nest!

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## BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT

BUTTERCUP, Poppy, Forget-me-not—  
 These three bloomed in a garden spot;  
 And once, all merry with song and play,  
 A little one heard three voices say:  
 "Shine and shadow, summer and spring,  
 O thou child with the tangled hair  
 And laughing eyes! we three shall bring  
 Each an offering passing fair."  
 The little one did not understand,  
 But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gambolled all day long,  
 Sharing the little one's mirth and song;  
 Then, stealing along on misty gleams,  
 Poppy came bearing the sweetest dreams.  
     Playing and dreaming—and that was all  
     'Till once a sleeper would not awake;  
     Kissing the little face under the pall,  
     We thought of the words the third flower spake;  
 And we found betimes in a hallowed spot  
 The solace and peace of Forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,  
 Glinting with gold the hours of play;  
 Bringeth the Poppy sweet repose,  
 When the hands would fold and the eyes would close;  
     And after it all—the play and the sleep  
     Of a little life—what cometh then?  
     To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep  
     A new flower bringeth God's peace again.  
 Each one serveth its tender lot—  
 Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not.

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### WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

(DUTCH LULLABY)

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night  
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
 Sailed on a river of crystal light,  
 Into a sea of dew.  
 “Where are you going, and what do you wish?”  
 The old moon asked the three.  
 “We have come to fish for the herring fish  
 That live in this beautiful sea;  
 Nets of silver and gold have we!”  
     Said Wynken,  
     Blynken,  
     And Nod.



The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea—  
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish—  
Never afeard are we”;  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam—  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea—  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

## GOLD AND LOVE FOR DEARIE

(CORNISH LULLABY)

OUT on the mountain over the town,  
 All night long, all night long,  
 The trolls go up and the trolls go down,  
 Bearing their packs and singing a song;  
 And this is the song the hill-folk croon,  
 As they trudge in the light of the misty moon—  
 This is ever their dolorous tune:  
 “Gold, gold! ever more gold—  
 Bright red gold for dearie!”

Deep in the hill a father delves  
 All night long, all night long;  
 None but the peering, furtive elves  
 Sees his toil and hears his song;  
 Merrily ever the cavern rings  
 As merrily ever his pick he swings,  
 And merrily ever this song he sings:  
 “Gold, gold! ever more gold—  
 Bright red gold for dearie!”

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed  
 All night long, all night long,  
 Happy to smooth thy curly head,  
 To hold thy hand and to sing *her* song:  
 'T is not of the hill-folk dwarfed and old,  
 Nor the song of thy father, stanch and bold,  
 And the burthen it beareth is not of gold:  
 But it's “Love, love! nothing but love—  
 Mother's love for dearie!”

## THE PEACE OF CHRISTMAS-TIME

DEAREST, how hard it is to say  
That all is for the best,  
Since, sometimes, in a grievous way  
God's will is manifest.

See with what hearty, noisy glee  
Our little ones to-night  
Dance round and round our Christmas tree  
With pretty toys bedight.

Dearest, one voice they may not hear,  
One face they may not see—  
Ah, what of all this Christmas cheer  
Cometh to you and me?

Cometh before our misty eyes  
That other little face,  
And we clasp, in tender, reverent wise,  
That love in the old embrace.

Dearest, the Christ-child walks to-night,  
Bringing his peace to men,  
And he bringeth to you and to me the light  
Of the old, old years again.

Bringeth the peace of long ago,  
When a wee one clasped your knee  
And lisped of the morrow—dear one, you know—  
And here come back is he!

Dearest, 't is sometimes hard to say  
That all is for the best,  
For, often, in a grievous way  
God's will is manifest.

But in the grace of this holy night  
That bringeth us back our child,  
Let us see that the ways of God are right,  
And so be reconciled.

---

### TO A LITTLE BROOK

YOU'RE not so big as you were then,  
O little brook!—  
I mean those hazy summers when  
We boys roamed, full of awe, beside  
Your noisy, foaming, tumbling tide,  
And wondered if it could be true  
That there were bigger brooks than you,  
O mighty brook, O peerless brook!

All up and down this reedy place  
Where lives the brook,  
We angled for the furtive dace;  
The redwing-blackbird did his best  
To make us think he'd built his nest  
Hard by the stream, when, like as not,  
He'd hung it in a secret spot  
Far from the brook, the telltale brook!

And often, when the noontime heat  
Parboiled the brook,  
We'd draw our boots and swing our feet  
Upon the waves that, in their play,  
Would tag us last and scoot away;  
And mother never seemed to know  
What burnt our legs and chapped them so—  
But father guessed it was the brook!

And Fido—how he loved to swim  
The cooling brook,  
Whenever we'd throw sticks for him;  
And how we boys *did* wish that we

Could only swim as good as he—  
 Why, Daniel Webster never was  
 Recipient of such great applause  
 As Fido, battling with the brook!

But once—O most unhappy day  
 For you, my brook!—  
 Came Cousin Sam along that way;  
 And, having lived a spell out West,  
 Where creeks are n't counted much at best,  
 He neither waded, swam, nor leapt,  
 But, with superb indifference, *stept*  
 Across that brook—our mighty brook!

Why do you scamper on your way,  
 You little brook,  
 When I come back to you to-day?  
 Is it because you flee the grass  
 That lunges at you as you pass,  
 As if, in playful mood, it would  
 Tickle the truant if it could,  
 You chuckling brook—you saucy brook?

Or is it you no longer know—  
 You fickle brook—  
 The honest friend of long ago?  
 The years that kept us twain apart  
 Have changed my face, but not my heart—  
 Many and sore those years, and yet  
 I fancied you could not forget  
 That happy time, my playmate brook!

Oh, sing again in artless glee,  
 My little brook,  
 The song you used to sing for me—  
 The song that's lingered in my ears  
 So soothingly these many years;  
 My grief shall be forgotten when  
 I hear your tranquil voice again  
 And that sweet song, dear little brook!

## CROODLIN' DOO

Ho, pretty bee, did you see my croodlin' doo?  
 Ho, little lamb, is she jinkin' on the lea?  
 Ho, bonnie fairy, bring my dearie back to me—  
 Got a lump o' sugar an' a posie for you,  
 Only bring me back my wee, wee croodlin' doo!

Why! here you are, my little croodlin' doo!  
 Looked in er cradle, but did n't find you there—  
 Looked f'r my wee, wee croodlin' doo ever'where;  
 Be'n kind lonesome all er day withouten you—  
 Where you be'n, my teeny, wee, wee croodlin' doo?

Now you go balow, my little croodlin' doo;  
 Now you go rockaby ever so far,—  
 Rockaby, rockaby up to the star  
 That 's winkin' an' blinkin' an' singin' to you,  
 As you go balow, my wee, wee croodlin' doo!

---

 LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCI

LITTLE Mistress Sans-Merci  
 Fareth world-wide, fancy free:  
 Trotteth cooing to and fro,  
 And her cooing is command—  
 Never ruled there yet, I trow,  
 Mightier despot in the land.  
 And my heart it lieth where  
 Mistress Sans-Merci doth fare.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci—  
 She hath made a slave of me!  
 "Go," she biddeth, and I go—  
 "Come," and I am fain to come

Never mercy doth she show,  
 Be she wroth or frolicsome,  
 Yet am I content to be  
 Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci  
 Hath become so dear to me  
 That I count as passing sweet  
 All the pain her moods impart,  
 And I bless the little feet  
 That go trampling on my heart:  
 Ah, how lonely life would be  
 But for little Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,  
 Cuddle close this night to me,  
 And the heart, which all day long  
 Ruthless thou hast trod upon,  
 Shall outpour a soothing song  
 For its best belovèd one—  
 All its tenderness for thee,  
 Little Mistress Sans-Merci!

---

LONG AGO

I ONCE knew all the birds that came  
 And nested in our orchard trees,  
 For every flower I had a name—  
 My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees;  
 I knew where thrived in yonder glen  
 What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—  
 Oh, I was very learned then,  
 But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill  
 Where checkerberries could be found,  
 I knew the rushes near the mill  
 Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound'

I knew the wood—the very tree  
 Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,  
 And all the woods and crows knew me—  
 But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth  
 I tread the old familiar spot  
 Only to learn this solemn truth:  
 I have forgotten, am forgot.  
 Yet here 's this youngster at my knee  
 Knows all the things I used to know;  
 To think I once was wise as he!—  
 But that was very long ago.

I know it 's folly to complain  
 Of whatsoe'er the fates decree,  
 Yet, were not wishes all in vain,  
 I tell you what my wish should be:  
 I 'd wish to be a boy again,  
 Back with the friends I used to know.  
 For I was, oh, so happy then—  
 But that was very long ago!

---

### IN THE FIRELIGHT

THE fire upon the hearth is low,  
 And there is stillness everywhere,  
 And, like wing'd spirits, here and there  
 The firelight shadows fluttering go.  
 And as the shadows round me creep,  
 A childish treble breaks the gloom,  
 And softly from a further room  
 Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little pray'r  
 And that sweet treble in my ears,  
 My thought goes back to distant years,  
 And lingers with a dear one there.



And as I hear my child's amen,  
 My mother's faith comes back to me—  
 Crouched at her side I seem to be,  
 And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place—  
 Oh, for the peace of that dear time—  
 Oh, for that childish trust sublime—  
 Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!  
 Yet, as the shadows round me creep,  
 I do not seem to be alone—  
 Sweet magic of that treble tone  
 And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

---

 COBBLER AND STORK

## COBBLER

STORK, I am justly wroth,  
 For thou hast wronged me sore;  
 The ash roof-tree that shelters thee  
 Shall shelter thee no more!

## STORK

Full fifty years I've dwelt  
 Upon this honest tree,  
 And long ago (as people know!)  
 I brought thy father thee.  
 What hail hath chilled thy heart,  
 That thou shouldst bid me go?  
 Speak out, I pray—then I'll away,  
 Since thou commandest so.

## COBBLER

Thou tellest of the time  
 When, wheeling from the west,  
 This hut thou sought'st and one thou brought'st  
 Unto a mother's breast.

I was the wretched child  
 Was fetched that dismal morn—  
 'T were better die than be (as I)  
 To life of misery born!  
 And hadst thou borne me on  
 Still farther up the town,  
 A king I 'd be of high degree,  
 And wear a golden crown!  
 For yonder lives the prince  
 Was brought that selfsame day  
 How happy he, while—look at me!  
 I toil my life away!  
 And see my little boy—  
 To what estate he 's born!  
 Why, when I die no hoard leave I  
 But poverty and scorn.  
 And *thou* hast done it all—  
 I might have been a king  
 And ruled in state, but for thy hate,  
 Thou base, perfidious thing!

## STORK

Since, cobbler, thou dost speak  
 Of one thou lovest well,  
 Hear of that king what grievous thing  
 This very morn befell.  
 Whilst round thy homely bench  
 Thy well-belovèd played,  
 In yonder hall beneath a pall  
 A little one was laid;  
 Thy well-belovèd's face  
 Was rosy with delight,  
 But 'neath that pall in yonder hall  
 The little face is white;  
 Whilst by a merry voice  
 Thy soul is filled with cheer,  
 Another weeps for one that sleeps  
 All mute and cold anear;  
 One father hath his hope,  
 And one is childless now:

*He wears a crown and rules a town—  
 Only a cobbler thou!  
 Wouldst thou exchange thy lot  
 At price of such a woe?  
 I'll nest no more above thy door,  
 But, as thou bidst me, go.*

COBBLER

Nay, stork! thou shalt remain—  
 I mean not what I said;  
 Good neighbors we must always be,  
 So make thy home o'erhead.  
 I would not change my bench  
 For any monarch's throne,  
 Nor sacrifice at any price  
 My darling and my own!  
 Stork! on my roof-tree bide,  
 That, seeing thee anear,  
 I'll thankful be God sent by thee  
 Me and my darling here!

---

“LOLLYBY, LOLLY, LOLLYBY”

LAST night, whiles that the curfew bell ben ringing,  
 I heard a moder to her dearie singing  
     “Lollyby, lolly, lollyby”;  
 And presently that chylde did cease hys weeping,  
 And on his moder's breast did fall a-sleeping  
     To “lolly, lolly, lollyby.”

Faire ben the chylde unto his moder clinging,  
 But fairer yet the moder's gentle singing—  
     “Lollyby, lolly, lollyby”;  
 And angels came and kist the dearie smiling  
 In dreems while him hys moder ben beguiling  
     With “lolly, lolly, lollyby.”

Then to my harte saies I: "Oh, that thy beating  
 Colde be assuaged by some sweete voice repeating  
     'Lollyby, lolly, lollyby';  
 That like this lyttel chylde I, too, ben sleeping  
 With plaisaunt phantasies about me creeping,  
     To 'lolly, lolly, lollyby'!"

Some time—mayhap when curfew bells are ringing—  
 A weary harte shall heare straunge voices singing  
     "Lollyby, lolly, lollyby";  
 Some time, mayhap, with Chryst's love round me streaming  
 I shall be lulled into eternal dreeming,  
     With "lolly, lolly, lollyby."

---

### A VALENTINE

YOUR gran'ma, in her youth, was quite  
 As blithe a little maid as you.  
 And, though her hair is snowy white,  
 Her eyes still have their maiden blue,  
 And on her cheeks, as fair as thine,  
 Methinks a girlish blush would glow  
 If she recalled the valentine  
 She got, ah! many years ago.

A valorous youth loved gran'ma then,  
 And wooed her in that auld lang syne;  
 And first he told his secret when  
 He sent the maid that valentine.  
 No perfumed page nor sheet of gold  
 Was that first hint of love he sent,  
 But with the secret gran'pa told—  
 "I love you"—gran'ma was content.

Go, ask your gran'ma, if you will,  
 If--though her head be bowed and gray—  
 If--though her feeble pulse be chill—  
 True love abideth not for aye;

By that quaint portrait on the wall,  
 That smiles upon her from above,  
 Methinks your gran'ma can recall  
 The sweet divinity of love.

Dear Elsie, here 's no page of gold—  
 No sheet embossed with cunning art--  
 But here 's a solemn pledge of old:  
 "I love you, love, with all my heart."  
 And if in what I send you here  
 You read not all of love expressed,  
 Go—go to gran'ma, Elsie dear,  
 And she will tell you all the rest!



## AT THE DOOR

I THOUGHT myself, indeed, secure,  
 So fast the door, so firm the lock;  
 But, lo! he toddling comes to lure  
 My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand  
 The sweetness of my baby's plea,—  
 That timorous, baby knocking and  
 "Please let me in,—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,  
 Regardless of its tempting charms,  
 And, opening wide the door, I took  
 My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,  
 I, like a truant child, shall wait  
 The glories of a life to be,  
 Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed  
 The truant's supplicating cry,  
 As at the outer door I plead,  
 "'T is J O Father! only I"?

---

HI-SPY

STRANGE that the city thoroughfare,  
 Noisy and bustling all the day,  
 Should with the night renounce its care  
 And lend itself to children's play!

Oh, girls are girls, and boys are boys,  
 And have been so since Abel's birth,  
 And shall be so till dolls and toys  
 Are with the children swept from earth.

The self-same sport that crowns the day  
 Of many a Syrian shepherd's son,  
 Beguiles the little lads at play  
 By night in stately Babylon.

I hear their voices in the street,  
 Yet 't is so different now from then!  
 Come, brother! from your winding-sheet,  
 And let us two be boys again!

---

LITTLE BOY BLUE

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,  
 But sturdy and stanch he stands;  
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
 And his musket moulds in his hands.  
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
 And the soldier was passing fair;  
 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
 Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said.  
 "And don't you make any noise!"  
 So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
 He dreamt of the pretty toys;  
 And, as he was dreaming, an angel song  
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
 Oh! the years are many, the years are long,  
 But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
 Each in the same old place—  
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
 The smile of a little face;  
 And they wonder, as waiting the long years through  
 In the dust of that little chair,  
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue,  
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

---

### FATHER'S LETTER

I'M going to write a letter to our oldest boy who went  
 Out West last spring to practise law and run for president;  
 I'll tell him all the gossip I guess he'd like to hear,  
 For he has n't seen the home-folks for going on a year!  
 Most generally it's Marthy does the writing, but as she  
 Is suffering with a felon, why, the job devolves on me—  
 So, when the supper things are done and put away to-night,  
 I'll draw my boots and shed my coat and settle down to write.

I'll tell him crops are looking up, with prospects big for corn,  
 That, fooling with the barnyard gate, the off-ox hurt his horn;  
 That the Templar lodge is doing well—Tim Bennett joined last  
 week  
 When the prohibition candidate for Congress came to speak;  
 That the old gray woodchuck's living still down in the pasture-lot,  
 A-wondering what's become of little William, like as not!  
 Oh, yes, there's lots of pleasant things and no bad news to tell,  
 Except that old Bill Graves was sick, but now he's up and well.

Cy Cooper says—(but I 'll not pass my word that it is so,  
 For Cy he is some punkins on spinning yarns, you know)—  
 He says that, since the freshet, the pickerel are so thick  
 In Baker's pond you can wade in and kill 'em with a stick!  
 The Hubbard girls are teaching school, and Widow Cutler's Bill  
 Has taken Eli Baxter's place in Luther Eastman's mill;  
 Old Deacon Skinner's dog licked Deacon Howard's dog last week,  
 And now there are two lambkins in one flock that will not speak.

The yellow rooster froze his feet, a-wadin' through the snow  
 And now he leans ag'in' the fence when he starts in to crow;  
 The chestnut colt that was so skittish when *he* went away—  
 I've broke him to the sulky and I drive him every day!  
 We've got pink window curtains for the front spare-room up-  
 stairs,  
 And Lizzie's made new covers for the parlor lounge and chairs;  
 We've roofed the barn and braced the elm that has the hangbird's  
 nest—  
 Oh, there's been lots of changes since our William went out West!

Old Uncle Enos Packard is getting mighty gay—  
 He gave Miss Susan Birchard a peach the other day!  
 His late lamented Sarah hain't been buried quite a year,  
 So his purring 'round Miss Susan causes criticism here.  
 At the last donation party, the minister opined  
 That, if he'd half suspicioned what was coming, he'd resigned;  
 For, though they brought him slippers like he was a centipede,  
 His pantry was depleted by the consequential feed!

These are the things I'll write him—our boy that's in the West;  
 And I'll tell him how we miss him—his mother and the rest;  
 Why, we never have an apple-pie that mother does n't say:  
 "He liked it so—I wish that he could have a piece to-day!"  
 I'll tell him we are prospering, and hope he is the same—  
 That we hope he'll have no trouble getting on to wealth and  
 fame;  
 And just before I write "good-by from father and the rest,"  
 I'll say that "mother sends her love" and that will please him  
 best.



For when *I* went away from home, the weekly news I heard  
 Was nothing to the tenderness I found in that one word—  
 The sacred name of mother—why, even now as then,  
 The thought brings back the saintly face, the gracious love again  
 And in my bosom seems to come a peace that is divine,  
 As if an angel spirit communed awhile with mine;  
 And one man's heart is strengthened by the message from above,  
 And earth seems nearer heaven when "mother sends her love."

---

 JEWISH LULLABY

My harp is on the willow-tree,  
 Else would I sing, O love, to thee  
     A song of long-ago—  
 Perchance the song that Miriam sung  
 Ere yet Judea's heart was wrung  
     By centuries of woe.

I ate my crust in tears to-day,  
 As scourged I went upon my way—  
     And yet my darling smiled;  
 Ay, beating at my breast, he laughed—  
 My anguish curdled not the draught—  
     'T was sweet with love, my child!

The shadow of the centuries lies  
 Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes—  
     But, hush! and close them now;  
 And in the dreams that thou shalt dream  
 The light of other days shall seem  
     To glorify thy brow!

Our harp is on the willow-tree—  
 I have no song to sing to thee,  
     As shadows round us roll;  
 But, hush and sleep, and thou shalt hear  
 Jehovah's voice that speaks to cheer  
     Judea's fainting soul!

## OUR WHIPPINGS

COME, Harvey, let us sit awhile and talk about the times  
 Before you went to selling clothes and I to peddling rhymes—  
 The days when we were little boys, as naughty little boys  
 As ever worried home-folks with their everlasting noise!  
 Egad! and, were we so disposed, I'll venture we could show  
 The scars of wallopings we got some forty years ago;  
 What wallopings I mean I think I need not specify—  
 Mother's whippings did n't hurt, but father's! oh, my!

The way that we played hookey those many years ago—  
 We'd rather give 'most anything than have our children know!  
 The thousand naughty things we did, the thousand fibs we told—  
 Why, thinking of them makes my Presbyterian blood run cold!  
 How often Deacon Sabine Morse remarked if we were his  
 He'd tan our "pesky little hides until the blisters riz!"  
 It's many a hearty thrashing to that Deacon Morse we owe—  
 Mother's whippings did n't count—father's did, though!

We used to sneak off swimmin' in those careless, boyish days,  
 And come back home of evenings with our necks and backs ablaze;  
 How mother used to wonder why our clothes were full of sand,  
 But father, having been a boy, appeared to understand.  
 And, after tea, he'd beckon us to join him in the shed  
 Where he'd proceed to tinge our backs a deeper, darker red;  
 Say what we will of mother's, there is none will controvert  
 The proposition that our father's lickings always hurt!

For mother was by nature so forgiving and so mild  
 That she inclined to spare the rod although she spoiled the child;  
 And when at last in self-defence she had to whip us, she  
 Appeared to feel those whippings a great deal more than we!  
 But how we bellowed and took on, as if we'd like to die—  
 Poor mother really thought she hurt, and that's what made *her* cry!  
 Then how we youngsters snickered as out the door we slid,  
 For mother's whippings never hurt, though father's always did.

In after years poor father simmered down to five feet four,  
 But in our youth he seemed to us in height eight feet or more!  
 Oh, how we shivered when he quoth in cold, suggestive tone:  
 "I'll see you in the woodshed after supper all alone!"  
 Oh, how the legs and arms and dust and trouser buttons flew—  
 What florid vocalisms marked that vesper interview!  
 Yes, after all this lapse of years, I feelingly assert,  
 With all respect to mother, it was father's whippings hurt.

The little boy experiencing that tinglin' neath his vest  
 Is often loath to realize that all is for the best;  
 Yet, when the boy gets older, he pictures with delight  
 The buffetings of childhood—as we do here to-night.  
 The years, the gracious years, have smoothed and beautified the  
     ways  
 That to our little feet seemed all too rugged in the days  
 Before you went to selling clothes and I to peddling rhymes—  
 So, Harvey, let us sit awhile and think upon those times.

---

### THE ARMENIAN MOTHER

I WAS a mother, and I weep;  
     The night is come—the day is sped—  
 The night of woe profound, for, oh,  
     My little golden son is dead!

The pretty rose that bloomed anon  
     Upon my mother breast, they stole;  
 They let the dove I nursed with love  
     Fly far away—so sped my soul!

That falcon Death swooped down upon  
     My sweet-voiced turtle as he sung;  
 'T is hushed and dark where soared the lark,  
     And so, and so my heart was wrung!

Before my eyes, they sent the hail  
 Upon my green pomegranate-tree—  
 Upon the bough where only now  
 A rosy apple bent to me.

They shook my beauteous almond-tree,  
 Beating its glorious bloom to death—  
 They strewed it round upon the ground,  
 And mocked its fragrant dying breath.

I was a mother, and I weep;  
 I seek the rose where nestleth none—  
 No more is heard the singing bird—  
 I have no little golden son!

So fall the shadows over me,  
 The blighted garden, lonely nest.  
 Reach down in love, O God above!  
 And fold my darling to thy breast.

---

## HEIGHO, MY DEARIE

(ORKNEY LULLABY)

A MOONBEAM floateth from the skies,  
 Whispering: "Heigho, my dearie;  
 I would spin a web before your eyes—  
 A beautiful web of silver light  
 Wherein is many a wondrous sight  
 Of a radiant garden leagues away,  
 Where the softly tinkling lilies sway  
 And the snow-white lambkins are at play—  
 Heigho, my dearie!"

A brownie stealeth from the vine,  
 Singing: "Heigho, my dearie;  
 And will you hear this song of mine—

A song of the land of murk and mist  
 Where bideth the bud the dew hath kist?  
 Then let the moonbeam's web of light  
 Be spun before thee silvery white,  
 And I shall sing the livelong night—  
     Heigho, my dearie!"

The night wind speedeth from the sea,  
     Murmuring: "Heigho, my dearie;  
 I bring a mariner's prayer for thee;  
 So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,  
 And the brownie sing thee lullabies—  
 But I shall rock thee to and fro,  
 Kissing the brow *he* loveth so.  
 And the prayer shall guard thy bed, I trow—  
     Heigho, my dearie!"

---

## TO A USURPER

AHA! a traitor in the camp,  
     A rebel strangely bold,—  
 A lispng, laughing, toddling scamp,  
     Not more than four years old!

To think that I, who 've ruled alone  
     So proudly in the past,  
 Should be ejected from my throne  
     By my own son at last!

He trots his treason to and fro,  
     As only babies can,  
 And says he 'll be his mamma's beau  
     When he 's a "gweat, big man"!

You stingy boy! you 've always had  
     A share in mamma's heart.  
 Would you begrudge your poor old dad  
     The tiniest little part?

That mamma, I regret to see,  
 Inclines to take your part,—  
 As if a dual monarchy  
 Should rule her gentle heart!

But when the years of youth have sped  
 The bearded man, I trow,  
 Will quite forget he ever said  
 He 'd be his mamma's beau.

Renounce your treason, little son,  
 Leave mamma's heart to me;  
 For there will come another one  
 To claim your loyalty.

And when that other comes to you,  
 God grant her love may shine,  
 Through all your life, as fair and true  
 As mamma's does through minel

---

### THE BELL-FLOWER TREE

WHEN brother Bill and I were boys,  
 How often in the summer we  
 Would seek the shade your branches made,  
 O fair and gracious bell-flower tree!  
 Amid the clover bloom we sat  
 And looked upon the Holyoke range,  
 While Fido lay a space away,  
 Thinking our silence very strange.

The woodchuck in the pasture-lot,  
 Beside his furtive hole elate,  
 Heard, off beyond the pickerel pond,  
 The redwing-blackbird chide her mate.  
 The bumblebee went bustling round,  
 Pursuing labors never done—  
 With drone and sting, the greedy thing,  
 Begrudged the sweets we lay upon!

Our eyes looked always at the hills—  
The Holyoke hills that seemed to stand  
Between us boys and pictured joys  
Of conquest in a further land!  
Ah, how we coveted the time  
When we should leave this prosy place  
And work our wills beyond those hills,  
And meet creation face to face!

You must have heard our childish talk—  
Perhaps our prattle gave you pain;  
For then, old friend, you seemed to bend  
Your kindly arms about us twain.  
It might have been the wind that sighed,  
And yet I thought I heard you say:  
“Seek not the ills beyond those hills—  
Oh, stay with me, my children, stay!”

See, I've come back; the boy you knew  
Is wiser, older, sadder grown;  
I come once more, just as of yore—  
I come, but see! I come alone!  
The memory of a brother's love,  
Of blighted hopes, I bring with me,  
And here I lay my heart to-day—  
A weary heart, O bell-flower tree!

So let me nestle in your shade  
As though I were a boy again,  
And pray extend your arms, old friend,  
And love me as you used to then.  
Sing softly as you used to sing,  
And maybe I shall seem to be  
A little boy and feel the joy  
Of thy repose, O bell-flower tree!

## FAIRY AND CHILD

OH, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,  
 To the fairy voices calling,  
 For the moon is high in the misty sky  
 And the honey dew is falling;  
 To the midnight feast in the clover bloom  
 The bluebells are a-ringing,  
 And it's "Come away to the land of fay"  
 That the katydid is singing.

Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,  
 And hand in hand we'll wander—  
 Hand in hand to the beautiful land  
 Of Balow, away off yonder;  
 Or we'll sail along in a lily leaf  
 Into the white moon's halo—  
 Over a stream of mist and dream  
 Into the land of Balow.

Or, you shall have two beautiful wings—  
 Two gossamer wings and airy,  
 And all the while shall the old moon smile  
 And think you a little fairy;  
 And you shall dance in the velvet sky,  
 And the silvery stars shall twinkle  
 And dream sweet dreams as over their beams  
 Your footfalls softly tinkle.

---

 THE GRANDSIRE

I LOVED him so; his voice had grown  
 Into my heart, and now to hear  
 The pretty song he had sung so long  
 Die on the lips to me so dear!



*He* a child with golden curls,  
 And I with head as white as snow—  
 I knelt down there and made this pray'r:  
 "God, let me be the first to go!"

How often I recall it now:  
 My darling tossing on his bed,  
 I sitting there in mute despair,  
 Smoothing the curls that crowned his **head**.  
 They did not speak to me of death—  
 A feeling *here* had told me so;  
 What could I say or do but pray  
 That I might be the first to go?

Yet, thinking of him standing there  
 Out yonder as the years go by,  
 Waiting for me to come, I see  
 'T was better he should wait, not I.  
 For when I walk the vale of death,  
 Above the wail of Jordan's flow  
 Shall rise a song that shall make me strong—  
 The call of the child that was first to go.

---

## HUSHABY, SWEET MY OWN

(LULLABY: BY THE SEA)

FAIR is the castle upon the hill—  
 Hushaby, sweet my own!  
 The night is fair, and the waves are still,  
 And the wind is singing to you and to me  
 In this lowly home beside the sea—  
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—  
 Hushaby, sweet my own!  
 And revellers drink to a little one's **health**;

But you and I bide night and day  
 For the other love that has sailed away—  
     Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep  
     Ghostlike, O my own!  
 Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;  
 Oh, see them not and make no cry  
 Till the angels of death have passed us by—  
     Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reckon of you and me—  
     Hushaby, sweet my own!  
 In our lonely home beside the sea;  
 They seek the castle up on the hill,  
 And there they will do their ghostly will—  
     Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons  
     “Hushaby, sweet my own!”  
 In yonder castle a mother swoons  
 While the angels go down to the misty deep,  
 Bearing a little one fast asleep—  
     Hushaby, sweet my own!

---

### CHILD AND MOTHER

O MOTHER-MY-LOVE, if you 'll give me your hand,  
 And go where I ask you to wander,  
 I will lead you away to a beautiful land—  
     The Dreamland that 's waiting out yonder.  
 We 'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there  
     Where moonlight and starlight are streaming  
 And the flowers and the birds are filling the air  
     With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

**There 'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,**  
 No questions or cares to perplex you;  
**There 'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,**  
 Nor patching of stockings to vex you.  
**For I 'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,**  
 And sing you asleep when you 're weary,  
**And no one shall know of our beautiful dream**  
 But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I 'll nestle my head  
 In the bosom that 's soothed me so often,  
 And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead  
 A song which our dreaming shall soften.  
**So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,**  
 And away through the starlight we 'll wander—  
 Away through the mist to the beautiful land—  
 The Dreamland that 's waiting out yonder!

---

 MEDIÆVAL EVENTIDE SONG

**COME** hither, lyttel childe, and lie upon my breast to-night,  
 For yonder fares an angell yclad in raimaunt white,  
 And yonder sings ye angell as onely angells may,  
 And his songe ben of a garden that bloometh farre awaye.

To them that have no lyttel childe Godde sômetimes sendeth down  
 A lyttel childe that ben a lyttel angell of his owne;  
 And if so bee they love that childe, he willeth it to staye,  
 But elsewise, in his mercie, he taketh it awaye.

And sometimes, though they love it, Godde yearneth for ye childe,  
 And sendeth angells singing, whereby it ben beguiled;  
 They fold their arms about ye lamb that croodleth at his play,  
 And beare him to ye garden that bloometh farre awaye.

I wolde not lose ye lyttel lamb that Godde hath sent to me;  
 If I colde sing that angell songe, how joyesome I sholde be!  
 For, with mine arms about him, and my musick in his eare,  
 What angell songe of paradize soever sholde I feare?

Soe come, my lyttel childe, and lie upon my breast to-night,  
 For yonder fares an angell yclad in raimaunt white,  
 And yonder sings that angell, as onely angells may,  
 And his songe ben of a garden that bloometh farre awaye.

---

### ARMENIAN LULLABY

If thou wilt shut thy drowsy eyes,  
 My mulberry one, my golden sun!  
 The rose shall sing thee lullabies,  
 My pretty cosset lambkin!  
 And thou shalt swing in an almond-tree,  
 With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—  
 A silver boat in a golden sea,  
 My velvet love, my nestling dove,  
 My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well  
 All night, my sweet! my dimple-feet!  
 And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,  
 My gentle rain-of-springtime!  
 And for thy slumbrous play shall twine  
 The diamond stars with an emerald vine  
 To trail in the waves of ruby wine,  
 My myrtle bloom, my heart's perfume,  
 My little chirping sparrow!

And when the morn wakes up to see  
 My apple bright, my soul's delight!  
 The partridge shall come calling thee,  
 My jar of milk-and-honey!

Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies  
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,  
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,  
    You wakeful one, you naughty son,  
    You cooing little turtle!

---

## CHRISTMAS TREASURES

I COUNT my treasures o'er with care,—  
    The little toy my darling knew,  
    A little sock of faded hue,  
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time,  
    My little one—my all to me—  
    Sat robed in white upon my knee,  
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

“Tell me, my little golden-head,  
    If Santa Claus should come to-night,  
    What shall he bring my baby bright,—  
What treasure for my boy?” I said.

And then he named this little toy,  
    While in his round and mournful eyes  
    There came a look of sweet surprise,  
That spake his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer  
    He asked the boon with childish grace;  
    Then, toddling to the chimney-place,  
He hung this little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept,  
    I saw the white-winged angels come  
    With singing to our lowly home  
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,  
 For in the morn, with rapturous face,  
 He toddled to the chimney-place,  
 And found this little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide,—  
 That angel host, so fair and white;  
 And, singing all that glorious night,  
 They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,  
 A little lock of golden hair,  
 The Christmas music on the air,  
 A watching for my baby boy!

But if again that angel train  
 And golden-head come back for me,  
 To bear me to Eternity,  
 My watching will not be in vain.



## OH, LITTLE CHILD

(SICILIAN LULLABY)

HUSH, little one, and fold your hands—  
 The sun hath set, the moon is high;  
 The sea is singing to the sands,  
 And wakeful posies are beguiled  
 By many a fairy lullaby—  
 Hush, little child—my little child!

Dream, little one, and in your dreams  
 Float upward from this lowly place—  
 Float out on mellow, misty streams  
 To lands where bideth Mary mild,  
 And let her kiss thy little face,  
 You little child—my little child!

Sleep, little one, and take thy rest—  
 With angels bending over thee,  
 Sleep sweetly on that Father's breast  
 Whom our dear Christ hath reconciled—  
 But stay not there—come back to me,  
 Oh, little child—*my* little child!

---

## GANDERFEATHER'S GIFT

I WAS just a little thing  
 When a fairy came and kissed me;  
 Floating in upon the light  
 Of a haunted summer night,  
 Lo, the fairies came to sing  
 Pretty slumber songs and bring  
 Certain boons that else had missed me.  
 From a dream I turned to see  
 What those strangers brought for me,  
 When that fairy up and kissed me—  
 Here, upon this cheek, he kissed me!

Simmerdew was there, but she  
 Did not like me altogether;  
 Daisybright and Turtledove,  
 Pilfercurds and Honeylove,  
 Thistleblow and Amberglee  
 On that gleaming, ghostly sea  
 Floated from the misty heather,  
 And around my trundle-bed  
 Frisked, and looked, and whispering said—  
 Solemnlike and all together:  
 “*You shall kiss him, Ganderfeather!*”

Ganderfeather kissed me then—  
 Ganderfeather, quaint and merry!  
 No attenuate sprite was he,  
 —But as buxom as could be;—

Kissed me twice, and once again,  
 And the others shouted when  
     On my cheek uprose a berry  
 Somewhat like a mole, mayhap,  
 But the kiss-mark of that chap  
     Ganderfeather, passing merry—  
     Humorsome, but kindly, very!

I was just a tiny thing  
 When the prankish Ganderfeather  
 Brought this curious gift to me  
 With his fairy kisses three;  
 Yet with honest pride I sing  
 That same gift he chose to bring  
     Out of yonder haunted heather.  
 Other charms and friendships fly—  
 Constant friends this mole and I,  
     Who have been so long together.  
 Thank you, little Ganderfeather!

---

## BAMBINO

(CORNICAN LULLABY)

BAMBINO in his cradle slept;  
 And by his side his grandam grim  
 Bent down and smiled upon the child,  
 And sung this lullaby to him,—  
     This “ninna and anninia”:

“When thou art older, thou shalt mind  
 To traverse countries far and wide,  
 And thou shalt go where roses blow  
 And balmy waters singing glide—  
     So ninna and anninia!



“And thou shalt wear, trimmed up in points,  
 A famous jacket edged in red,  
 And, more than that, a peakèd hat,  
 All decked in gold, upon thy head—  
 Ah! ninna and anninia!

“Then shalt thou carry gun and knife,  
 Nor shall the soldiers bully thee;  
 Perchance, beset by wrong or debt,  
 A mighty bandit thou shalt be—  
 So ninna and anninia!

‘No woman yet of our proud race  
 Lived to her fourteenth year unwed;  
 The brazen churl that eyed a girl  
 Bought her the ring or paid his head—  
 So ninna and anninia!

“But once came spies (I know the thieves!)  
 And brought disaster to our race;  
 God heard us when our fifteen men  
 Were hanged within the market-place—  
 But ninna and anninia!

‘Good men they were, my babe, and true,—  
 Right worthy fellows all, and strong;  
 Live thou and be for them and me  
 Avenger of that deadly wrong—  
 So ninna and anninia!’”

---

### LITTLE HOMER'S SLATE

AFTER dear old grandma died,  
 Hunting through an oaken chest  
 In the attic, we espied  
 What repaid our childish quest:  
 'T was a homely little slate,  
 Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face  
 Was the picture of a cart,  
 Drawn with all that awkward grace  
 Which betokens childish art;  
 But what meant this legend, pray:  
 "Homer drew this yesterday"?

Mother recollected then  
 What the years were fain to hide—  
 She was but a baby when  
 Little Homer lived and died;  
 Forty years, so mother said,  
 Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through those years  
 Grandma kept from all apart,  
 Hallowed by her lonely tears  
 And the breaking of her heart;  
 While each year that sped away  
 Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate  
 Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,  
 To a memory consecrate,  
 Lieth in the oaken chest,  
 Where, unwilling we should know,  
 Grandma put it, years ago.

---

### THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street  
 Comes stealing; comes creeping;  
 The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,  
 And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—  
 She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
 When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—  
 “Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;  
 There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,  
 And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come  
 Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,  
 And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams  
 With laughter and singing;  
 And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,  
 And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,  
 And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,  
 The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?  
 They ’ll come to you sleeping;  
 So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
 For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,  
 With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,  
 Comes stealing; comes creeping.

---

“BOOH!”

ON afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap,  
 And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in nurse’s lap,  
 In some such wise my handkerchief I hold before my face,  
 And cautiously and quietly I move about the place;  
 Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view,  
 And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say “Booh!”

Sometimes the rascal tries to make believe that he is scared,  
 And really, when I first began, he stared, and stared, and stared;  
 And then his under lip came out and farther out it came,  
 Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a “cruel shame”—  
 But now what does that same wee, toddling, lisping baby do  
 But laugh and kick his little heels when I say “Booh!”

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee, and then  
 In shrill, despotic treble bids me "do it all aden!"  
 And I—of course I do it; for, as his progenitor,  
 It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for!  
 And it is, oh, such fun! and I am sure that we shall rue  
 The time when we are both too old to play the game of "Booh!"

---

### GARDEN AND CRADLE

WHEN our babe he goeth walking in his garden,  
 Around his tinkling feet the sunbeams play;  
     The posies they are good to him,  
     And bow them as they should to him,  
 As fareth he upon his kingly way;  
     And birdlings of the wood to him  
 Make music, gentle music, all the day,  
     When our babe he goeth walking in his garden

When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle,  
 Then the night it looketh ever sweetly down;  
     The little stars are kind to him,  
     The moon she hath a mind to him  
 And layeth on his head a golden crown;  
     And singeth then the wind to him  
 A song, the gentle song of Bethle'm-town,  
 When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.

---

### THE NIGHT WIND

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo" ?  
 'T is a pitiful sound to hear!  
 It seems to chill you through and through  
     With a strange and speechless fear.  
 'T is the voice of the night that broods outside  
     When folk should be asleep,  
 And many and many 's the time I've cried

To the darkness brooding far and wide  
 Over the land and the deep:  
 "Whom do you want, O lonely night,  
 That you wail the long hours through?"  
 And the night would say in its ghostly way:  
     "Yooooooooo!  
     Yooooooooo!  
     Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago  
 (When I was a little tad)  
 That when the night went wailing so,  
     Somebody had been bad;  
 And then, when I was snug in bed,  
     Whither I had been sent,  
 With the blankets pulled up round my head,  
 I'd think of what my mother'd said,  
     And wonder what boy she meant!  
 And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask  
     Of the wind that hoarsely blew,  
 And the voice would say in its meaningful way:  
     "Yooooooooo!  
     Yooooooooo!  
     Yooooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—  
     You'll not believe it, though!  
 Yes, though I'm quite a model now,  
     I was not always so.  
 And if you doubt what things I say,  
     Suppose you make the test;  
 Suppose, when you've been bad some day  
 And up to bed are sent away  
     From mother and the rest—  
 Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"  
     And then you'll hear what's true;  
 For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:  
     "Yooooooooo!  
     Yooooooooo!  
     Yooooooooo!"

## KISSING TIME

'Tis when the lark goes soaring  
 And the bee is at the bud,  
 When lightly dancing zephyrs  
 Sing over field and flood;  
 When all sweet things in nature  
 Seem joyfully achime—  
 'T is then I wake my darling,  
 For it is kissing time!

Go, pretty lark, a-soaring,  
 And suck your sweets, O bee;  
 Sing, O ye winds of summer,  
 Your songs to mine and me;  
 For with your song and rapture  
 Cometh the moment when  
 It 's half-past kissing time  
 And time to kiss again!

So—so the days go fleeting  
 Like golden fancies free,  
 And every day that cometh  
 Is full of sweets for me;  
 And sweetest are those moments  
 My darling comes to climb  
 Into my lap to mind me  
 That it is kissing time.

Sometimes, maybe, he wanders  
 A heedless, aimless way—  
 Sometimes, maybe, he loiters  
 In pretty, prattling play;  
 But presently bethinks him  
 And hastens to me then,  
 For it 's half-past kissing time  
 And time to kiss again!

## JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will,  
 Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!  
 Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,  
 Without them sashes, curls, an' things that 's worn by Fauntleroy!  
 Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—  
 Hate to take the castor-ile they give for bellyache!  
 'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me.  
 But jest 'fore Christmas I 'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;  
 First thing she knows she does n't know where she is at!  
 Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,  
 'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!  
 But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross,  
 He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,  
 An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched *me!*"  
 But jest 'fore Christmas I 'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,  
 I 'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,  
 As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,  
 Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!  
 But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,  
 Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she 'd know  
 That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!  
*Excep'* jest 'fore Christmas, when I 'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemnlike an' still,  
 His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What 's the matter, little Bill?"  
 The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what 's become  
 Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!  
 But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to biz,  
 That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"  
 But father, havin' been a boy hissself, suspicions me  
 When, jest 'fore Christmas, I 'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,  
 Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;  
 So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,  
 An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;  
 Say "Yessum" to the ladies, and "Yessur" to the men,  
 An' when they 's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;  
 But, thinkin' of the things yer 'd like to see upon that tree,  
 Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

---

### BEARD AND BABY

I SAY, as one who never feared  
 The wrath of a subscriber's bullet,  
 I pity him who has a beard  
 But has no little girl to pull it!

When wife and I have finished tea,  
 Our baby woos me with her prattle,  
 And, perching proudly on my knee,  
 She gives my petted whiskers battle.

With both her hands she tugs away,  
 While scolding at me kind o' spiteful;  
 You 'll not believe me when I say  
 I find the torture quite delightful!

No other would presume, I ween,  
 To trifle with this hirsute wonder,  
 Else would I rise in vengeful mien  
 And rend his vandal frame asunder!

But when *her* baby fingers pull  
 This glossy, sleek, and silky treasure,  
 My cup of happiness is full—  
 I fairly glow with pride and pleasure!



And, sweeter still, through all the day  
I seem to hear her winsome prattle—  
I seem to feel her hands at play,  
As though they gave me sportive battle.

Yes, heavenly music seems to steal  
Where thought of her forever lingers,  
And round my heart I always feel  
The twining of her dimpled fingers!

---

## THE DINKEY-BIRD

IN an ocean, 'way out yonder  
(As all sapient people know),  
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,  
Whither children love to go;  
It's their playing, romping, swinging,  
That give great joy to me  
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing  
In the amfalula tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,  
And taffy's thick as peas—  
Caramels you pick like berries  
When, and where, and how you please;  
Big red sugar-plums are clinging  
To the cliffs beside that sea  
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper  
And make merry all the day,  
When there's naught to put a damper  
To the ardor of their play;  
When I hear their laughter ringing,  
Then I'm sure as sure can be  
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras  
 And staccatos are so sweet—  
 His roulades, appoggiaturas,  
 And robustos so complete,  
 That the youth of every nation—  
 Be they near or far away—  
 Have especial delectation  
 In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,  
 Their lungs begin to crow,  
 Their hearts get light and lighter,  
 And their cheeks are all aglow;  
 For an echo cometh bringing  
 The news to all and me,  
 That the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
 In the amfalula tree.

I'm sure you like to go there  
 To see your feathered friend—  
 And so many goodies grow there  
 You would like to comprehend!  
*Speed, little dreams, your winging*  
*To that land across the sea,*  
*Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing*  
*In the amfalula tree!*

---

### THE DRUM

I'M a beautiful red, red drum,  
 And I train with the soldier boys;  
 As up the street we come,  
 Wonderful is our noise!  
 There's Tom, and Jim, and Phil,  
 And Dick, and Nat, and Fred,  
 While Widow Cutler's Bill  
 And I march on ahead,

With a r-r-rat-tat-tat  
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum—  
Oh, there 's bushels of fun in that  
For boys with a little red drum!

The Injuns came last night  
While the soldiers were abed,  
And they gobbled a Chinese kite  
And off to the woods they fled!  
The woods are the cherry-trees  
Down in the orchard lot,  
And the soldiers are marching to seize  
The booty the Injuns got.  
With tum-titty-um-tum-tum,  
And r-r-rat-tat-tat,  
When soldiers marching come  
Injuns had better scat!

Step up there, little Fred,  
And, Charley, have a mind!  
Jim is as far ahead  
As you two are behind!  
Ready with gun and sword  
Your valorous work to do—  
Yonder the Injun horde  
Are lying in wait for you.  
And their hearts go pitapat  
When they hear the soldiers come  
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat  
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum!

Course it 's all in play!  
The skulking Injun crew  
That hustled the kite away  
Are little white boys, like you!  
But "honest" or "just in fun,"  
It is all the same to me;  
And, when the battle is won,  
Home once again march we

With a r-r-rat-tat-tat  
 And tum-titty-un-tum-tum;  
 And there 's glory enough in that  
 For the boys with their little red drum!

---

### THE DEAD BABE

LAST night, as my dear babe lay dead,  
 In agony I knelt and said:

“O God! what have I done,  
 Or in what wise offended Thee,  
 That thou shouldst take away from me  
 My little son?

“Upon the thousand useless lives,  
 Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,  
 Thy wrath were better spent!  
 Why shouldst Thou take my little son—  
 Why shouldst Thou vent Thy wrath upon  
 This innocent?”

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,  
 Before mine eyes the vision spread  
 Of things that *might* have been:  
 Licentious riot, cruel strife,  
 Forgotten prayers, a wasted life  
 Dark-red with sin!

Then, with sweet music in the air,  
 I saw another vision there:  
 A Shepherd in whose keep  
 A little lamb—my little child!  
 Of worldly wisdom undefiled,  
 Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,  
 In those two messages I read

A wisdom manifest;  
 And though my arms be childless now,  
 I am content—to Him I bow  
 Who knoweth best.

---

## THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD

It's when the birds go piping and the daylight slowly breaks,  
 That, clamoring for his dinner, our precious baby wakes;  
 Then it's sleep no more for baby, and it's sleep no more for me,  
 For, when he wants his dinner, why it's dinner it must be!  
 And of that lacteal fluid he partakes with great ado,  
     While gran'ma laughs,  
     And gran'pa laughs,  
     And wife, she laughs,  
     And I—well, *I* laugh, *too!*

You'd think, to see us carrying on about that little tad,  
 That, like as not, that baby was the first we'd ever had;  
 But, sakes alive! he is n't, yet we people make a fuss  
 As if the only baby in the world had come to *us!*  
 And, morning, noon, and night-time, whatever he may do,  
     Gran'ma, she laughs,  
     Gran'pa, he laughs,  
     Wife, she laughs,  
     And *I*, of course, laugh, *too!*

But once—a likely spell ago—when that poor little chick  
 From teething or from some such ill of infancy fell sick,  
 You would n't know us people as the same that went about  
 A-feelin' good all over, just to hear him crow and shout;  
 And, though the doctor poohed our fears and said he'd pull him  
     through,  
     Old gran'ma cried,  
     And gran'pa cried,  
     And wife, she cried,  
     And I—yes, *I* cried, *too!*

It makes us all feel good to have a baby on the place,  
 With his everlastin' crowing and his dimpling, dumpling face;  
 The patter of his pinky feet makes music everywhere,  
 And when he shakes those fists of his, good-by to every care!  
 No matter *what* our trouble is, when *he* begins to *coo*,

Old gran'ma laughs,  
 And gran'pa laughs,  
 Wife, she laughs,  
 And I—you bet, *I* laugh, *too!*

---

### SO, SO, ROCK-A-BY SO!

So, so, rock-a-by so!  
 Off to the garden where dreamikins grow;  
 And here is a kiss on your winkyblink eyes,  
 And here is a kiss on your dimpledown cheek,  
 And here is a kiss for the treasure that lies  
 In the beautiful garden 'way up in the skies  
 Which you seek.  
 Now mind these three kisses wherever you go—  
 So, so, rock-a-by so!

There 's one little fumfay who lives there, I know,  
 For he dances all night where the dreamikins grow.  
 I send him this kiss on your droopydrop eyes,  
 I send him this kiss on your rosyred cheek.  
 And here is a kiss for the dream that shall rise  
 When the fumfay shall dance in those far-away skies  
 Which you seek.  
 Be sure that you pay those three kisses you owe—  
 So, so, rock-a-by so!

And, by-low, as you rock-a-by go,  
 Don't forget mother who loveth you so!  
 And here is her kiss on your weepydeep eyes,  
 And here is her kiss on your peachypink cheek,

And here is her kiss for the dreamland that lies  
 Like a babe on the breast of those far-away skies  
 Which you seek—  
 The blinkywink garden where dreamikins grow—  
 So, so, rock-a-by so!

---

THE SONG OF LUDDY-DUD

A SUNBEAM comes a-creeping  
 Into my dear one's nest,  
 And sings to our babe a-sleeping  
 The song that I love the best:  
 " 'T is little Luddy-Dud in the morning—  
 'T is little Luddy-Dud at night;  
 And all day long  
 'T is the same sweet song  
 Of that waddling, toddling, coddling little mite, Luddy-Dud."

'The bird to the tossing clover,  
 The bee to the swaying bud,  
 Keep singing that sweet song over  
 Of wee little Luddy-Dud.  
 " 'T is little Luddy-Dud in the morning—  
 'T is little Luddy-Dud at night;  
 And all day long  
 'T is the same dear song  
 Of that growing, crowing, knowing little sprite, Luddy-Dud."

Luddy-Dud's cradle is swinging  
 Where softly the night winds blow,  
 And Luddy-Dud's mother is singing  
 A song that is sweet and low;  
 " 'T is little Luddy-Dud in the morning—  
 'T is little Luddy-Dud at night;  
 And all day long  
 'T is the same sweet song  
 Of my nearest and my dearest heart's delight, Luddy-Dud!"

## THE DUEL

THE gingham dog and the calico cat  
 Side by side on the table sat;  
 'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)  
 Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!  
     The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate  
     Appeared to know as sure as fate  
 There was going to be a terrible spat.  
     *(I was n't there; I simply state  
     What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"  
 And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"  
 The air was littered, an hour or so,  
 With bits of gingham and calico,  
     While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place  
     Up with its hands before its face,  
 For it always dreaded a family row!  
     *(Now mind: I'm only telling you  
     What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,  
 And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"  
 But the gingham dog and the calico cat  
 Wallowed this way and tumbled that,  
     Employing every tooth and claw  
     In the awfulest way you ever saw—  
 And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!  
     *(Don't fancy I exaggerate—  
     I got my news from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning, where the two had sat  
 They found no trace of dog or cat;  
 And some folks think unto this day  
 That burglars stole that pair away!  
     But the truth about the cat and pup



Is this: they ate each other up!  
 Now what do you really think of that!  
*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,  
 And that is how I came to know.)*

---

## GOOD-CHILDREN STREET

THERE'S a dear little home in Good-Children street—  
 My heart turneth fondly to-day  
 Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet  
 Make sweetest of music at play;  
 Where the sunshine of love illumines each face  
 And warms every heart in that old-fashioned place.

For dear little children go romping about  
 With dollies and tin tops and drums,  
 And, my! how they frolic and scamper and shout  
 Till bedtime too speedily comes!  
 Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet  
 With little folk living in Good-Children street.

See, here comes an army with guns painted red,  
 And swords, caps, and plumes of all sorts;  
 The captain rides gayly and proudly ahead  
 On a stick-horse that prances and snorts!  
 Oh, legions of soldiers you're certain to meet—  
 Nice make-believe soldiers—in Good-Children street.

And yonder Odette wheels her dolly about—  
 Poor dolly! I'm sure she is ill,  
 For one of her blue china eyes has dropped out  
 And her voice is asthmatic'ly shrill.  
 Then, too, I observe she is minus her feet,  
 Which causes much sorrow in Good-Children street.

'T is so the dear children go romping about  
 With dollies and banners and drums,

And I venture to say they are sadly put out  
 When an end to their jubilee comes:  
 Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet  
 With little folk living in Good-Children street!

But when falleth night over river and town,  
 Those little folk vanish from sight,  
 And an angel all white from the sky cometh down  
 And guardeth the babes through the night,  
 And singeth her lullabies tender and sweet  
 To the dear little people in Good-Children street.

Though elsewhere the world be o'erburdened with care,  
 Though poverty fall to my lot,  
 Though toil and vexation be always my share,  
 What care I—they trouble me not!  
*This* thought maketh life ever joyous and sweet:  
 There 's a dear little home in Good-Children street.

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## THE DELECTABLE BALLAD OF THE WALLER LOT

UP yonder in Buena Park  
 There is a famous spot,  
 In legend and in history  
 Yclept the Waller Lot.

There children play in daytime  
 And lovers stroll by dark,  
 For 't is the goodliest trysting-place  
 In all Buena Park.

Once on a time that beauteous maid,  
 Sweet little Sissy Knott,  
 Took out her pretty doll to walk  
 Within the Waller Lot.

While thus she fared, from Ravenswood  
 Came Injuns o'er the plain,  
 And seized upon that beauteous maid  
 And rent her doll in twain.

Oh, 't was a piteous thing to hear  
 Her lamentations wild;  
 She tore her golden curls and cried:  
 "My child! My child! My child!"

Alas, what cared those Injun chiefs  
 How bitterly wailed she?  
 They never had been mothers,  
 And they could not hope to be!

"Have done with tears," they rudely quoth,  
 And then they bound her hands;  
 For they proposed to take her off  
 To distant border lands.

But, joy! from Mr. Eddy's barn  
 Doth Willie Clow behold  
 The sight that makes his hair rise up  
 And all his blood run cold.

He put his fingers in his mouth  
 And whistled long and clear,  
 And presently a goodly horde  
 Of cowboys did appear.

Cried Willie Clow: "My comrades bold,  
 Haste to the Waller Lot,  
 And rescue from that Injun band  
 Our charming Sissy Knott!"

"Spare neither Injun buck nor squaw,  
 But smite them hide and hair!  
 Spare neither sex nor age nor size,  
 And no condition spare!"

Then sped that cowboy band away,  
Full of revengeful wrath,  
And Kendall Evans rode ahead  
Upon a hickory lath.

And next came gallant Dady Field  
And Willie's brother Kent,  
The Eddy boys and Robbie James,  
On murderous purpose bent.

For they were much beholden to  
That maid—in sooth, the lot  
Were very, very much in love  
With charming Sissy Knott.

What wonder? She was beauty's queen,  
And good beyond compare;  
Moreover, it was known she was  
Her wealthy father's heir!

Now when the Injuns saw that band  
They trembled with affright,  
And yet they thought the cheapest thing  
To do was stay and fight.

So sturdily they stood their ground,  
Nor would their prisoner yield,  
Despite the wrath of Willie Clow  
And gallant Dady Field.

Oh, never fiercer battle raged  
Upon the Waller Lot,  
And never blood more freely flowed  
Than flowed for Sissy Knott!

An Injun chief of monstrous size  
Got Kendall Evans down,  
And Robbie James was soon o'erthrown  
By one of great renown.

And Dady Field was sorely done,  
 And Willie Clow was hurt,  
 And all that gallant cowboy band  
 Lay wallowing in the dirt.

But still they strove with might and main  
 Till all the Waller Lot  
 Was strewn with hair and gouts of gore—  
 All, all for Sissy Knott!

Then cried the maiden in despair:  
 "Alas, I sadly fear  
 The battle and my hopes are lost,  
 Unless some help appear!"

Lo, as she spoke, she saw afar  
 The rescuer looming up—  
 The pride of all Buena Park,  
 Clow's famous yellow pup!

"Now, sick 'em, Don," the maiden cried,  
 "Now, sick 'em, Don!" cried she;  
 Obedient Don at once complied—  
 As ordered, so did he.

He sicked 'em all so passing well  
 That, overcome by fright,  
 The Indian horde gave up the fray  
 And safety sought in flight.

They ran and ran and ran and ran  
 O'er valley, plain, and hill;  
 And if they are not walking now,  
 Why, then, they 're running still.

The cowboys rose up from the dust  
 With faces black and blue;  
 "Remember, beauteous maid," said they,  
 "We 've bled and died for you!

“And though we suffer grievously,  
 We gladly hail the lot  
 That brings us toils and pains and wounds  
 For charming Sissy Knott!”

But Sissy Knott still wailed and wept,  
 And still her fate reviled;  
 For who could patch her dolly up—  
 Who, who could mend her child?

Then out her doting mother came,  
 And soothed her daughter then;  
 “Grieve not, my darling, I will sew  
 Your dolly up again!”

Joy soon succeeded unto grief,  
 And tears were soon dried up,  
 And dignities were heaped upon  
 Clow's noble yellow pup.

Him all that goodly company  
 Did as deliverer hail—  
 They tied a ribbon round his neck,  
 Another round his tail.

And every anniversary day  
 Upon the Waller Lot  
 They celebrate the victory won  
 For charming Sissy Knott.

And I, the poet of these folk,  
 Am ordered to compile  
 This truly famous history  
 In good old ballad style.

Which having done as to have earned  
 The sweet rewards of fame,  
 In what same style I did begin  
 I now shall end the same.

So let us sing: Long live the King,  
 Long live the Queen and Jack,  
 Long live the ten-spot and the ace,  
 And also all the pack.

---

## THE STORK

LAST night the Stork came stalking,  
 And, Stork, beneath your wing  
 Lay, lapped in dreamless slumber,  
 The tiniest little thing!  
 From Babyland, out yonder  
 Beside a silver sea,  
 You brought a priceless treasure  
 As gift to mine and me!

Last night my dear one listened—  
 And, wife, you knew the cry—  
 The dear old Stork has sought our home  
 A many times gone by!  
 And in your gentle bosom  
 I found the pretty thing  
 That from the realm out yonder  
 Our friend the Stork did bring.

Last night a babe awakened,  
 And, babe, how strange and new  
 Must seem the home and people  
 The Stork has brought you to;  
 And yet methinks you like them—  
 You neither stare nor weep,  
 But closer to my dear one  
 You cuddle, and you sleep!

Last night my heart grew fonder—  
 O happy heart of mine,  
 Sing of the inspirations  
 That round my pathway shine!

And sing your sweetest love-song  
 To this dear nestling wee  
 The Stork from 'Way-Out-Yonder  
 Hath brought to mine and me!

---

### THE BOTTLE-TREE

A BOTTLE-TREE bloometh in Winkyway land—  
 Heigh-ho for a bottle, I say!  
 A snug little berth in that ship I demand  
 That rocketh the Bottle-Tree babies away  
 Where the Bottle-Tree bloometh by night and by day  
 And reacheth its fruit to each wee, dimpled hand;  
 You take of that fruit as much as you list,  
 For colic 's a nuisance that doesn't exist!  
 So cuddle me close, and cuddle me fast,  
 And cuddle me snug in my cradle away,  
 For I hunger and thirst for that precious repast—  
 Heigh-ho for a bottle, I say!

The Bottle-Tree bloometh by night and by day!  
 Heigh-ho for Winkyway land!  
 And Bottle-Tree fruit (as I've heard people say)  
 Makes bellies of Bottle-Tree babies expand—  
 And that is a trick I would fain understand!  
 Heigh-ho for a bottle to-day!  
 And heigh-ho for a bottle to-night—  
 A bottle of milk that is creamy and white!  
 So cuddle me close, and cuddle me fast,  
 And cuddle me snug in my cradle away,  
 For I hunger and thirst for that precious repast—  
 Heigh-ho for a bottle, I say!



## GOOGLY-GOO

OF mornings, bright and early,  
 When the lark is on the wing  
 And the robin in the maple  
 Hops from her nest to sing,  
 From yonder cheery chamber  
 Cometh a mellow coo—  
 'T is the sweet, persuasive treble  
 Of my little Googly-Goo!

*ok*  
 The sunbeams hear his music,  
 And they seek his little bed,  
 And they dance their prettiest dances  
 Round his golden curly head:  
 Schottisches, galops, minuets,  
 Gavottes and waltzes, too,  
 Dance they unto the music  
 Of my googling Googly-Goo.

My heart—my heart it leapeth  
 To hear that treble tone;  
 What music like *thy* music,  
 My darling and mine own!  
 And patiently—yes, cheerfully  
 I toil the long day through—  
 My labor seemeth lightened  
 By the song of Googly-Goo!

I may not see his antics,  
 Nor kiss his dimpled cheek:  
 I may not smooth the tresses  
 The sunbeams love to seek;  
 It mattereth not—the echo  
 Of his sweet, persuasive coo  
 Recurreth to remind me  
 Of my little Googly-Goo.

And when I come at evening,  
 I stand without the door  
 And patiently I listen  
 For that dear sound once more;  
 And oftentimes I wonder,  
 "Oh, God! what should I do  
 If any ill should happen  
 To my little Googly-Goo!"

Then in affright I call him—  
 I hear his gleeful shouts!  
 Begone, ye dread forebodings—  
 Begone, ye killing doubts!  
 For, with my arms about him,  
 My heart warms through and through  
 With the oogling and the googling  
 Of my little Googly-Goo!

---

### THE BENCH-LEGGED FYCE

SPEAKIN' of dorgs, my bench-legged fyce  
 Hed most o' the virtues, an' nary a vice.  
 Some folks called him Sooner, a name that arose  
 From his predisposition to chronic repose;  
 But, rouse his ambition, he couldn't be beat—  
 Yer bet yer he got thar on all his four feet!

Mos' dorgs hez some forte—like huntin' an' such,  
 But the sports o' the field didn't bother *him* much;  
 Wuz just a plain dorg, an' contented to be  
 On peaceable terms with the neighbors an' me;  
 Used to fiddle an' squirm, and grunt "Oh, how nice  
 When I tickled the back of that bench-legged fyce!

He wuz long in the bar'l, like a fyce oughter be;  
 His color wuz yaller as ever you see;  
 His tail, curlin' upward, wuz long, loose, an' slim—

When he didn't wag *it*, why, the tail it wagged *him!*  
 His legs wuz so crooked, my bench-legged pup  
 Wuz as tall settin' down as he wuz standin' up!

He 'd lie by the stove of a night an' regret  
 The various vittles an' things he had et;  
 When a stranger, most likely a tramp, come along,  
 He 'd lift up his voice in significant song—  
 You wondered, by gum! how there ever wuz space  
 In that bosom o' his'n to hold so much bass!

Of daytimes he 'd sneak to the road an' lie down,  
 An' tackle the country dorgs comin' to town;  
 By common consent he wuz boss in St. Jo,  
 For what he took hold of he never let go!  
 An' a dude that come courtin' our girl left a slice  
 Of his white flannel suit with our bench-legged fyce!

He wuz good to us kids—when we pulled at his fur  
 Or twisted his tail he would never demur;  
 He seemed to enjoy all our play an' our chaff,  
 For his tongue 'u'd hang out an' he 'd laff an' he'd laff;  
 An' once, when the Hobart boy fell through the ice,  
 He wuz drug clean ashore by that bench-legged fyce!

We all hev our choice, an' you, like the rest,  
 Allow that the dorg which you 've got is the best;  
 I wouldn't give much for the boy 'at grows up  
 With no friendship subsistin' 'tween him an' a pup!  
 When a fellow gits old—I tell you it's nice  
 To think of his youth and his bench-legged fyce!

To think of the springtime 'way back in St. Jo—  
 Of the peach-trees abloom an' the daises ablow;  
 To think of the play in the medder an' grove,  
 When little legs wrassled an' little han's strove;  
 To think of the loyalty, valor, an' truth  
 Of the friendships that hallow the season of youth!

## LITTLE MISS BRAG

LITTLE Miss Brag has much to say  
 To the rich little lady from over the way,  
 And the rich little lady puts out a lip  
 As she looks at her own white, dainty slip,  
 And wishes that *she* could wear a gown  
 As pretty as gingham of faded brown!  
 For little Miss Brag she lays much stress  
 On the privileges of a gingham dress—  
     “Aha,  
     Oho!”

The rich little lady from over the way  
 Has beautiful dolls in vast array;  
 Yet she envies the raggedy home-made doll  
 She hears our little Miss Brag extol.  
 For the raggedy doll can fear no hurt  
 From wet, or heat, or tumble, or dirt!  
 Her nose is inked, and her mouth is, too,  
 And one eye 's black and the other 's blue—  
     “Aha,  
     Oho!”

The rich little lady goes out to ride  
 With footmen standing up outside,  
 Yet wishes that, sometimes, after dark  
*Her* father would trundle *her* in the park;—  
 That, sometimes, *her* mother would sing the things  
 Little Miss Brag says *her* mother sings  
 When through the attic window streams  
 The moonlight full of golden dreams—  
     “Aha,  
     Oho!”

Yes, little Miss Brag has much to say  
 To the rich little lady from over the way;  
 And yet who knows but from her heart  
 Often the bitter sighs upstart—

Uprise to lose their burn and sting  
 In the grace of the tongue that loves to sing  
 Praise of the treasures all its own!  
 So I've come to love that treble tone—

“Aha,  
 Oho!”

---

## THE HUMMING TOP

THE top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song  
 To my dear little boy at play—  
 Merrily singeth all day long,  
 As it spinneth and spinneth away.  
 And my dear little boy  
 He laugheth with joy  
 When he heareth the monotone  
 Of that busy thing  
 That loveth to sing  
 The song that is all its own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight,  
 That the song be loud and clear;  
 Now hurl the top with all your might  
 Upon the banquette here;  
 And straight from the string  
 The joyous thing  
 Boundeth and spinneth along,  
 And it whirrs and it chirrs  
 And it birrs and it purrs  
 Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old,  
 As some have grown before?  
 Will ever his heart feel faint and cold,  
 When he heareth the songs of ycre?  
 Will ever this toy  
 Of my dear little boy,

When the years have worn away,  
 Sing sad and low  
 Of the long ago,  
 As it singeth to me to-day?

---

### LADY BUTTON-EYES

WHEN the busy day is done,  
 And my weary little one  
 Rocketh gently to and fro;  
 When the night winds softly blow,  
 And the crickets in the glen  
 Chirp and chirp and chirp again;  
 When upon the haunted green  
 Fairies dance around their queen—  
 Then from yonder misty skies  
 Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Through the murk and mist and gloam  
 To our quiet, cozy home,  
 Where to singing, sweet and low,  
 Rocks a cradle to and fro;  
 Where the clock's dull monotone  
 Telleth of the day that 's done;  
 Where the moonbeams hover o'er  
 Playthings sleeping on the floor—  
 Where my weary wee one lies  
 Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Cometh like a fleeting ghost  
 From some distant eerie coast;  
 Never footfall can you hear  
 As that spirit fareth near--  
 Never whisper, never word  
 From that shadow-queen is heard.

In ethereal raiment dight,  
 From the realm of fay and sprite  
 In the depth of yonder skies  
 Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Layeth she her hands upon  
 My dear weary little one,  
 And those white hands overspread  
 Like a veil the curly head,  
 Seem to fondle and caress  
 Every little silken tress;  
 Then she smooths the eyelids down  
 Over those two eyes of brown—  
 In such soothing, tender wise  
 Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Dearest, feel upon your brow  
 That caressing magic now;  
 For the crickets in the glen  
 Chirp and chirp and chirp again,  
 While upon the haunted green  
 Fairies dance around their queen,  
 And the moonbeams hover o'er  
 Playthings sleeping on the floor—  
 Hush, my sweet! from yonder skies  
 Cometh Lady Button-Eyes!

---

## THE RIDE TO BUMPVILLE

PLAY that my knee was a calico mare  
 Saddled and bridled for Bumpville;  
 Leap to the back of this steed, if you dare,  
 And gallop away to Bumpville!  
 I hope you 'll be sure to sit fast in your seat,  
 For this calico mare is prodigiously fleet,  
 And many adventures you 're likely to meet  
 As you journey along to Bumpville.

This calico mare both gallops and trots  
 While whisking you off to Bumpville;  
 She paces, she shies, and she stumbles, in spots.  
 In the tortuous road to Bumpville;  
 And sometimes this strangely mercurial steed  
 Will suddenly stop and refuse to proceed,  
 Which, all will admit, is vexatious indeed,  
 When one is en route to Bumpville!

She 's scared of the cars when the engine goes "Toot!"  
 Down by the crossing at Bumpville;  
 You 'd better look out for that treacherous brute  
 Bearing you off to Bumpville!  
 With a snort she rears up on her hindermost heels,  
 And executes jigs and Virginia reels—  
 Words fail to explain how embarrassed one feels  
 Dancing so wildly to Bumpville!

It 's bumpytybump and it 's jiggytyjog,  
 Journeying on to Bumpville;  
 It 's over the hilltop and down through the bog  
 You ride on your way to Bumpville;  
 It 's rattletybang over boulder and stump,  
 There are rivers to ford, there are fences to jump,  
 And the corduroy road it goes bumpytybump,  
 Mile after mile to Bumpville!

Perhaps you 'll observe it 's no easy thing  
 Making the journey to Bumpville,  
 So I think, on the whole, it were prudent to bring  
 An end to this ride to Bumpville;  
 For, though she has uttered no protest or plaint,  
 The calico mare must be blowing and faint—  
 What 's more to the point, I 'm blowed if I ain't!  
 So play we have got to Bumpville!



## THE BROOK

I LOOKED in the brook and saw a face—  
 Heigh-ho, but a child was I!  
 There were rushes and willows in that place,  
 And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by;  
 And the brook it ran its own sweet way,  
 As a child doth run in heedless play,  
 And as it ran I heard it say:  
     "Hasten with me  
     To the roistering sea  
 That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face—  
 Heigh-ho, but the years go by!  
 The rushes are dead in the old-time place,  
 And the willows I knew when a child was I.  
 And the brook it seemeth to me to say,  
 As ever it stealeth on its way—  
 Solemnly now, and not in play:  
     "Oh, come with me  
     To the slumbrous sea  
 That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!"

*Heigh-ho, but the years go by—  
 I would to God that a child were I!*

## PICNIC-TIME

It 's June ag'in, an' in my soul I feel the fillin' joy  
 That 's sure to come this time o' year to every little boy;  
 For, every June, the Sunday-schools at picnics may be seen,  
 Where "fields beyont the swellin' floods stand dressed in livin'  
 green";  
 Where little girls are skeered to death with spiders, bugs, and ants,  
 An' little boys get grass-stains on their go-to-meetin' pants.  
 It 's June ag'in, an' with it all what happiness is mine—  
 There 's goin' to be a picnic, an' I 'm goin' to jine!

One year I jined the Baptists, an' goodness! how it rained!  
 (But granpa says that that 's the way "baptizo" is explained.)  
 And once I jined the 'Piscopils an' had a heap o' fun—  
 But the boss of all the picnics was the Presbyterium!  
 They had so many puddin's, sallids, sandwidges, an' pies,  
 That a feller wisht his stummick was as hungry as his eyes!  
 Oh, yes, the eatin' Presbyteriums give yer is so fine  
 That when *they* have a picnic, you bet *I'm* goin' to jine!

But at this time the Methodists have special claims on me,  
 For they 're goin' to give a picnic on the 21st, D. V. ;  
 Why should a liberal Universalist like me object  
 To share the joys of fellowship with every friendly sect?  
 However het'rodox their articles of faith elsewhere may be,  
 Their doctrine of fried chick'n is a savin' grace to me!  
 So on the 21st of June, the weather bein' fine,  
 They 're goin' to give a picnic, and I 'm goin' to jine!

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## SHUFFLE-SHOON AND AMBER-LOCKS

SHUFFLE-SHOON and Amber-Locks  
 Sit together, building blocks;  
     Shuffle-Shoon is old and gray,  
     Amber-Locks a little child,  
 But together at their play  
     Age and Youth are reconciled,  
 And with sympathetic glee  
 Build their castles fair to see.

"When I grow to be a man"  
 (So the wee one's prattle ran),  
     "I shall build a castle so—  
     With a gateway broad and grand;  
 Here a pretty vine shall grow,  
     There a soldier guard shall stand;  
 And the tower shall be so high,  
 Folks will wonder, by and by!"

Shuffle-Shoon quoth: "Yes, I know;  
 Thus I builded long ago!  
     Here a gate and there a wall,  
     Here a window, there a door;  
     Here a steeple wondrous tall  
     Riseth ever more and more!  
 But the years have levelled low  
 What I builded long ago!"

So they gossip at their play,  
 Heedless of the fleeting day;  
     One speaks of the Long Ago  
     Where his dead hopes buried lie;  
     One with chubby cheeks aglow  
     Prattleth of the By and By;  
 Side by side, they build their blocks—  
 Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks.

---

### THE SHUT-EYE TRAIN

COME, my little one, with me!  
 There are wondrous sights to see  
     As the evening shadows fall;  
     In your pretty cap and gown,  
     Don't detain  
     The Shut-Eye train—  
     "Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,  
     "Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth,  
 And we hear the warning call:  
 "*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*"

Over hill and over plain  
 Soon will speed the Shut-Eye train!  
     Through the blue where bloom the stars  
     And the Mother Moon looks down  
     We'll away  
     To land of Fay—

Oh, the sights that we shall see there!  
 Come, my little one, with me there—  
 'T is a goodly train of cars—  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*

Swifter than a wild bird's flight,  
 Through the realms of fleecy light  
 We shall speed and speed away!  
 Let the Night in envy frown—  
     What care we  
     How wroth she be!  
 To the Balow-land above us,  
 To the Balow-folk who love us,  
 Let us hasten while we may—  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*

Shut-Eye Town is passing fair—  
 Golden dreams await us there;  
 We shall dream those dreams, my dear,  
 Till the Mother Moon goes down—  
     See unfold  
     Delights untold!  
 And in those mysterious places  
 We shall see beloved faces  
 And beloved voices hear  
*In the grace of Shut-Eye Town.*

Heavy are your eyes, my sweet,  
 Weary are your little feet—  
 Nestle closer up to me  
 In your pretty cap and gown;  
     Don't detain  
     The Shut-Eye train!  
 "Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,  
 "Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth—  
 Oh, the sights that we shall see!  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*

## LITTLE-OH-DEAR

SEE, what a wonderful garden is here,  
 Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Deard!  
 Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—  
 Search ye the country and hunt ye the town  
 And never ye 'll meet with a garden so queer  
 As this one I 've made for my Little-Oh-Deard!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue,  
 Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,  
 The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,  
 Roses and pansies and violets—all  
 Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer  
 When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Deard.

And up at the top of that lavender-tree  
 A silver-bird singeth as only can she;  
 For, ever and only, she singeth the song  
 "I love you—I love you!" the happy day long;—  
 Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here!  
 "I love you, I love you," my Little-Oh-Deard!

The garden may wither, the silver-bird fly—  
 But what careth my little precious, or I?  
 From her pathway of flowers that in springtime upstart  
 She walketh the tenderer way in my heart;  
 And, oh, it is always the summer-time *here*  
 With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Deard!

---

 THE FLY-AWAY HORSE

OH, a wonderful horse is the Fly-Away Horse—  
 Perhaps you have seen him before;  
 Perhaps, while you slept, his shadow has swept  
 Through the moonlight that floats on the floor.

For it's only at night, when the stars twinkle bright,  
 That the Fly-Away Horse, with a neigh  
 And a pull at his rein and a toss of his mane,  
 Is up on his heels and away!  
 The Moon in the sky,  
 As he gallopeth by,  
 Cries: "Oh! what a marvellous sight!"  
 And the Stars in dismay  
 Hide their faces away  
 In the lap of old Grandmother Night.

It is yonder, out yonder, the Fly-Away Horse  
 Speedeth ever and ever away—  
 Over meadows and lanes, over mountains and plains  
 Over streamlets that sing at their play;  
 And over the sea like a ghost sweepeth he,  
 While the ships they go sailing below,  
 And he speedeth so fast that the men at the mast  
 Adjudge him some portent of woe.  
 "What ho there!" they cry,  
 As he flourishes by  
 With a whisk of his beautiful tail;  
 And the fish in the sea  
 Are as scared as can be,  
 From the nautilus up to the whale!

And the Fly-Away Horse seeks those far-away lands  
 You little folk dream of at night—  
 Where candy-trees grow, and honey-brooks flow,  
 And corn-fields with popcorn are white;  
 And the beasts in the wood are ever so good  
 To children who visit them there—  
 What glory astride of a lion to ride,  
 Or to wrestle around with a bear!  
 The monkeys, they say:  
 "Come on, let us play,"  
 And they frisk in the cocoanut-trees:  
 While the parrots, that cling  
 To the peanut-vines, sing  
 Or converse with comparative ease!

Off! scamper to bed—you shall ride him to-night!  
 For, as soon as you 've fallen asleep,  
 With a jubilant neigh he shall bear you away  
 Over forest and hillside and deep!  
 But tell us, my dear, all you see and you hear  
 In those beautiful lands over there,  
 Where the Fly-Away Horse wings his far-away course  
 With the wee one consigned to his care.  
     Then grandma will cry  
     In amazement: "Oh, my!"  
 And she 'll think it could never be so;  
     And only we two  
     Shall know it is true—  
 You and I, little precious! shall know!

---

## SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

SWING high and swing low  
 While the breezes they blow—  
 It's off for a sailor thy father would go;  
 And it's here in the harbor, in sight of the sea,  
 He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me:  
     *"Swing high and swing low  
     While the breezes they blow!"*

Swing high and swing low  
 While the breezes they blow—  
 It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!  
 And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth me when  
 I sing my song over and over again:  
     *"Swing high and swing low  
     While the breezes they blow!"*

"Swing high and swing low"—  
 The sea singeth so,  
 And it wailth anon in its ebb and its flow;

And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea  
Nor reckoneth he ever of mine or of me!

*"Swing high and swing low*

*While the breezes they blow—*

*'T was off for a sailor thy father would go!'*

### WHEN I WAS A BOY

UP in the attic where I slept

When I was a boy, a little boy,  
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,  
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept  
Over the low, red trundle-bed,  
Bathing the tangled curly head,  
While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek  
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!

When I was a boy, a little boy!  
For the grace that through the lattice streamed  
Over my folded eyelids seemed  
To have the gift of prophecy,  
And to bring me glimpses of times to be  
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—  
Ah! *that* was the sweetest dream of all,  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep

When I was a boy, a little boy!  
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,  
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep  
The crosses and griefs of the years away  
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;  
And those dreams should give me back again  
A peace I have never known since then—  
When I was a boy, a little boy!



## AT PLAY

PLAY that you are mother dear,  
 And play that papa is your beau  
 Play that we sit in the corner here,  
 Just as we used to, long ago.  
 Playing so, we lovers two  
 Are just as happy as we can be,  
 And I'll say "I love you" to you,  
 And you say "I love you" to me!  
 "I love you" we both shall say,  
 All in earnest and all in play.

Or, play that you are that other one  
 That some time came, and went away;  
 And play that the light of years ago  
 Stole into my heart again to-day!  
 Playing that you are the one I knew  
 In the days that never again may be,  
 I'll say "I love you" to you,  
 And you say "I love you" to me!  
 "I love you!" my heart shall say  
 To the ghost of the past come back to-day!

Or, play that you sought this nestling-place  
 For your own sweet self, with that dual guise  
 Of your pretty mother in your face  
 And the look of that other in your eyes!  
 So the dear old loves shall live anew  
 As I hold my darling on my knee,  
 And I'll say "I love you" to you,  
 And you say "I love you" to me!  
 Oh, many a strange, true thing we say  
 And do when we pretend to play,

## A VALENTINE

Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell  
 I love her well.  
 Yes, though she tramples on my heart  
 And rends that bleeding thing apart;  
 And though she rolls a scornful eye  
 On doting me when I go by;  
 And though she scouts at everything  
 As tribute unto her I bring—  
 Apple, banana, caramel,—  
 Haste, Cupid, to my love and tell,  
 In spite of all, I love her well!

And further say I have a sled  
 Cushioned in blue and painted red!  
 The groceryman has promised I  
 Can "hitch" whenever he goes by—  
 Go, tell her that, and, furthermore,  
 Apprise my sweetheart that a score  
 Of other little girls implore  
 The boon of riding on that sled  
 Painted and hitched, as aforesaid;—  
 And tell her, Cupid, only she  
 Shall ride upon that sled with me!  
 Tell her this all, and further tell  
     I love her well.

---

 LITTLE ALL-ALONEY

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY'S feet  
 Pitter-patter in the hall,  
 And his mother runs to meet  
 And to kiss her toddling sweet,  
 Ere perchance he fall.

He is, oh, so weak and small!  
 Yet what danger shall he fear  
 When his mother hovereth near,  
 And he hears her cheering call:  
 "All-Aloney"?

Little All-Aloney's face  
 It is all aglow with glee,  
 As around that romping-place  
 At a terrifying pace  
 Lungeth, plungeth he!  
 And that hero seems to be  
 All unconscious of our cheers—  
 Only one dear voice he hears  
 Calling reassuringly:  
 "All-Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,  
 Though his feet they seem so small  
 That you cannot help forebode  
 Some disastrous episode  
 In that noisy hall,  
 Neither threatening bump nor fall  
 Little All-Aloney fears,  
 But with sweet bravado steers  
 Whither comes that cheery call:  
 "All-Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come,  
 When he shares of Sorrow's store,—  
 When his feet are chill and numb,  
 When his cross is burdensome,  
 And his heart is sore:  
 Would that he could hear once more  
 The gentle voice he used to hear—  
 Divine with mother love and cheer—  
 Calling from yonder spirit shore:  
 "All, all alone!"

## SEEIN' THINGS

I AIN'T afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,  
 An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!  
 I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,  
 For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers  
     are said,  
 Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light,  
 An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they 're in the corner, sometimes they 're by the door,  
 Sometimes they 're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;  
 Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they 're walkin'  
     round  
 So softly an' so creepylike they never make a sound!  
 Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they 're white—  
 But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,  
 An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,  
 I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,  
 A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!  
 Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—  
 It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night!

I ucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!  
 Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;  
 An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then  
 I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!  
 Gran'ma tells me that 's the only way to make it right  
 When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,  
 I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;  
 An' when they 's pie for supper, or cakes 'at 's big an' nice,  
 I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things twice!  
 No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight  
 Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night!

## THE CUNNIN' LITTLE THING

WHEN baby wakes of mornings,  
 Then it's wake, ye people all!  
     For another day  
     Of song and play  
 Has come at our darling's call!  
 And, till she gets her dinner,  
 She makes the welkin ring,  
 And she *won't* keep still till she's had her fill—  
 The cunnin' little thing!

When baby goes a-walking,  
 Oh, how her paddies fly!  
     For that's the way  
     The babies say  
 To other folk "by-by";  
 The trees bend down to kiss her,  
 And the birds in rapture sing,  
 As there she stands and waves her hands—  
 The cunnin' little thing!

When baby goes a-rocking  
 In her bed at close of day,  
     At hide-and-peek  
     On her dainty cheek  
 The dreams and the dimples play;  
 Then it's sleep in the tender kisses  
 The guardian angels bring  
 From the Far Above to my sweetest love—  
 You cunnin' little thing!

---

 THE DOLL'S WOOING

THE little French doll was a dear little doll  
 Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses;  
     Her eyes were of hue  
     A most delicate blue

And dark as the night were her tresses;  
 Her dear little mouth was fluted and red,  
 And this little French doll was so very well bred  
 That whenever accosted her little mouth said:  
     “Mamma! mamma!”

The stockinet doll, with one arm and one leg,  
 Had once been a handsome young fellow,  
     But now he appeared  
     Rather frowzy and bleared  
 In his torn regimentals of yellow;  
 Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay  
 In the little toy cart near the window one day  
 And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly say:  
     “Mamma! mamma!”

He listened so long and he listened so hard  
 That anon he grew ever so tender,  
     For it's everywhere known  
     That the feminine tone  
 Gets away with all masculine gender!  
 He up and he wooed her with soldierly zest  
 But all she'd reply to the love he professed  
 Were *these* plaintive words (which perhaps you have guessed):  
     “Mamma! mamma!”

Her mother—a sweet little lady of five—  
 Vouchsafed her parental protection,  
     And although stockinet  
     Was n't blue-blooded, yet  
 She really could make no objection!  
 So soldier and dolly were wedded one day,  
 And a moment ago, as I journeyed that way,  
 I'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice say:  
     “Mamma! mamma!”

INSCRIPTION FOR MY LITTLE SON'S  
SILVER PLATE

WHEN thou dost eat from off this plate,  
I charge thee be thou temperate;  
Unto thine elders at the board  
Do thou sweet reverence accord;  
And, though to dignity inclined,  
Unto the serving-folk be kind;  
Be ever mindful of the poor,  
Nor turn them hungry from the door;  
And unto God, for health and food  
And all that in thy life is good,  
Give thou thy heart in gratitude.

---

FISHERMAN JIM'S KIDS

FISHERMAN JIM lived on the hill  
With his bonnie wife an' his little boys;  
'T wuz "Blow, ye winds, as blow ye will—  
Naught we reck of your cold and noise!"  
For happy and warm were he an' his,  
And he dandled his kids upon his knee  
To the song of the sea.

Fisherman Jim would sail all day,  
But, when come night, upon the sands  
His little kids ran from their play,  
Callin' to him an' wavin' their hands;  
Though the wind was fresh and the sea was high,  
He 'd hear 'em—you bet—above the roar  
Of the waves on the shore!

Once Fisherman Jim sailed into the bay  
As the sun went down in a cloudy sky,  
And never a kid saw he at play,

And he listened in vain for the welcoming cry.  
 In his little house he learned it all,  
 And he clinched his hands and he bowed his head—  
 “The fever!” they said.

’T wuz a pitiful time for Fisherman Jim,  
 With them darlin’s a-dyin’ afore his eyes,  
 A-stretchin’ their wee hands out to him  
 An’ a-breakin’ his heart with the old-time cries  
 He had heerd so often upon the sands;  
 For they thought they wuz helpin’ his boat ashore—  
 Till they spoke no more.

But Fisherman Jim lived on and on,  
 Castin’ his nets an’ sailin’ the sea;  
 As a man will live when his heart is gone,  
 Fisherman Jim lived hopelessly,  
 Till once in those years they come an’ said:  
 “Old Fisherman Jim is powerful sick—  
 Go to him, quick!”

Then Fisherman Jim says he to me:  
 “It’s a long, long cruise—you understand—  
 But over beyont the ragin’ sea  
 I kin see my boys on the shinin’ sand  
 Waitin’ to help this ol’ hulk ashore,  
 Just as they used to—ah, mate, you know!—  
 In the long ago.”

No, sir! he wuz n’t afeard to die;  
 For all night long he seemed to see  
 His little boys of the days gone by,  
 An’ to hear sweet voices forgot by me!  
 An’ just as the mornin’ sun come up—  
 “They’re holdin’ me by the hands!” he cried,  
 An’ so he died.



“ FIDDLE-DEE-DEE ”

THERE once was a bird that lived up in a tree,  
 And all he could whistle was “Fiddle-dee-dee”—  
 A very provoking, unmusical song  
 For one to be whistling the summer day long!  
 Yet always contented and busy was he  
 With that vocal recurrence of “Fiddle-dee-dee.”

Hard by lived a brave little soldier of four,  
 That weird iteration repented him sore;  
 “I prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun,  
 For, by our St. Diddy! the deed must be done  
 That shall presently rid all creation and me  
 Of that ominous bird and his ‘Fiddle-dee-dee’!”

Then out came Dear-Mother-Mine, bringing her son  
 His awfully truculent little red gun;  
 The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin,  
 The “bang” it came out where the bullet went in—  
 The right kind of weapon I think you’ll agree  
 For slaying all fowl that go “Fiddle-dee-dee”!

The brave little soldier quoth never a word,  
 But he up and he drew a straight bead on that bird;  
 And, while that vain creature provokingly sang,  
 The gun it went off with a terrible bang!  
 Then loud laughed the youth—“By my Bottle,” cried he  
 “I have put a quietus on ‘Fiddle-dee-dee’!”

Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine, saying: “My son,  
 Right well have you wrought with your little red gun!  
 Hereafter no evil at all need I fear,  
 With such a brave soldier as You-My-Love here!”  
 She kissed the dear boy.

[The bird in the tree  
 Continued to whistle his “Fiddle-dee-dee”!]

## OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

OVER the hills and far away,  
 A little boy steals from his morning play  
 And under the blossoming apple-tree  
 He lies and he dreams of the things to be:  
 Of battles fought and of victories won,  
 Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done—  
 Of the valor that he shall prove some day,  
 Over the hills and far away—  
     Over the hills, and far away!

Over the hills and far away  
 It's, oh, for the toil the livelong day!  
 But it mattereth not to the soul aflame  
 With a love for riches and power and fame!  
 On, O man! while the sun is high—  
 On to the certain joys that lie  
 Yonder where blazeth the noon of day,  
 Over the hills and far away—  
     Over the hills, and far away!

Over the hills and far away,  
 An old man lingers at close of day;  
 Now that his journey is almost done,  
 His battles fought and his victories won—  
 The old-time honesty and truth,  
 The trustfulness and the friends of youth,  
 Home and mother—where are they?  
 Over the hills and far away—  
     Over the years, and far away!

---

 CRADLE SONG

THE twinkling stars, that stud the skies  
 Throughout the quiet night,  
 Are only precious little eyes  
 Of babies fair and bright;

For, when the babies are asleep,  
An angel comes and takes  
Their little eyes to guard and keep  
Until the morning breaks.  
So, in the sky and on the earth,  
Those little eyes divine,  
With quiet love and twinkling mirth,  
Through all the darkness shine.  
The golden and majestic moon  
Beholds these baby eyes,  
And, mother-like, she loves to croon  
Her softest lullabies,  
Her gentlest hushabies.

The tiny flow'rs the baby knew  
Throughout the noisy day,  
Now ope their blossoms to the dew  
And, smiling, seem to say:  
"We know you, stars, serene and small,  
Up yonder in the skies—  
You are no little stars at all—  
You're only baby eyes!"  
The lambkins scamper to and fro  
And chase the night away,  
For they are full of joy to know  
The stars behold their play.  
The wind goes dancing, free and light,  
O'er tree and hilltop high.  
And murmurs all the happy night  
The sweetest lullaby,  
The gentlest hushaby.

So let thy little eyelids close  
Like flow'rs at set of sun.  
And tranquil be thy soul's repose,  
My precious weary one!  
The still and melancholy night  
Is envious of thine eyes,  
And longs to see their glorious light  
In yonder azure skies.

The daisies wonder all the while  
 Why all is dark above,  
 And clamor for the radiant smile  
 Of little orbs they love;  
 And, lo! an angel hovers near  
 To bear thine eyes on high.  
 So sleep, my babe, if thou would'st hear  
 The music of the sky—  
 Sweet nature's hushaby.

---

### THE ROSE AND THE ICEBERG

I HASTEN from the land of snows,  
 Where sunbeams dance and quiver,  
 Unto the dwelling of a rose,  
 Hard by a southern river.  
 An iceberg loves the blooming thing,  
 But she will pay no heeding  
 Unto the splendid polar king,  
 Nor to his piteous pleading.

Abashed that she is hostile to  
 His amorous pursuing,  
 The iceberg wills that I should go  
 To do his kingly wooing.  
 He bids me lure her from her tree,  
 And from her balmy places;  
 And bear her swiftly back with me.  
 Unto his fond embraces.

So, swiftly o'er the mountains high,  
 And through the forests gloomy,  
 Unto the distant vale I fly  
 To win this blossom to me.  
 To-morrow evening shall I ride—  
 More merrisome and faster—  
 For I shall bear the blooming bride  
 Back to my knightly master.

## A HUSHABY

BA-BA, baby sheep,  
 Chill and sombre grows the night—  
 Only stars from heaven's height  
 Shed on us their golden light—  
 Ba-ba, go to sleep—  
 Go to sleep, baby sheep!

Ba-ba, baby sheep—  
 Never mind the goblin's growl—  
 Never heed the hoodoo's howl—  
 Let the hippogriffin prowl—  
 Ba-ba, mother 'll keep  
 Watch over baby sheep!

Ba-ba, baby sheep—  
 Up above, serene and far,  
 Beams a tiny golden star  
 Listening to the ba-ba  
 I am singing to the sheep,  
 As they rock the lambs to sleep.

---

 SONG OF THE CLOUDS

FAR, far beyond yon Eastern steeps  
 There is an humble little cot,  
 And in that homely, lonely spot  
 A mother prays and weeps.  
 Be calm, dear one, the Father hears  
 Thy softest plaint and faintest sigh,  
 And He hath bless'd thy pray'rful cry  
 And sanctified thy tears.

And He hath sent us clouds to bear  
 Thy mother's tears, in form of rain,  
 Unto the distant desert plain,

To cool the desert air.  
 The fainting youth will feel our breath  
     Upon his bronzed and fevered face,  
     And have new strength to leave that place—  
 That arid haunt of death.

The mother heart need not despair—  
     To-morrow eve the son shall rest  
     Upon that mother's joyful breast,  
 For God hath heard her pray'r.  
 So, gentle stars, stay not our flight—  
     A mother's tears, in form of rain,  
     We bear unto that distant plain  
 Where faints a son to-night.

---

### THE PRINCESS MING

THERE was a prince by the name of Tsing  
     Who lived in the Chinese town of Lung  
 And fell in love with the Princess Ming  
     Who lived in the neighboring town of Jung;  
         'Twas a terrible thing  
         For Tsing and Ming,  
 As you 'll allow, when you 've heard me sing.

Now it happened so that the town of Lung,  
     Where lived the prince who longed to woo,  
 Went out to war with the town of Jung  
     With junks and swords and matchlocks, too—  
         'Twas a terrible thing  
         For Tsing and Ming,  
 As you 'll allow, when you 've heard me sing.

Miss Ming's papa was eating rice  
     On yestermorn at half-past eight,  
 And had carved a pie composed of mice,  
     When the soldiers knocked at his palace gate;

They were led by Tsing,  
 And they called for Ming,  
 Which all will allow was a terrible thing!

Miss Ming's papa girt on his sword—  
 "For this," quoth he, "I'll have his gore!"  
 In vain the Princess Ming implored—  
 In vain she swooned on the palace floor—  
     The Princess Ming  
     Who was wooed of Tsing  
 Could not prevail with the gruff old King!

The old King opened the palace gate  
 And in marched Tsing with his soldiers grim,  
 And the King smote Tsing on his princely pate—  
     Stating this stern rebuke to him:  
     "It's a fatal thing  
     For you, Mr. Tsing,  
 To come a-courting the Princess Ming!"

The prince most keenly felt this slight,  
 But still more keenly the cut on his head;  
 So, suddenly turning cold and white,  
 He fell to the earth and lay there dead.  
     Which act of the King  
     To the handsome Tsing  
 Was a brutal shock to the Princess Ming.

No sooner did the young prince die  
 Than Princess Ming from the palace flew,  
 And jumped straight into the River Ji,  
 With the dreadful purpose of dying, too!  
     'Twas a natural thing  
     For the Princess Ming  
 To do for love of the handsome Tsing!

And when she leaped in the River Ji,  
 And gasped and choked till her face was blue,  
 A crocodile fish came paddling by  
 And greedily bit Miss Ming in two—

The horrid old thing  
 Devoured Miss Ming,  
 Who had hoped to die for the love of Tsing.

When the King observed her life adjourned,  
 By the crocodile's biting the girl in twain,  
 Up to the ether his toes he turned,  
 With a ghastly rent in his jugular vein;  
 So the poor old King,  
 And Tsing, and Ming  
 Were dead and gone—what a terrible thing!

And as for the crocodile fish that had  
 Devoured Miss Ming in this off-hand way,  
 He caught the dyspepsy so dreadful bad  
 That he, too, died that very day!  
 So, now, with the King,  
 And Tsing, and Ming,  
 And the crocodile dead, what more can I sing?

---

### AN ELFIN SUMMONS

FROM the flow'rs and from the trees  
 Come, O tiny midnight elves,  
 And, to music of the breeze,  
 Merrily disport yourselves.  
 Harnessing the glow-worm's wing,  
 Drive the glow-worm for your steed,  
 Or with crickets dance and sing  
 On the velvet, perfumed mead.  
 Forth from pretty blue-bells creep  
 To coquette with starlight gleam—  
 See, the lambkins are asleep  
 And the daisies sleeping dream.  
 Hasten to engage yourselves  
 In your frolics, midnight elves!



See, a toad with jewelled eyes  
 Comes and croaks his homely song  
 To the spider as she plies  
 Her deft spinning all night long;  
 See the bat with rustling wings  
 Darting nervously above—  
 Hear the cricket as she sings  
 To her little violet love.  
 All the goblins are asleep  
 And no flimflam hovers near,  
 So from out the posies creep  
 With your Elfin ladies dear;  
 Merrily disport yourselves,  
 Frisky little midnight elves:

---

## A BROOK SONG

I 'm hastening from the distant hills  
 With swift and noisy flowing,  
 Nursed by a thousand tiny rills,  
 I 'm ever onward going.  
 The willows cannot stay my course,  
 With all their pliant wooing.  
 I sing and sing till I am hoarse,  
 My prattling way pursuing.  
 I kiss the pebbles as I pass,  
 And hear them say they love me;  
 I make obeisance to the grass  
 That kindly bends above me.  
 So onward through the meads and dells  
 I hasten, never knowing  
 The secret motive that impels,  
 Or whither I am going.

A little child comes often here  
 To watch my quaint commotion,  
 As I go tumbling, swift and clear,  
 Down to the distant ocean;

And as he plays upon my brink,  
 So thoughtless like and merry,  
 And full of noisy song, I think  
 The child is like me, very.  
 Through all the years of youthful play,  
 With ne'er a thought of sorrow,  
 We, prattling, speed upon our way,  
 Unmindful of the morrow;  
 Aye, through these sunny meads and dells  
 We gambol, never trowing  
 The solemn motive that impels,  
 Or whither we are going.

And men come here to say to me:  
 "Like you, with weird commotion,  
 O little singing brooklet, we  
 Are hastening to an ocean;  
 Down to a vast and misty deep,  
 With fleeting tears and laughter,  
 We go, nor rest until we sleep  
 In that profound Hereafter.  
 What tides may bear our souls along—  
 What monsters rise appalling—  
 What distant shores may hear our song  
 And answer to our calling?  
 Ah, who can say! through meads and dells  
 We wander, never knowing  
 The awful motive that impels,  
 Or whither we are going!"

---

### THE DISMAL DOLE OF THE DOODLEDOO

A BINGO bird once nestled her nest  
 On the lissom bough of an I O yew,  
 Hard by a burrow that was possess'd  
 Of a drear and dismal doodle-doo.

Eftsoons this doodledoo descried

The blithe and beautiful bingo bird,  
He vowed he 'd woo her to be his bride  
With many a sleek and winsome word.  
"Oh, doo! oh, doo!" sang the doodledoo  
To the bingo bird in the yarrish yew.

Now a churlish chit was the bingo bird,

Though her plumes were plumes of cardinal hue,  
And she smithered a smirk whenever she heard  
The tedious yawp of the doodledoo;  
For she loved, alas! a subtile snaix,  
Which had a sting at the end of his tail  
And lived in a tarn of sedge and brakes  
On the murky brink of a gruesome swail.  
"Oh, doo! oh, doo!" moaned the doodledoo,  
As dimmer and danker each day he grew.

Now, when this doodledoo beheld

The snaix go wooing the bingo bird,  
With envious rancor his bosom swelled—  
His soul with bitter remorse was stirred.  
And a flubdub said to the doodledoo,  
"The subtile snaix isn't toting square—  
I tell no tales—but if I were you,  
I 'd stop his courting the bingo fair!  
Aye, marry, come up, I 'd fain imbrue,  
If I were only a doodledoo!"

These burning words which the flubdub said

Inflamed the reptile's tortured soul  
Till the bristles rose on his livid head,  
And his slimy tongue began for to roll;  
His skin turned red and his fangs turned black  
And his eyes exuded a pool of tears,  
And the scales stood up on his bony back,  
And fire oozed out of his nose and ears!  
Oh, he was a terrible sight to view—  
This fierce and vengeful doodledoo!

The very next morn, as the bingo bird  
 Was nursing her baby bingoes three,  
 She gave a start, for she plainly heard  
 An ominous sound at the foot of the tree!  
 Her keen eye lit on the gruesome brakes,  
 From whence proceeded the hullabaloo—  
 And, lo and behold! 'twas the subtile snaix,  
 Busy at work with the doodle-doo.  
 Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! how the feathers flew,  
 When the snaix imbrued with the doodle-doo!

They fought and scratched, and they bit and bled,  
 Dispensing gore and their vitals, too,  
 And never pausing till both were dead—  
 The subtile snaix and the doodle-doo!  
 And the bingo bird—she didn't mind,  
 But giving her shoulders a careless shrug,  
 She went the way of her female kind,  
 And straightway wedded the straddlebug!  
 And there was nobody left to rue  
 The doom of the snaix and the doodle-doo—  
 Unless, mayhap, 'twas the I O yew.

---

### THE VIOLET'S LOVE STORY

HERE died a robin in the spring,  
 And, when he fluttered down to me,  
 I tried to bind his broken wing,  
 And soothe his dying agony.

I loved the wounded little bird—  
 And, though my heart was full to break,  
 I loved in silence—ne'er a word  
 Of that dear, hopeless love I spake.

I saw his old companions bring  
 Their funeral tributes to his dell;  
 But, when they went, I stayed to sing  
 The love I had not dared to tell.

So, while the little robin sleeps,  
 The sorrowing violet bides above:  
 And still she sings, as still she weeps,  
 A requiem to her buried love.

---

## AN INVITATION TO SLEEP

LITTLE eyelids, cease your winking;  
 Little orbs, forget to beam;  
 Little soul, to slumber sinking,  
 Let the fairies rule your dream.  
 Breezes, through the lattice sweeping,  
 Sing their lullabies the while—  
 And a star-ray, softly creeping  
 To thy bedside, woos thy smile.  
 But no song nor ray entrancing  
 Can allure thee from the spell  
 Of the tiny fairies dancing  
 O'er the eyes they love so well.  
 See, we come in countless number—  
 I, their queen, and all my court—  
 Haste, my precious one, to slumber  
 Which invites our fairy sport.

---

## COQUETRY

TIDDLE-DE-DUMPTY, tiddle-de-dee—  
 The spider courted the frisky flea;  
 Tiddle-de-dumpty, tiddle-de-doo—  
 'The flea ran off with the bugaboo!  
 "Oh, tiddle-de-dee!"  
 Said the frisky flea—  
 For what cared she  
 For the miseree  
 The spider knew,  
 When, tiddle-de-doo,  
 The flea ran off with the bugaboo!

**Rumpty-tumpty, pimply-pan—**  
**The flubdub courted a catamaran**  
**But timplety-topplety, timpity-tare—**  
**The flubdub wedded the big blue bear!**  
     The fun began  
     With a pimply-pan,  
     When the catamaran  
     Tore up a man  
     And streaked the air  
     With his gore and hair  
**Because the flubdub wedded the bear!**

---

### THE CRICKET'S SONG

**WHEN** all around from out the ground  
     The little flowers are peeping,  
**And from the hills the merry rills**  
     With vernal songs are leaping,  
**I sing my song the whole day long**  
     In woodland, hedge, and thicket—  
**And sing it, too, the whole night through,**  
     For I'm a merry cricket.

**The children hear my chirrup clear**  
     As, in the woodland straying,  
**They gather flow'rs through summer hours—**  
     And then I hear them saying:  
**"Sing, sing away the livelong day,**  
     Glad songster of the thicket—  
**With your shrill mirth you gladden earth,**  
     You merry little cricket!"

**When summer goes, and Christmas snows**  
     Are from the north returning,  
**I quit my lair and hasten where**  
     The old yule-log is burning.

And where at night the ruddy light  
 Of that old log is flinging  
 A genial joy o'er girl and boy,  
 'There I resume my singing.

And, when they hear my chirrup clear,  
 The children stop their playing—  
 With eager feet they haste to greet  
 My welcome music, saying:  
 "The little thing has come to sing  
 Of woodland, hedge, and thicket—  
 Of summer day and lambs at play—  
 Oh, how we love the cricket!"

---

### THE FATE OF THE FLIMFLAM

A FLIMFLAM flopped from a fillamaloo,  
 Where the pollywog pinkled so pale,  
 And the pipkin piped a petulant "pooh"  
 To the garrulous gawp of the gale.  
 "Oh, woe to the swap of the sweeping swipe  
 That booms on the bobbling bay!"  
 Snickered the snark to the snoozing snipe  
 That lurked where the lamprey lay.

The gluglug glinked in the glimmering gloam,  
 Where the buzzbuz bumbled his bee—  
 When the fimflam flitted, all flecked with foam,  
 From the sozzling and succulent sea.  
 "Oh, swither the swipe, with its sweltering sweep!"  
 She swore as she swayed in a swoon,  
 And a doleful dank dumped over the deep,  
 To the lay of the limpid loon!

## CONTENTMENT

ONCE on a time an old red hen  
 Went strutting 'round with pompous clucks,  
 For she had little babies ten,  
 A part of which were tiny ducks.  
 " 'T is very rare that hens," said she,  
 "Have baby ducks as well as chicks—  
 But I possess, as you can see,  
 Of chickens four and ducklings six!"

A season later, this old hen  
 Appeared, still cackling of her luck,  
 For, though she boasted babies ten,  
 Not one among them was a duck!  
 " 'T is well," she murmured, brooding o'er  
 The little chicks of fleecy down—  
 "My babies now will stay ashore,  
 And, consequently, cannot drown!"

The following spring the old red hen  
 Clucked just as proudly as of yore—  
 But lo! her babes were ducklings ten,  
 Instead of chickens, as before!  
 " 'T is better," said the old red hen,  
 As she surveyed her waddling brood;  
 "A little water now and then  
 Will surely do my darlings good!"

But oh! alas, how very sad!  
 When gentle spring rolled round again  
 The eggs eventuated bad,  
 And childless was the old red hen!  
 Yet patiently she bore her woe,  
 And still she wore a cheerful air,  
 And said: " 'T is best these things are so,  
 For babies are a dreadful care!"



I half suspect that many men,  
 And many, many women, too,  
 Could learn a lesson from the hen  
 With foliage of vermilion hue;  
 She ne'er presumed to take offence  
 At any fate that might befall,  
 But meekly bowed to Providence—  
 She was contented—that was all!

---

## A FAIRY LULLABY

THERE are two stars in yonder steeps  
 That watch the baby while he sleeps.  
 But while the baby is awake  
 And singing gayly all day long,  
 The little stars their slumbers take  
 Lulled by the music of his song.  
 So sleep, dear tired baby, sleep  
 While little stars their vigils keep.

Beside his loving mother-sheep  
 A little lambkin is asleep;  
 What does he know of midnight gloom—  
 He sleeps, and in his quiet dreams  
 He thinks he plucks the clover bloom  
 And drinks at cooling, purling streams.  
 And those same stars the baby knows  
 Sing softly to the lamb's repose.

Sleep, little lamb; sleep, little child—  
 The stars are dim—the night is wild;  
 But o'er the cot and o'er the lea  
 A sleepless eye forever beams—  
 A shepherd watches over thee  
 In all thy little baby dreams;  
 The shepherd loves his tiny sheep—  
 Sleep, precious little lambkin, sleep!

## BALLAD OF THE JELLY-CAKE

A LITTLE boy whose name was Tim  
Once ate some jelly-cake for tea—  
Which cake did not agree with him,  
As by the sequel you shall see.  
“My darling child,” his mother said,  
“Pray do not eat that jelly-cake,  
For, after you have gone to bed,  
I fear ’t will make your stomach ache!”  
But foolish little Tim demurred  
Unto his mother’s warning word.

That night, while all the household slept,  
Tim felt an awful pain, and then  
From out the dark a nightmare leapt  
And stood upon his abdomen!  
“I cannot breathe!” the infant cried—  
“Oh, Mrs. Nightmare, pity take!”  
“There is no mercy,” she replied,  
“For boys who feast on jelly-cake!”  
And so, despite the moans of Tim,  
The cruel nightmare went for him.

At first, she ’d tickle Timmy’s toes  
Or roughly smite his baby cheek—  
And now she ’d rudely tweak his nose  
And other petty vengeance wreak;  
And then, with hobnails in her shoes  
And her two horrid eyes aflame,  
The mare proceeded to amuse  
Herself by prancing o’er his frame—  
First to his throbbing brow, and then  
Back to his little feet again.

At last, fantastic, wild, and weird,  
And clad in garments ghastly grim,  
A scowling hoodoo band appeared  
And joined in worrying little Tim.

Each member of this hoodoo horde  
 Surrounded Tim with fierce ado  
 And with long, cruel gimlets bored  
 His aching system through and through,  
 And while they labored all night long  
 The nightmare neighed a dismal song.

Next morning, looking pale and wild,  
 Poor little Tim emerged from bed—  
 “Good gracious! what can ail the child!”  
 His agitated mother said.  
 “We live to learn,” responded he,  
 “And I have lived to learn to take  
 Plain bread and butter for my tea,  
 And never, never, jelly-cake!  
 For when my hulk with pastry teems,  
 I must *expect* unpleasant dreams!”

---

### MORNING SONG

THE eastern sky is streaked with red,  
 The weary night is done,  
 And from his distant ocean bed  
 Rolls up the morning sun.  
 The dew, like tiny silver beads  
 Bespread o'er velvet green,  
 Is scattered on the wakeful meads  
 By angel hands unseen.  
 “Good-morrow, robin in the trees!”  
 The star-eyed daisy cries;  
 “Good-morrow,” sings the morning breeze  
 Unto the ruddy skies;  
 “Good-morrow, every living thing!”  
 Kind Nature seems to say,  
 And all her works devoutly sing  
 A hymn to birth of day,  
 So, haste, without delay,  
 Haste, fairy friends, on silver wing,  
 And to your homes away!

## TO A SLEEPING BABY'S EYES

AND thou, twin orbs of love and joy!  
     Unveil thy glories with the morn—  
     Dear eyes, another day is born—  
 Awake, O little sleeping boy!  
 Bright are the summer morning skies,  
     But in this quiet little room  
     There broods a chill, oppressive gloom—  
 All for the brightness of thine eyes.  
 Without those radiant orbs of thine  
     How dark this little world would be—  
     This sweet home-world that worships thee—  
 So let their wondrous glories shine  
 On those who love their warmth and joy—  
 Awake, O sleeping little boy.

---

 DREAM, DREAM, DREAM!

DREAM, dream, dream  
 Of meadow, wood, and stream;  
     Of bird and bee,  
     Of flower and tree,  
 All under the noonday gleam;  
     Of the song and play  
     Of mirthful day—  
 Dream, dream, dream!

Dream, dream, dream  
 Of glamour, glint, and gleam;  
     Of the hushaby things  
     The night wind sings  
 To the moon and the stars abeam;  
     Of whimsical sights  
     In the land o' sprites  
 Dream, dream, dream!

## A LULLABY

**T**HE stars are twinkling in the skies,  
 The earth is lost in slumbers deep;  
 So hush, my sweet, and close thine eyes,  
 And let me lull thy soul to sleep.  
 Compose thy dimpled hands to rest,  
 And like a little birdling lie  
 Secure within thy cosey nest  
 Upon my loving mother breast  
 And slumber to my lullaby,  
 So hushaby—O hushaby.

**T**he moon is singing to a star  
 The little song I sing to you;  
 The father sun has strayed afar,  
 As baby's sire is straying too.  
 And so the loving mother moon  
 Sings to the little star on high;  
 And as she sings, her gentle tune  
 Is borne to me, and thus I croon  
 For thee, my sweet, that lullaby  
 Of hushaby—O hushaby.

**T**here is a little one asleep  
 That does not hear his mother's song;  
 But angel watchers—as I weep—  
 Surround his grave the night-tide long.  
 And as I sing, my sweet, to you,  
 Oh, would the lullaby I sing—  
 The same sweet lullaby he knew  
 While slumb'ring on this bosom too—  
 Were borne to him on angel's wing!  
 So hushaby—O hushaby.

## THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD

“GIVE me my bow,” said Robin Hood,  
“An arrow give to me;  
And where ’t is shot mark thou that spot,  
For there my grave shall be.”

Then Little John did make no sign,  
And not a word he spake;  
But he smiled, altho’ with mickle woe  
His heart was like to break.

He raised his master in his arms,  
And set him on his knee;  
And Robin’s eyes beheld the skies,  
The shaws, the greenwood tree.

The brook was babbling as of old,  
The birds sang full and clear,  
And the wild-flowers gay like a carpet lay  
In the path of the timid deer.

“O Little John,” said Robin Hood,  
“Meseemeth now to be  
Standing with you so stanch and true  
Under the greenwood tree.

“And all around I hear the sound  
Of Sherwood long ago,  
And my merry men come back again,—  
You know, sweet friend, you know!

“Now mark this arrow; where it falls,  
When I am dead dig deep,  
And bury me there in the greenwood where  
I would forever sleep.”

He twanged his bow. Upon its course  
 The clothyard arrow sped,  
 And when it fell in yonder dell,  
 Brave Robin Hood was dead.

The sheriff sleeps in a marble vault,  
 The king in a shroud of gold;  
 And upon the air with a chanted pray'r  
 Mingles the mock of mould.

But the deer draw to the shady pool,  
 The birds sing blithe and free,  
 And the wild-flow'rs bloom o'er a hidden tomb  
 Under the greenwood tree.

---

### MOTHER AND CHILD

ONE night a tiny dewdrop fell  
 Into the bosom of a rose,—  
 “Dear little one, I love thee well,  
 Be ever here thy sweet repose!”

Seeing the rose with love bedight,  
 The envious sky frowned dark, and then  
 Sent forth a messenger of light  
 And caught the dewdrop up again.

“Oh, give me back my heavenly child,—  
 My love!” the rose in anguish cried;  
 Alas! the sky triumphant smiled,  
 And so the flower, heart-broken, died.

## ASHES ON THE SLIDE

WHEN Jim and Bill and I were boys a many years ago,  
 How gayly did we use to hail the coming of the snow!  
 Our sleds, fresh painted red and with their runners round and  
     bright,  
 Seemed to respond right briskly to our clamor of delight  
 As we dragged them up the slippery road that climbed the rugged  
     hill  
 Where perched the old frame meetin'-house, so solemn-like and still.

Ah, coasting in those days—those good old days—was fun indeed!  
 Sleds at that time I 'd have you know were paragons of speed!  
 And if the hill got bare in spots, as hills will do, why then  
 We 'd haul on ice and snow to patch those bald spots up again;  
 But, oh! with what sad certainty our spirits would subside  
 When Deacon Frisbee sprinkled ashes where we used to slide!

The deacon he would roll his eyes and gnash his toothless gums,  
 And clear his skinny throat, and twirl his saintly, bony thumbs,  
 And tell you: "When I wuz a boy, they taught me to eschew  
 The godless, ribald vanities which modern youth pursue!  
 The pathway that leads down to hell is slippery, straight, and  
     wide;  
 And Satan lurks for prey where little boys are wont to slide!"

Now, he who ever in his life has been a little boy  
 Will not reprove me when he hears the language I employ  
 To stigmatize as wickedness the deacon's zealous spite  
 In interfering with the play wherein we found delight;  
 And so I say, with confidence, not unalloyed of pride:  
 "Gol durn the man who sprinkles ashes where the youngsters slide!"

But Deacon Frisbee long ago went to his lasting rest,  
 His money well invested in farm mortgages out West;  
 Bill, Jim, and I, no longer boys, have learned through years of strife  
 That the troubles of the little boy pursue the man through life;  
 That here and there along the course wherein we hoped to glide  
 Some envious hand has sprinkled ashes just to spoil our slide!



And that malicious, envious hand is not the deacon's now.  
Grim, ruthless Fate, that evil sprite none other is than thou!  
Riches and honors, peace and care come at thy beck and go;  
The soul, elate with joy to-day, to-morrow writhes in woe;  
And till a man has turned his face unto the wall and died,  
He must expect to get his share of ashes on his slide!

---

## CHRISTMAS EVE

OH, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,  
The evening shades are falling,—  
Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear  
The voice of the Master calling?

Deep lies the snow upon the earth,  
But all the sky is ringing  
With joyous song, and all night long  
The stars shall dance, with singing.

Oh, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,  
And close thine eyes in dreaming,  
And angels fair shall lead thee where  
The singing stars are beaming.

A shepherd calls his little lambs,  
And he longeth to caress them;  
He bids them rest upon his breast,  
That his tender love may bless them.

So, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,  
Whilst evening shades are falling,  
And above the song of the heavenly throng  
Thou shalt hear the Master calling.

## TELLING THE BEES

OUT of the house where the slumberer lay  
Grandfather came one summer day,  
And under the pleasant orchard trees  
He spake this wise to the murmuring bees:  
    "The clover-bloom that kissed her feet  
    And the posie-bed where she used to play  
    Have honey store, but none so sweet  
    As ere our little one went away.  
O bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low;  
For she is gone who loved you so."

A wonder fell on the listening bees  
Under those pleasant orchard trees,  
And in their toil that summer day  
Ever their murmuring seemed to say:  
    "Child, O child, the grass is cool,  
    And the posies are waking to hear the song  
    Of the bird that swings by the shaded pool,  
    Waiting for one that tarrieth long."  
'T was so they called to the little one then,  
As if to call her back again.

O gentle bees, I have come to say  
That grandfather fell asleep to-day,  
And we know by the smile on grandfather's face  
He has found his dear one's bidding-place.  
    So, bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low,  
    As over the honey-fields you sweep,—  
    To the trees abloom and the flowers ablow  
    Sing of grandfather fast asleep;  
And ever beneath these orchard trees  
Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.

## TWO VALENTINES

I—TO MISTRESS BARBARA

THERE were three cavaliers, all handsome and true,  
On Valentine's day came a maiden to woo,  
And quoth to your mother: "Good-morrow, my dear,  
We came with some songs for your daughter to hear!"

Your mother replied: "I'll be pleased to convey  
To my daughter what things you may sing or may say!"

Then the first cavalier sung: "My pretty red rose,  
I'll love you and court you some day, I suppose!"  
And the next cavalier sung, with make-believe tears:  
"I've loved you! I've loved you these many long years!"

But the third cavalier (with the brown, bushy head  
And the pretty blue jacket and necktie of red)  
He drew himself up with a resolute air,  
And he warbled: "O maiden, surpassingly fair!  
I've loved you long years, and I love you to-day,  
And, if you will let me, I'll love you for aye!"

I (the third cavalier) sang this ditty to you,  
In my necktie of red and my jacket of blue;  
I'm sure you'll prefer the song that was mine  
And smile your approval on your valentine.

## II—TO A BABY BOY

WHO I am I shall not say,  
 But I send you this bouquet  
 With this query, baby mine:  
 "Will you be my valentine?"

See these roses blushing blue,  
 Very like your eyes of hue;  
 While these violets are the red  
 Of your cheeks. It can be said  
 Ne'er before was babe like you.

And I think it is quite true  
 No one e'er before to-day  
 Sent so wondrous a bouquet  
 As these posies aforesaid—  
 Roses blue and violets red!

Sweet, repay me sweets for sweets—  
 'T is your lover who entreats!  
 Smile upon me, baby mine—  
 Be my little valentine!

---

 THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH

I 'D like to be a cowboy an' ride a firey hoss  
 Way out into the big an' boundless West;  
 I 'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across,  
 An' I 'd pluck the bal' head eagle from his nest!  
 With my pistols at my side,  
 I would roam the prarers wide,  
 An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride—  
 If I darst; but I darse n't!

I 'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,  
 An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw!  
 I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,  
 An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw!  
     I 'd chase the pizen snakes  
     An' the 'pottimus that makes  
 His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—  
     If I darst; but I darse n't!

I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean blue,  
 With a big black flag afflyin' overhead;  
 I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut crew  
 An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red!  
     With my cutlass in my hand  
     On the quarterdeck I 'd stand  
 And to deeds of heroism I 'd incite my pirut band—  
     If I darst; but I darse n't!

And, if I darst, I 'd lick my pa for the times that he 's licked me!  
 I 'd lick my brother an' my teacher, too!  
 I 'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,  
 An' I 'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through!  
     You bet! I 'd run away  
     From my lessons to my play,  
 An' I 'd shoo the hens, an' tease the cat, an' kiss the girls all  
 day—  
     If I darst; but I darse n't!

---

## A PITEOUS PLAINT

I CANNOT eat my porridge,  
I weary of my play;  
No longer can I sleep at night,  
No longer romp by day!  
Though forty pounds was once my weight,  
I'm shy of thirty now;  
I pine, I wither and I fade  
Through love of Martha Clow.

As she rolled by this morning  
I heard the nurse girl say:  
"She weighs just twenty-seven pounds  
And she's one year old to-day."  
I threw a kiss that nestled  
In the curls upon her brow,  
But she never turned to thank me—  
That bouncing Martha Clow!

She ought to know I love her,  
For I've told her that I do;  
And I've brought her nuts and apples,  
And sometimes candy, too!  
I'd drag her in my little cart  
If her mother would allow  
That delicate attention  
To her daughter, Martha Clow.

O Martha! pretty Martha!  
Will you always be so cold?  
Will you always be as cruel  
As you are at one-year-old?

Must your two-year-old admirer  
 Pine as hopelessly as now  
 For a fond reciprocation  
 Of his love for Martha Clow?

You smile on Bernard Rogers  
 And on little Harry Knott;  
 You play with them at peek-a-boo  
 All in the Waller Lot!  
 Wildly I gnash my new-cut teeth  
 And beat my throbbing brow,  
 When I behold the coquetry  
 Of heartless Martha Clow!

I cannot eat my porridge,  
 Nor for my play care I;  
 Upon the floor and porch and lawn  
 My toys neglected lie;  
 But on the air of Halsted Street  
 I breathe this solemn vow:  
 "Though *she* be *false*, I will be true  
 To pretty Martha Clow!"

---

## THE TWO LITTLE SKEEZUCKS

THERE were two little skeezucks who lived in the **isle**  
 Of Boo in a southern sea;  
 They clambered and rollicked in heathenish style  
 In the boughs of their cocoanut tree.  
 They didn't fret much about clothing and such  
 And they recked not a whit of the ills  
 That sometimes accrue  
 From having to do  
 With tailor and laundry bills.

The two little skeezucks once heard of a Fair  
 Far off from their native isle,  
 And they asked of King Fan if they mightn't go there  
 To take in the sights for awhile.  
 Now old King Fan  
 Was a good-natured man  
 (As good-natured monarchs go),  
 And howbeit he swore that all Fairs were a bore,  
 He hadn't the heart to say "No."

So the two little skeezucks sailed off to the Fair  
 In a great big gum canoe,  
 And I fancy they had a good time there,  
 For they tarried a year or two.  
 And old King Fan at last began  
 To reckon they 'd come to grief,  
 When glory! one day  
 They sailed into the bay  
 To the tune of "Hail to the Chief!"

The two little skeezucks fell down on the sand,  
 Embracing his majesty's toes,  
 Till his majesty graciously bade them stand  
 And salute him nose to nose.  
 And then quoth he:  
 "Divulge unto me  
 What happenings have hapt to you:  
 And how did they dare to indulge in a Fair  
 So far from the island of Boo?"

The two little skeezucks assured their king  
 That what he surmised was true;  
 That the Fair would have been a different thing  
 Had it only been held in Boo!



“The folk over there in no wise compare  
With the folk of the southern seas;  
    Why, they comb out their heads  
    And they sleep in beds  
Instead of in caverns and trees!”

The two little skeezucks went on to say  
    That children (so far as they knew)  
Had a much harder time in that land far away  
    Than here in the island of Boo!  
    They have to wear clo'es  
    Which (as every one knows)  
Are irksome to primitive laddies,  
While, with forks and with spoons, they 're denied the sweet  
    boons  
    That accrue from free use of one's paddies!

“And now that you 're speaking of things to eat,”  
    Interrupted the monarch of Boo,  
“We beg to inquire if you happened to meet  
    With a nice missionary or two?”  
“No, that we did not; in that curious spot  
Where were gathered the fruits of the earth,  
    Of that special kind  
    Which Your Nibs has in mind  
There appeared a deplorable dearth!”

Then loud laughed that monarch in heathenish mirth  
    And loud laughed his courtiers, too,  
And they cried: “There is elsewhere no land upon earth  
    So good as our island of Boo!”  
    And the skeezucks, tho' glad  
    Of the journey they 'd had,  
    Climbed up in their cocoanut trees,  
Where they still may be seen with no shirts to keep clean  
Or trousers that bag at the knees.

## THE BOW-LEG BOY

WHO should come up the road one day  
But the doctor-man in his two-wheel shay!  
And he whoaed his horse and he cried "Ahoy!  
I have brought you folks a bow-leg boy!  
    Such a cute little boy!  
    Such a funny little boy!  
    Such a dear little bow-leg boy!"

He took out his box and he opened it wide,  
And there was the bow-leg boy inside!  
And when they saw that cunning little mite,  
They cried in a chorus expressive of delight:  
    "What a cute little boy!  
    What a funny little boy!  
    What a dear little bow-leg boy!"

Observing a strict geometrical law,  
They cut out his panties with a circular saw;  
Which gave such a stress to his oval stride  
That the people he met invariably cried:  
    "What a cute little boy!  
    What a funny little boy!  
    What a dear little bow-leg boy!"

They gave him a wheel and away he went  
Speeding along to his heart's content;  
And he sits so straight and he pedals so strong  
That the folks all say as he bowls along:  
    "What a cute little boy!  
    What a funny little boy!  
    What a dear little bow-leg boy!"

With his eyes aflame and his cheeks aglow,  
He laughs "aha" and he laughs "oho";  
And the world is filled and thrilled with the joy  
Of that jolly little human, the bow-leg boy—  
    The cute little boy!  
    The funny little boy!  
    The dear little bow-leg boy!

If ever the doctor-man comes *my* way  
With his wonderful box in his two-wheel shay,  
I'll ask for the treasure I'd fain possess—  
Now, honest Injun! can't you guess?  
    Why, a cute little boy—  
    A funny little boy—  
    A dear little bow-leg boy!

---

# ECHOES FROM THE SABINE FARM

BY EUGENE AND ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD

TO M. L. GRAY

(DEDICATION)

COME, dear old friend, and with us twain  
To calm Digentian groves repair;  
The turtle coos his sweet refrain  
And posies are a-blooming there;  
And there the romping Sabine girls  
Bind myrtle in their lustrous curls.

I know a certain ilex-tree  
Whence leaps a fountain cool and clear.  
Its voices summon you and me;  
Come, let us haste to share its cheer!  
Methinks the rapturous song it sings  
Should woo our thoughts from mortal things.

But, good old friend, I charge thee well,  
Watch thou my brother all the while,  
Lest some fair Lydia cast her spell  
Round him unschooled in female guile.  
Those damsels have no charms for me;  
Guard thou that brother,—I'll guard thee!

And, lo, sweet friend! behold this cup,  
Round which the garlands intertwine;  
With Massic it is foaming up,  
And we would drink to thee and thine.  
And of the draught thou shalt partake,  
Who lov'st us for our father's sake

Hark you! from yonder Sabine farm  
 Echo the songs of long ago,  
 With power to soothe and grace to charm  
 What ills humanity may know;  
 With that sweet music in the air,  
 'T is Love and Summer everywhere.

So, though no grief consumes our lot  
 (Since all our lives have been discreet),  
 Come, in this consecrated spot,  
 Let's see if pagan cheer be sweet.  
 Now, then, the songs; but, first, more wine.  
 The gods be with you, friends of mine!

---

## AN INVITATION TO MÆCENAS

DEAR, noble friend! a virgin cask  
 Of wine solicits your attention;  
 And roses fair, to deck your hair,  
 And things too numerous to mention.  
 So tear yourself awhile away  
 From urban turmoil, pride, and splendor,  
 And deign to share what humble fare  
 And sumptuous fellowship I tender.  
 The sweet content retirement brings  
 Smooths out the ruffled front of kings.

The evil planets have combined  
 To make the weather hot and hotter;  
 By parboiled streams the shepherd dreams  
 Vainly of ice-cream soda-water.  
 And meanwhile you, defying heat,  
 With patriotic ardor ponder  
 On what old Rome essays at home,  
 And what her heathen do out yonder.  
 Mæcenas, no such vain alarm  
 Disturbs the quiet of this farm!

God in His providence obscures  
 The goal beyond this vale of sorrow,  
 And smiles at men in pity when  
 They seek to penetrate the morrow.  
 With faith that all is for the best,  
 Let's bear what burdens are presented,  
 That we shall say, let come what may,  
 "We die, as we have lived, contented!  
 Ours is to-day; God's is the rest,—  
 He doth ordain who knoweth best."

Dame Fortune plays me many a prank.  
 When she is kind, oh, how I go it!  
 But if again she's harsh,—why, then  
 I am a very proper poet!  
 When favoring gales bring in my ships,  
 I hie to Rome and live in clover;  
 Elsewise I steer my skiff out here,  
 And anchor till the storm blows over.  
 Compulsory virtue is the charm  
 Of life upon the Sabine farm!

---

### CHLORIS PROPERLY REBUKED

CHLORIS, my friend, I pray you your misconduct to forswear;  
 The wife of poor old Ibycus should have more *savoir faire*.  
 A woman at your time of life, and drawing near death's door,  
 Should not play with the girly girls, and think she's *en rapport*.

What's good enough for Pholoe you cannot well essay;  
 Your daughter very properly courts the *jeunesse dorée*,—  
 A Thyiad, who, when timbrel beats, cannot her joy restrain,  
 But plays the kid, and laughs and giggles *à l'Américaine*.

'T is more becoming, madame, in a creature old and poor,  
 To sit and spin than to engage in an *affaire d'amour*.  
 The lutes, the roses, and the wine drained deep are not for you;  
 Remember what the poet says: *Ce monde est plein de fous!*

## TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

O FOUNTAIN of Bandusia!  
 Whence crystal waters flow,  
 With garlands gay and wine I'll pay  
 The sacrifice I owe;  
 A sportive kid with budding horns  
 I have, whose crimson blood  
 Anon shall dye and sanctify  
 Thy cool and babbling flood.

O fountain of Bandusia!  
 The Dog-star's hateful spell  
 No evil brings into the springs  
 That from thy bosom well;  
 Here oxen, wearied by the plough,  
 The roving cattle here  
 Hasten in quest of certain rest,  
 And quaff thy gracious cheer.

O fountain of Bandusia!  
 Ennobled shalt thou be,  
 For I shall sing the joys that spring  
 Beneath yon ilex-tree.  
 Yes, fountain of Bandusia,  
 Posterity shall know  
 The cooling brooks that from thy nooks  
 Singing and dancing go.

---

## TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

U FOUNTAIN of Bandusia! more glittering than glass,  
 And worthy of th pleasant wine and toasts that freely pass;  
 More worthy of the flowers with which thou modestly art hid  
 To-morrow willing hands shall sacrifice to thee a kid.

In vain the glory of the brow where proudly swell above  
 The growing horns, significant of battle and of love;  
 For in thy honor he shall die,—the offspring of the herd,—  
 And with his crimson life-blood thy cold waters shall be stirred.

The Dog-star's cruel season, with its fierce and blazing heat,  
 Has never sent its scorching rays into thy glad retreat;  
 The oxen, wearied with the plough, the herd which wanders near,  
 Have found a grateful respite and delicious coolness here.

When of the graceful ilex on the hollow rocks I sing,  
 Thou shalt become illustrious, O sweet Bandusian spring!  
 Among the noble fountains which have been enshrined in fame,  
 Thy dancing, babbling waters shall in song our homage claim.

---

### THE PREFERENCE DECLARED

Boy, I detest the Persian pomp;  
 I hate those linden-bark devices;  
 And as for roses, holy Moses!  
 They can't be got at living prices!  
 Myrtle is good enough for us,—  
 For *you*, as bearer of my flagon;  
 For *me*, supine beneath this vine,  
 Doing my best to get a jag on!

---

### A TARDY APOLOGY

#### I

MÆCENAS, you will be my death,—though friendly you profess  
 yourself,—  
 If to me in a strain like this so often you address yourself:  
 “Come, Holly, why this laziness? Why indolently shock you us?  
 Why with Lethean cups fall into desuetude innocuous?”



A god, Mæcenas! yea, a god hath proved the very curse of me!  
 If my iambs are not done, pray, do not think the worse of me;  
 Anacreon for young Bathyllus burned without apology,  
 And wept his simple measures on a sample of conchology.

Now, you yourself, Mæcenas, are enjoying this beatitude;  
 If by no brighter beauty Ilium fell, you 've cause for gratitude.  
 A certain Phryne keeps me on the rack with lovers numerous;  
 This is the artful hussy's neat conception of the humorous!

---

## A TARDY APOLOGY

### II

You ask me, friend,  
 Why I don't send  
**The** long since due-and-paid-for numbers;  
 Why, songless, I  
 As drunken lie  
 Abandoned to Lethean slumbers.

Long time ago  
 (As well you know)  
**I** started in upon that carmen;  
 My work was vain,—  
 But why complain?  
 When gods forbid, how helpless are men!

Some ages back,  
 The sage Anack  
 Courted a frisky Samian body,  
 Singing her praise  
 In metered phrase  
 As flowing as his bowls of toddy.

Till I was hoarse  
 Might I discourse  
**Upon** the cruelties of Venus;  
 'T were waste of time  
 As well of rhyme,  
**For** you 've been there yourself, Mæcenas!

Perfect your bliss  
 If some fair miss  
 Love you yourself and *not* your minæ;  
 I, fortune's sport,  
 All vainly court  
 The beauteous, polyandrous Phryne!

---

### TO THE SHIP OF STATE

O SHIP of state,  
 Shall new winds bear you back upon the sea?  
 What are you doing? Seek the harbor's lee  
 Ere 't is too late!

Do you bemoan  
 Your side was stripped of oarage in the blast?  
 Swift Africus has weakened, too, your mast;  
 The sailyards groan.

Of cables bare,  
 Your keel can scarce endure the lordly wave.  
 Your sails are rent; you have no gods to save,  
 Or answer pray'r.

Though Pontic pine,  
 The noble daughter of a far-famed wood,  
 You boast your lineage and title good,—  
 A useless line!

The sailor there  
 In painted sterns no reassurance finds;  
 Unless you owe derision to the winds,  
 Beware—beware!

My grief erewhile,  
 But now my care—my longing! shun the seas  
 That flow between the gleaming Cyclades,  
 Each shining isle.

## QUITTING AGAIN

THE hero of  
 Affairs of love  
 By far too numerous to be mentioned,  
 And scarred as I'm,  
 It seemeth time  
 That I were mustered out and pensioned.

So on this wall  
 My lute and all  
 I hang, and dedicate to Venus;  
 And I implore  
 But one thing more  
 Ere all is at an end between us.

O goddess fair  
 Who reignest where  
 The weather's seldom bleak and snowy,  
 This boon I urge:  
 In anger scourge  
 My old cantankerous sweetheart, Chloe!

## SAILOR AND SHADE

## SAILOR

You, who have compassed land and sea,  
 Now all unburied lie;  
 All vain your store of human lore,  
 For you were doomed to die.  
 The sire of Pelops likewise fell,—  
 Jove's honored mortal guest;  
 So king and sage of every age  
 At last lie down to rest.  
 Plutonian shades enfold the ghost  
 Of that majestic one

Who taught as truth that he, forsooth,  
 Had once been Pentheus' son;  
 Believe who may, he's passed away,  
 And what he did is done.  
 A last night comes alike to all;  
 One path we all must tread,  
 Through sore disease or stormy seas  
 Or fields with corpses red.  
 Whate'er our deeds, that pathway leads  
 To regions of the dead.

## SHADE

The fickle twin Illyrian gales  
 O'erwhelmed me on the wave;  
 But you that live, I pray you give  
 My bleaching bones a grave!  
 Oh, then when cruel tempests rage  
 You all unharmed shall be;  
 Jove's mighty hand shall guard by land  
 And Neptune's on the sea.  
 Perchance you fear to do what may  
 Bring evil to your race?  
 Oh, rather fear that like me here  
 You'll lack a burial place.  
 So, though you be in proper haste,  
 Bide long enough, I pray,  
 To give me, friend, what boon shall send  
 My soul upon its way!

---

 LET US HAVE PEACE

IN maudlin spite let Thracians fight  
 Above their bowls of liquor;  
 But such as we, when on a spree,  
 Should never brawl and bicker!

These angry words and clashing swords  
 Are quite *de trop*, I'm thinking;  
 Brace up, my boys, and hush your noise,  
 And drown your wrath in drinking.

Aha, 't is fine,—this mellow wine  
 With which our host would dope us!  
 Now let us hear what pretty dear  
 Entangles him of Opus.

I see you blush,—nay, comrades, hush!  
 Come, friend, though they despise you,  
 Tell me the name of that fair dame,—  
 Perchance I may advise you.

O wretched youth! and is it truth  
 You love that fickle lady?  
 I, doting dunce, courted her once;  
 Since when, she 's reckoned shady!

---

TO QUINTUS DELLIUS

BE tranquil, Dellius, I pray;  
 For though you pine your life away  
 With dull complaining breath,  
 Or speed with song and wine each day,  
 Still, still your doom is death.

Where the white poplar and the pine  
 In glorious arching shade combine,  
 And the brook singing goes,  
 Bid them bring store of nard and wine  
 And garlands of the rose.

Let's live while chance and youth obtain  
 Soon shall you quit this fair domain  
 Kissed by the Tiber's gold,  
 And all your earthly pride and gain  
 Some heedless heir shall hold.

One ghostly boat shall some time bear  
 From scenes of mirthfulness or care  
 Each fated human soul,—  
 Shall waft and leave its burden where  
 The waves of Lethe roll.

*So come, I prithee, Dellius mine;  
 Let's sing our songs and drink our wine  
 In that sequestered nook  
 Where the white poplar and the pine  
 Stand listening to the brook.*

---

### POKING FUN AT XANTHIAS

OF your love for your handmaid you need feel no shame.  
 Don't apologize, Xanthias, pray;  
 Remember, Achilles the proud felt a flame  
 For Brissy, his slave, as they say.  
 Old Telamon's son, fiery Ajax, was moved  
 By the captive Tecmessa's ripe charms;  
 And Atrides, suspending the feast, it behooved  
 To gather a girl to his arms.

Now, how do you know that this yellow-haired maid  
 (This Phyllis you fain would enjoy)  
 Hasn't parents whose wealth would cast you in the shade,—  
 Who would ornament you, Xan, my boy?  
 Very likely the poor chick sheds copious tears,  
 And is bitterly thinking the while  
 Of the royal good times of her earlier years,  
 When her folks regulated the style!

It won't do at all, my dear boy, to believe  
 That she of whose charms you are proud  
 Is beautiful only as means to deceive,—  
 Merely one of the horrible crowd.

So constant a sweetheart, so loving a wife,  
 So averse to all notions of greed  
 Was surely not born of a mother whose life  
 Is a chapter you 'd better not read.

As an unbiased party I feel it my place  
 (For I don't like to do things by halves)  
 To compliment Phyllis,—her arms and her face  
 And (excuse me) her delicate calves.  
 Tut, tut! don't get angry, my boy, or suspect  
 You have any occasion to fear  
 A man whose deportment is always correct,  
 And is now in his forty-first year!

---

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

FUSCUS, whoso to good inclines,  
 And is a faultless liver,  
 Nor Moorish spear now bow need fear,  
 Nor poison-arrowed quiver.

Ay, though through desert wastes he roam,  
 Or scale the rugged mountains,  
 Or rest beside the murmuring tide  
 Of weird Hydaspan fountains!

Lo, on a time, I gayly paced  
 The Sabine confines shady,  
 And sung in glee of Lalage,  
 My own and dearest lady;

And as I sung, a monster wolf  
 Slunk through the thicket from me;  
 But for that song, as I strolled along,  
 He would have overcome me!

Set me amid those poison mists  
 Which no fair gale dispelleth,  
 Or in the plains where silence reigns,  
 And no thing human dwelleth,—

Still shall I love my Lalage,  
 Still sing her tender graces;  
 And while I sing, my theme shall bring  
 Heaven to those desert places!

---

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

I

Nor to lament that rival flame  
 Wherewith the heartless Glycera scorns you,  
 Nor waste your time in maudlin rhyme,  
 How many a modern instance warns you!

Fair-browed Lycoris pines away  
 Because her Cyrus loves another;  
 The ruthless churl informs the girl  
 He loves her only as a brother!

For he, in turn, courts Pholoe,—  
 A maid unscotched of love's fierce virus;  
 Why, goats will mate with wolves they hate  
 Ere Pholoe will mate with Cyrus!

Ah, weak and hapless human hearts,  
 By cruel Mother Venus fated  
 To spend this life in hopeless strife,  
 Because incongruously mated!

Such torture, Albius, is my lot;  
 For, though a better mistress wooed me,  
 My Myrtale has captured me,  
 And with her cruelties subdued me!



## TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

## II

GRIEVE not, my Albius, if thoughts of Glyceria may haunt you,  
 Nor chant your mournful elegies because she faithless proves;  
 If now a younger man than you this cruel charmer loves,  
 Let not the kindly favors of the past rise up to taunt you.

Lycoris of the little brow for Cyrus feels a passion,  
 And Cyrus, on the other hand, toward Pholoe inclines;  
 But ere this crafty Cyrus can accomplish his designs  
 She-goats will wed Apulian wolves in deference to fashion.

Such is the will, the cruel will, of love-inciting Venus,  
 Who takes delight in wanton sport and ill-considered jokes,  
 And brings ridiculous misfits beneath her brazen yokes,—  
 A very infelicitous proceeding, just between us.

As for myself, young Myrtale, slave-born and lacking graces,  
 And wilder than the Adrian tides which form Calabrian bays,  
 Entangled me in pleasing chains and compromising ways,  
 When—just my luck—a better girl was courting my embraces.

---

 TO MÆCENAS

MÆCENAS, thou of royalty's descent,  
 Both my protector and dear ornament,  
 Among humanity's conditions are  
 Those who take pleasure in the flying car,  
 Whirling Olympian dust, as on they roll,  
 And shunning with the glowing wheel the goal;  
 While the ennobling palm, the prize of worth,  
 Exalts them to the gods, the lords of earth.

Here one is happy if the fickle crowd  
 His name the threefold honor has allowed;  
 And there another, if into his stores  
 Comes what is swept from Libyan threshing-floors.

He who delights to till his father's lands,  
 And grasps the delving-hoe with willing hands,  
 Can never to Attalic offers hark,  
 Or cut the Myrtoan Sea with Cyprian bark.  
 The merchant, timorous of Afric's breeze,  
 When fiercely struggling with Icarian seas  
 Praises the restful quiet of his home,  
 Nor wishes from the peaceful fields to roam;  
 Ah, speedily his shattered ships he mends,—  
 To poverty his lesson ne'er extends.

One there may be who never scorns to fill  
 His cups with mellow draughts from Massic's hill,  
 Nor from the busy day an hour to wean,  
 Now stretched at length beneath the arbut green,  
 Now at the softly whispering spring, to dream  
 Of the fair nymphs who haunt the sacred stream.  
 For camp and trump and clarion some have zest,—  
 The cruel wars the mothers so detest.  
 'Neath the cold sky the hunter spends his life,  
 Unmindful of his home and tender wife,  
 Whether the doe is seen by faithful hounds  
 Or Marsian boar through the fine meshes bounds.

But as for me, the ivy-wreaths, the prize  
 Of learned brows, exalt me to the skies;  
 The shady grove, the nymphs and satyrs there,  
 Draw me away from people everywhere;  
 If it may be, Euterpe's flute inspires,  
 Or Polyhymnia strikes the Lesbian lyres;  
 And if you place me where no bard debars,  
 With head exalted I shall strike the stars!

## TO HIS BOOK

You vain, self-conscious little book,  
Companion of my happy days,  
How eagerly you seem to look  
For wider fields to spread your lays;  
My desk and locks cannot contain you,  
Nor blush of modesty restrain you.

Well, then, begone, fool that thou art!  
But do not come to me and cry,  
When critics strike you to the heart:  
"Oh, wretched little book am I!"  
You know I tried to educate you  
To shun the fate that must await you.

In youth you may encounter friends  
(Pray this prediction be not wrong),  
But wait until old age descends  
And thumbs have smeared your gentlest song;  
Then will the moths connive to eat you  
And rural libraries secrete you.

However, should a friend some word  
Of my obscure career request,  
Tell him how deeply I was stirred  
To spread my wings beyond the nest;  
Take from my years, which are before you,  
To boom my merits, I implore you.

Tell him that I am short and fat,  
Quick in my temper, soon appeased,  
With locks of gray,—but what of that?  
Loving the sun, with nature pleased.  
I'm more than four and forty, hark you,—  
But ready for a night off, mark you!

FAME *vs.* RICHES

THE Greeks had genius,—’t was a gift  
 The Muse vouchsafed in glorious measure;  
 The boon of Fame they made their aim  
 And prized above all worldly treasure.

But *we*,—how do we train *our* youth?  
 Not in the arts that are immortal,  
 But in the greed for gains that speed  
 From him who stands at Death’s dark portal.

Ah, when this slavish love of gold  
 Once binds the soul in greasy fetters,  
 How prostrate lies,—how droops and dies  
 The great, the noble cause of letters!

---

 THE LYRIC MUSE

I LOVE the lyric muse!  
 For when mankind ran wild in grooves  
 Came holy Orpheus with his songs  
 And turned men’s hearts from bestial loves,  
 From brutal force and savage wrongs;  
 Amphion, too, and on his lyre  
 Made such sweet music all the day  
 That rocks, instinct with warm desire,  
 Pursued him in his glorious way.

I love the lyric muse!  
 Hers was the wisdom that of yore  
 Taught man the rights of fellow man,  
 Taught him to worship God the more,  
 And to revere love’s holy ban.  
 Hers was the hand that jotted down  
 The laws correcting divers wrongs;  
 And so came honor and renown  
 To bards and to their noble songs.

I love the lyric muse!  
 Old Homer sung unto the lyre;  
   Tyrtaeus, too, in ancient days;  
 Still warmed by their immortal fire,  
   How doth our patriot spirit blaze!  
 The oracle, when questioned, sings;  
   So our first steps in life are taught.  
 In verse we soothe the pride of kings,  
   In verse the drama has been wrought.

I love the lyric muse!  
 Be not ashamed, O noble friend,  
   In honest gratitude to pay  
 Thy homage to the gods that spend  
   This boon to charm all ill away.  
 With solemn tenderness revere  
   This voiceful glory as a shrine  
 Wherein the quickened heart may hear  
   The counsels of a voice divine!

---

## A COUNTERBLAST AGAINST GARLIC

MAY the man who has cruelly murdered his sire—  
 A crime to be punished with death—  
 Be condemned to eat garlic till he shall expire  
   Of his own foul and venomous breath!  
 What stomachs these rustics must have who can eat  
   This dish that Canidia made,  
 Which imparts to my colon a torturous heat,  
   And a poisonous look, I'm afraid!

They say that ere Jason attempted to yoke  
   The fire-breathing bulls to the plough  
 He smeared his whole body with garlic,—a joke  
   Which I fully appreciate now.  
 When Medea gave Glauce her beautiful dress,  
   In which garlic was scattered about,  
 It was cruel and rather low-down, I confess,  
   But it settled the point beyond doubt.

On thirsty Apulia ne'er has the sun  
 Inflicted such terrible heat;  
 As for Hercules' robe, although poisoned, 't was fun  
 When compared with this garlic we eat!  
 Mæcenas, if ever on garbage like this  
 You express a desire to be fed,  
 May Mrs. Mæcenas object to your kiss,  
 And lie at the foot of the bed!

---

### AN EXCUSE FOR LALAGE

To bear the yoke not yet your love's submissive neck is bent,  
 To share a husband's toil, or grasp his amorous intent;  
 Over the fields, in cooling streams, the heifer longs to go,  
 Now with the calves disporting where the pussy-willows grow.

Give up your thirst for unripe grapes, and, trust me, you shall learn  
 How quickly in the autumn time to purple they will turn.  
 Soon she will follow you, for age steals swiftly on the maid;  
 And all the precious years that you have lost she will have paid.

Soon she will seek a lord, beloved as Pholoe, the coy,  
 Or Chloris, or young Gyges, that deceitful, girlish boy,  
 Whom, if you placed among the girls, and loosed his flowing locks,  
 The wondering guests could not decide which one decorum shocks.

---

### AN APPEAL TO LYCE

LYCE, the gods have heard my prayers, as gods will hear the dutiful,  
 And brought old age upon you, though you still affect the beautiful.  
 You sport among the boys, and drink and chatter on quite aim-  
 lessly;  
 And in your cups with quavering voice you torment Cupid shame-  
 lessly.

For blooming Chia, Cupid has a feeling more than brotherly;  
 He knows a handsaw from a hawk whenever winds are southerly.  
 He pats her pretty cheeks, but looks on you as a monstrosity;  
 Your wrinkles and your yellow teeth excite his animosity.

For jewels bright and purple Coan robes you are not dressable;  
 Unhappily for you, the public records are accessible.  
 Where is your charm, and where your bloom and gait so firm  
 and sensible,  
 That drew my love from Cinara,—a lapse most indefensible?

To my poor Cinara in youth Death came with great celerity  
 Egad, that never can be said of you with any verity!  
 The old crow that you are, the teasing boys will jeer, compelling  
 you  
 To roost at home. Reflect, all this is straight that I am telling  
 you.

---

## A ROMAN WINTER-PIECE

### I

SEE, Thaliarch mine, how, white with snow,  
 Soracte mocks the sullen sky;  
 How, groaning loud, the woods are bowed,  
 And chained with frost the rivers lie.

Pile, pile the logs upon the hearth;  
 We'll melt away the envious cold:  
 And, better yet, sweet friend, we'll wet  
 Our whistles with some four-year-old.

Commit all else unto the gods,  
 Who, when it pleaseth them, shall bring  
 To fretful deeps and wooded steeps  
 The mild, persuasive grace of Spring.

Let not To-morrow, but To-day,  
 Your ever active thoughts engage.

Frisk, dance, and sing, and have your fling,  
Unharm'd, unaw'd of crabbed Age.

Let's steal content from Winter's wrath,  
And glory in the artful theft,  
That years from now folks shall allow  
'T was cold indeed when we got left.

So where the whisperings and the mirth  
Of girls invite a sportive chap,  
Let's fare awhile,—aha, you smile;  
You guess my meaning,—*verbum sap.*

## A ROMAN WINTER-PIECE

### II

Now stands Soracte white with snow, now bend the laboring trees,  
And with the sharpness of the frost the stagnant rivers freeze.  
Pile up the billets on the hearth, to warmer cheer incline,  
And draw, my Thaliarchus, from the Sabine jar the wine.

The rest leave to the gods, who still the fiercely warring wind,  
And to the morrow's store of good or evil give no mind.  
Whatever day your fortune grants, that day mark up for gain;  
And in your youthful bloom do not the sweet amours disdain.

Now on the Campus and the squares, when evening shades descend,  
Soft whisperings again are heard, and loving voices blend;  
And now the low delightful laugh betrays the lurking maid,  
While from her slowly yielding arms the forfeiture is paid.

## TO DIANA

O VIRGIN, tri-formed goddess fair,  
The guardian of the groves and hills,  
Who hears the girls in their despair  
Cry out in childbirth's cruel ills,  
And saves them from the Stygian flow!



Let the pine-tree my cottage near  
 Be sacred to thee evermore,  
 That I may give to it each year  
 With joy the life-blood of the boar,  
 Now thinking of the sidelong blow.

---

## TO HIS LUTE

IF ever in the sylvan shade  
 A song immortal we have made,  
 Come now, O lute, I prithee come,  
 Inspire a song of Latium!

A Lesbian first thy glories proved;  
 In arms and in repose he loved  
 To sweep thy dulcet strings, and raise  
 His voice in Love's and Liber's praise.  
 The Muses, too, and him who clings  
 To Mother Venus' apron-strings,  
 And Lycus beautiful, he sung  
 In those old days when you were young.

O shell, that art the ornament  
 Of Phœbus, bringing sweet content  
 To Jove, and soothing troubles all,—  
 Come and requite me, when I call!

---

## TO LEUCONÖE

## I

WHAT end the gods may have ordained for me,  
 And what for thee,  
 Seek not to learn, Leuconöe; we may not know  
 Chaldean tables cannot bring us rest  
 'T is for the best  
 To bear in patience what may come, or weal or woe.

If for more winters our poor lot is cast,  
 Or this the last,  
 Which on the crumbling rocks has dashed Etruscan seas,  
 Strain clear the wine; this life is short, at best.  
 Take hope with zest,  
 And, trusting not To-morrow, snatch To-day for ease!

---

## TO LEUCONÖE

### II

SEEK not, Leuconöe, to know how long you 're going to live yet,  
 What boons the gods will yet withhold, or what they 're going to  
 give yet;  
 For Jupiter will have his way, despite how much we worry,—  
 Some will hang on for many a day, and some die in a hurry.  
 The wisest thing for you to do is to embark this diem  
 Upon a merry escapade with some such bard as I am.  
 And while we sport I 'll reel you off such odes as shall surprise ye;  
 To-morrow, when the headache comes,—well, then I 'll satirize ye!

---

## TO LIGURINUS

### I

THOUGH mighty in Love's favor still,  
 Though cruel yet, my boy,  
 When the unwelcome dawn shall chill  
 Your pride and youthful joy,  
 The hair which round your shoulder grows  
 Is rudely cut away,  
 Your color, redder than the rose,  
 Is changed by youth's decay,—

Then, Ligurinus, in the glass  
 Another you will spy.  
 And as the shaggy face, alas!  
 You see, your grief will cry:

“Why in my youth could I not learn  
 The wisdom men enjoy?  
 Or why to men cannot return  
 The smooth cheeks of the boy?”

---

## TO LIGURINUS

## II

O CRUEL fair,  
 Whose flowing hair  
 The envy and the pride of all is,  
 As onward roll  
 The years, that poll  
 Will get as bald as a billiard ball is;  
 Then shall your skin, now pink and dimply,  
 Be tanned to parchment, sear and pimply!

When you behold  
 Yourself grown old,  
 These words shall speak your spirits moody;  
 “Unhappy one!  
 What heaps of fun  
 I’ve missed by being goody-goody!  
 Oh, that I might have felt the hunger  
 Of loveless age when I was younger!”

---

## THE HAPPY ISLES

OH, come with me to the Happy Isles  
 In the golden haze off yonder,  
 Where the song of the sun-kissed breeze beguiles  
 And the ocean loves to wander.

Fragrant the vines that mantle those hills,  
 Proudly the fig rejoices,  
 Merrily dance the virgin rills,  
 Blending their myriad voices.

Our herds shall suffer no evil there,  
 But peacefully feed and rest them;  
 Never thereto shall prowling bear  
 Or serpent come to molest them.

Neither shall Eurus, wanton bold,  
 Nor feverish drought distress us,  
 But he that compasseth heat and cold  
 Shall temper them both to bless us.

There no vandal foot has trod,  
 And the pirate hordes that wander  
 Shall never profane the sacred sod  
 Of those beautiful isles out yonder.

Never a spell shall blight our vines,  
 Nor Sirius blaze above us,  
 But you and I shall drink our wines  
 And sing to the loved that love us.

So come with me where Fortune smiles  
 And the gods invite devotion,—  
 Oh, come with me to the Happy Isles  
 In the haze of that far-off ocean!

OK

---

### CONSISTENCY

SHOULD painter attach to a fair human head  
 The thick, turgid neck of a stallion,  
 Or depict a spruce lass with the tail of a bass,  
 I am sure you would guy the rapscallion.

Believe me, dear Pisos, that just such a freak  
 Is the crude and preposterous poem  
 Which merely abounds in a torrent of sounds,  
 With no depth of reason below 'em.

"T is all very well to give license to art,—  
 The wisdom of license defend I;  
 But the line should be drawn at the fripperish spawn  
 Of a mere *cacoethes scribendi*.

It is too much the fashion to strain at effects,—  
 Yes, that 's what 's the matter with Hannah!  
 Our popular taste, by the tyros debased,  
 Paints each barnyard a grove of Diana!

Should a patron require you to paint a marine,  
 Would you work in some trees with their barks on?  
 When his strict orders are for a Japanese jar,  
 Would you give him a pitcher like Clarkson?

Now, this is my moral: Compose what you may,  
 And Fame will be ever far distant  
 Unless you combine with a simple design  
 A treatment in toto consistent.

---

TO POSTUMUS

O POSTUMUS, my Postumus, the years are gliding past,  
 And piety will never check the wrinkles coming fast,  
 The ravages of time old age's swift advance has made,  
 And death, which unimpeded comes to bear us to the shade.

Old friend, although the tearless Pluto you may strive to please,  
 And seek each year with thrice one hundred bullocks to appease,  
 Who keeps the thrice-huge Geryon and Tityus his slaves,  
 Imprisoned fast forevermore with cold and sombre waves,

Yet must that flood so terrible be sailed by mortals all;  
 Whether perchance we may be kings and live in royal hall,  
 Or lowly peasants struggling long with poverty and dearth,  
 Still must we cross who live upon the favors of the earth.

And all in vain from bloody war and contest we are free,  
 And from the waves that hoarsely break upon the Adrian Sea;  
 For our frail bodies all in vain our helpless terror grows  
 In gloomy autumn seasons, when the baneful south wind blows.

Alas! the black Cocytus, wandering to the world below  
 That languid river to behold we of this earth must go  
 To see the grim Danaides, that miserable race,  
 And Sisyphus of Æolus, condemned to endless chase.

Behind you must you leave your home and land and wife so dear,  
 And of the trees, except the hated cypresses, you rear,  
 And which around the funeral piles as signs of mourning grow,  
 Not one will follow you, their short-lived master, there below.

Your worthier heir the precious Cæcuban shall drink galore,  
 Now with a hundred keys preserved and guarded in your store,  
 And stain the pavements, pouring out in waste the nectar proud,  
 Better than that with which the pontiffs' feasts have been endowed.

---

### TO MISTRESS PYRRHA

#### I

WHAT perfumed, posie-dizened sirrah,  
 With smiles for diet,  
 Clasps you, O fair but faithless Pyrrha,  
 On the quiet?  
 For whom do you bind up your tresses,  
 As spun-gold yellow,—  
 Meshes that go with your caresses,  
 To snare a fellow?

How will he rail at fate capricious,  
 And curse you duly,  
 Yet now he deems your wiles delicious,—  
 You perfect, truly!

Pyrrha, your love's a treacherous ocean;  
 He'll soon fall in there!  
 Then shall I gloat on his commotion,  
 For *I* have been there!

---

## TO MISTRESS PYRRHA

## II

WHAT dainty boy with sweet perfumes bedewed  
 Has lavished kisses, Pyrrha, in the cave?  
 For whom amid the roses, many-hued,  
 Do you bind back your tresses' yellow wave?

How oft will he deplore your fickle whim,  
 And wonder at the storm and roughening deeps,  
 Who now enjoys you, all in all to him,  
 And dreams of you, whose only thoughts he keeps.

Wretched are they to whom you seem so fair;—  
 That I escaped the storms, the gods be praised!  
 My dripping garments, offered with a prayer,  
 Stand as a tablet to the sea-god raised.

---

## TO MELPOMENE

SOFTY and enduring is the monument I've reared:  
 Come, tempests, with your bitterness assailing;  
 And thou, corrosive blasts of time, by all things mortal feared,  
 Thy buffets and thy rage are unavailing!

I shall not altogether die: by far my greater part  
 Shall mock man's common fate in realms infernal;  
 My works shall live as tributes to my genius and my art,—  
 My works shall be my monument eternal!

While this great Roman empire stands and gods protect our fanes,  
 Mankind with grateful hearts shall tell the story  
 How one most lowly born upon the parched Apulian plains  
 First raised the native lyric muse to glory.

Assume, revered Melpomene, the proud estate I've won,  
 And, with thine own dear hand the meed supplying,  
 Bind thou about the forehead of thy celebrated son  
 The Delphic laurel-wreath of fame undying!

---

TO PHYLLIS

I

COME, Phyllis, I've a cask of wine  
 That fairly reeks with precious juices,  
 And in your tresses you shall twine  
 The loveliest flowers this vale produces.

My cottage wears a gracious smile;  
 The altar, decked in floral glory,  
 Yearns for the lamb which bleats the while  
 As though it pined for honors gory.

Hither our neighbors nimbly fare,  
 The boys agog, the maidens snickering;  
 And savory smells possess the air,  
 As skyward kitchen flames are flickering.

You ask what means this grand display,  
 This festive throng and goodly diet?  
 Well, since you're bound to have your way,  
 I don't mind telling, on the quiet.

'T is April 13, as you know,  
 A day and month devote to Venus,  
 Whereon was born, some years ago,  
 My very worthy friend, Mæcenas.

Nay, pay no heed to Telephus;  
 Your friends agree he does n't love you.  
 The way he flirts convinces us  
 He really is not worthy of you.



Aurora's son, unhappy lad!  
 You know the fate that overtook him?  
 And Pegasus a rider had,—  
 I say he *had*, before he shook him!

*Hoc Jocet* (as you must agree)  
 'T is meet that Phyllis should discover  
 A wisdom in preferring me,  
 And mittening every other lover.

So come, O Phyllis, last and best  
 Of loves with which this heart 's been smitten,  
 Come, sing my jealous fears to rest,  
 And let your songs be those *I've* written.

---

 TO PHYLLIS

## II

SWEET Phyllis, I have here a jar of old and precious wine,  
 The years which mark its coming from the Alban hills are nine  
 And in the garden parsley, too, for wreathing garlands fair,  
 And ivy in profusion to bind up your shining hair.

Now smiles the house with silver; the altar, laurel-bound,  
 Longs with the sacrificial blood of lambs to drip around;  
 The company is hurrying, boys and maidens with the rest;  
 The flames are flickering as they whirl the dark smoke on their crest.

Yet you must know the joys to which you have been summoned here  
 To keep the Ides of April, to the sea-born Venus dear,—  
 Ah, festal day more sacred than my own fair day of birth,  
 Since from its dawn my loved Mæcenas counts his years of earth.

A rich and wanton girl has caught, as suited to her mind,  
 The Telephus whom you desire,—a youth not of your kind.  
 She holds him bound with pleasing chains, the fetters of her  
 charms,—

Remember how scorched Phaëthon ambitious hopes alarms.

The winged Pegasus the rash Bellerophon has chafed,  
 To you a grave example for reflection has vouchsafed,—  
 Always to follow what is meet, and never try to catch  
 That which is not allowed to you, an inappropriate match.

Come now, sweet Phyllis, of my loves the last, and hence the best  
 (For nevermore shall other girls inflame this manly breast);  
 Learn loving measures to rehearse as we may stroll along,  
 And dismal cares shall fly away and vanish at your song.

---

TO CHLOE

I

WHY do you shun me, Chloe, like the fawn,  
 That, fearful of the breezes and the wood,  
 Has sought her timorous mother since the dawn,  
 And on the pathless mountain tops has stood?

Her trembling heart a thousand fears invites,  
 Her sinking knees with nameless terrors shake,—  
 Whether the rustling leaf of spring affrights,  
 Or the green lizards stir the slumbering brake.

I do not follow with a tigerish thought,  
 Or with the fierce Gætulian lion's quest;  
 So, quickly leave your mother, as you ought,  
 Full ripe to nestle on a husband's breast.

---

TO CHLOE

II

CHLOE, you shun me like a hind  
 That, seeking vainly for her mother,  
 Hears danger in each breath of wind,  
 And wildly darts this way and t' other;

Whether the breezes sway the wood  
 Or lizards scuttle through the brambles,  
 She starts, and off, as though pursued,  
 The foolish, frightened creature scrambles.

But, Chloe, you 're no infant thing  
 That should esteem a man an ogre;  
 Let go your mother's apron-string,  
 And pin your faith upon a toga!

## III

## A PARAPHRASE

How happens it, my cruel miss,  
 You 're always giving me the mitten?  
 You seem to have forgotten this:  
 That you no longer are a kitten!

A woman that has reached the years  
 Of that which people call discretion  
 Should put aside all childish fears  
 And see in courtship no transgression.

A mother's solace may be sweet,  
 But Hymen's tenderness is sweeter;  
 And though all virile love be meet,  
 You 'll find the poet's love is metre.

## IV

## A PARAPHRASE, CIRCA 1715

SINCE Chloe is so monstrous fair,  
 With such an eye and such an air,  
 What wonder that the world complains  
 When she each am'rous suit disdains?

Close to her mother's side she clings,  
 And mocks the death her folly brings  
 To gentle swains that feel the smarts  
 Her eyes inflict upon their hearts.

Whilst thus the years of youth go by,  
 Shall Colin languish, Strephon die?  
 Nay, cruel nymph! come, choose a mate,  
 And choose him ere it be too late!

## V

A PARAPHRASE, BY DR. I. W.

WHY, Mistress Chloe, do you bother  
 With prattlings and with vain ado  
 Your worthy and industrious mother,  
 Eschewing them that come to woo?

Oh, that the awful truth might quicken  
 This stern conviction to your breast:  
 You are no longer now a chicken  
 Too young to quit the parent nest.

So put aside your froward carriage,  
 And fix your thoughts, whilst yet there's time,  
 Upon the righteousness of marriage  
 With some such godly man as I'm.

## VI

A PARAPHRASE, BY CHAUCER

SYN that you, Chloe, to your moder sticken,  
 Maketh all ye yonge bacheloures full sicken;  
 Like as a lyttel deere you ben y-hiding  
 Whenas come lovers with theyre pityse chiding.  
 Sothly it ben faire to give up your moder  
 For to beare swete company with some oder;  
 Your moder ben well enow so farre shee goeth,  
 But that ben not farre enow, God knoweth;  
 Wherefore it ben sayed that foolysh ladyes  
 That marrye not shall leade an aype in Hadys;  
 But all that do with gode men wed full quicklye  
 When that they be on dead go to ye seints full sickerly.

## TO MÆCENAS

THAN you, O valued friend of mine,  
 A better patron *non est!*  
 Come, quaff my home-made Sabine wine,—  
 You 'll find it poor but honest.

I put it up that famous day  
 You patronized the ballet,  
 And the public cheered you such a way  
 As shook your native valley.

Cæcuban and the Calean brand  
 May elsewhere claim attention;  
 But *I* have none of these on hand,—  
 For reasons I 'll not mention.

## ENVOY

So, come! though favors I bestow  
 Cannot be called extensive,  
 Who better than my friend should know  
 That they 're at least expensive?

## TO BARINE

IF for your oath broken, or word lightly spoken,  
 A plague comes, Barine, to grieve you;  
 If on tooth or on finger a black mark shall linger  
 Your beauty to mar, I 'll believe you.

But no sooner, the fact is, you bind, as your tact is,  
 Your head with the vows of untruth,  
 Than you shine out more charming, and, what's more  
 alarming,  
 You come forth beloved of our youth.

It is advantageous, but no less outrageous,  
 Your poor mother's ashes to cheat;  
 While the gods of creation and each constellation  
 You seem to regard as your meat.

Now Venus, I own it, is pleased to condone it;  
 The good-natured nymphs merely smile;  
 And Cupid is merry,—'t is humorous, very,—  
 And sharpens his arrows the while.

Our boys you are making the slaves for your taking,  
 A new band is joined to the old;  
 While the horrified matrons your juvenile patrons  
 In vain would bring back to the fold.

The thrifty old fellows your loveliness mellows  
 Confess to a dread of your house;  
 But a more pressing duty, in view of your beauty,  
 Is the young wife's concern for her spouse.

---

## THE RECONCILIATION

I

HE

WHEN you were mine, in auld lang syne,  
 And when none else your charms might ogle,  
 I'll not deny, fair nymph, that I  
 Was happier than a heathen mogul.

SHE

Before *she* came, that rival flame  
 (Had ever mater saucier filia?),  
 In those good times, bepraised in rhymes,  
 I was more famed than Mother Ilia.

HE

Chloe of Thrace! With what a grace  
 Does she at song or harp employ her!  
 I'd gladly die, if only I  
 Could live forever to enjoy her!

SHE

My Sybaris so noble is  
 That, by the gods, I love him madly!  
 That I might save him from the grave,  
 I'd give my life, and give it gladly!

HE

What if *ma belle* from favor fell,  
 And I made up my mind to shake her;  
 Would Lydia then come back again,  
 And to her quondam love betake her?

SHE

My other beau should surely go,  
 And you alone should find me gracious;  
 For no one slings such odes and things  
 As does the lauriger Horatiu !

---

 THE RECONCILIATION

II

HORACE

WHILE favored by thy smiles no other youth in amorous teasing  
 Around thy snowy neck his folding arms was wont to fling;  
 As long as I remained your love, acceptable and pleasing,  
 I lived a life of happiness beyond the Persian king.

LYDIA

While Lydia ranked Chloe in your unreserved opinion,  
 And for no other cherished thou a brighter, livelier flame,  
 I, Lydia, distinguished throughout the whole dominion,  
 Surpassed the Roman Ilia in eminence of fame.

HORACE

'T is now the Thracian Chloe whose accomplishments intrall  
me,—

So sweet in modulations, such a mistress of the lyre.  
In truth the fates, however terrible, could not appall me;  
If they would spare her, sweet my soul, I gladly would expire.

LYDIA

And now the son of Ornytus, young Calais, inflames me  
With mutual, restless passion and an all-consuming fire;  
And if the fates, however dread, would spare the youth who claims  
me,  
Not only once would I face death, but gladly twice expire.

HORACE

What if our early love returns to prove we were mistaken  
And bind with brazen yoke the twain, to part, ah! nevermore?  
What if the charming Chloe of the golden locks be shaken  
And slighted Lydia again glide through the open door?

LYDIA

Though he is fairer than the star that shines so far above you,  
Thou lighter than a cork, more stormy than the Adrian Sea,  
Still should I long to live with you, to live for you and love  
you,  
And cheerfully see death's approach if thou wert near to me.

---

### THE ROASTING OF LYDIA

No more your needed rest at night  
By ribald youth is troubled;  
No more your windows, fastened tight,  
Yield to their knocks redoubled.



No longer you may hear them cry,  
 "Why art thou, Lydia, lying  
 In heavy sleep till morn is nigh,  
 While I, your love, am dying?"

Grown old and faded, you bewail  
 The rake's insulting sally,  
 While round your home the Thracian gale  
 Storms through the lonely alley.

What furious thoughts will fill your breast,  
 What passions, fierce and tinglish  
 (Cannot be properly expressed  
 In calm, reposeful English).

Learn this, and hold your carping tongue:  
 Youth will be found rejoicing  
 In ivy green and myrtle young,  
 The praise of fresh life voicing;

And not content to dedicate,  
 With much protesting shiver,  
 The sapless leaves to winter's mate,  
 Hebrus, the cold dark river.

---

TO GLYCERA

THE cruel mother of the Loves,  
 And other Powers offended,  
 Have stirred my heart, where newly roves  
 The passion that was ended.

'T is Glycera, to boldness prone,  
 Whose radiant beauty fires me;  
 While fairer than the Parian stone  
 Her dazzling face inspires me.

And on from Cyprus Venus speeds,  
 Forbidding—ah! the pity—  
 The Scythian lays, the Parthian meeds,  
 And such irrelevant ditty.

Here, boys, bring turf and vervain too;  
 Have bowls of wine adjacent;  
 And ere our sacrifice is through  
 She may be more complaisant.

---

TO LYDIA

I

WHEN, Lydia, you (once fond and true,  
 But now grown cold and supercilious)  
 Praise Telly's charms of neck and arms—  
 Well, by the dog! it makes me bilious!

Then with despite my cheeks wax white,  
 My doddering brain gets weak and giddy,  
 My eyes o'erflow with tears which show  
 That passion melts my vitals, Liddy!

Deny, false jade, your escapade,  
 And, lo! your wounded shoulders show it!  
 No manly spark left such a mark—  
 Leastwise he surely was no poet!

With savage buss did Telephus  
 Abrade your lips, so plump and mellow;  
 As you would save what Venus gave,  
 I charge you shun that awkward fellow!

And now I say thrice happy they  
 That call on Hymen to requite 'em;  
 For, though love cools, the wedded fools  
 Must cleave till death doth disunite 'em.

## TO LYDIA

## II

WHEN praising Telephus you sing  
His rosy neck and waxen arms,  
Forgetful of the pangs that wring  
This heart for my neglected charms,

Soft down my cheek the tear-drop flows,  
My color comes and goes the while,  
And my rebellious liver glows,  
And fiercely swells with laboring bile.

Perchance yon silly, passionate youth,  
Distempered by the fumes of wine,  
Has marred your shoulder with his tooth,  
Or scarred those rosy lips of thine.

Be warned; he cannot faithful prove,  
Who, with the cruel kiss you prize,  
Has hurt the little mouth I love,  
Where Venus's own nectar lies.

Whom golden links unbroken bind,  
Thrice happy—more than thrice are they;  
And constant, both in heart and mind,  
In love await the final day.

---

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS

To Scythian and Cantabrian plots,  
Pay them no heed, O Quintius!  
So long as we  
From care are free,  
Vexations cannot cinch us.

Unwrinkled youth and grace, forsooth,  
 Speed hand in hand together;  
     The songs we sing  
     In time of spring  
 Are hushed in wintry weather.

Why, even flow'rs change with the hours,  
 And the moon has divers phases·  
     And shall the mind  
     Be racked to find  
 A clew to Fortune's mazes?

Nay; 'neath this tree let you and me  
 Woo Bacchus to caress us;  
     We 're old, 't is true,  
     But still we two  
 Are thoroughbreds, God bless us!

While the wine gets cool in yonder pool,  
 Let's spruce up nice and tidy;  
     Who knows, old boy,  
     But we may decoy  
 The fair but furtive Lyde?

She can execute on her ivory lute  
 Sonatas full of passion,  
     And she bangs her hair  
     (Which is passing fair)  
 In the good old Spartan fashion.

---

### WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG

O VARUS mine,  
 Plant thou the vine  
 Within this kindly soil of Tibur;  
     Nor temporal woes,  
     Nor spiritual, knows  
 The man who 's a discreet imbiber.

For who doth croak  
 Of being broke,  
**Or** who of warfare, after drinking?  
 With bowl atween us,  
 Of smiling Venus  
**And** Bacchus shall we sing, I'm thinking.

Of symptoms fell  
 Which brawls impel,  
**Historic** data give us warning;  
 The wretch who fights  
 When full, of nights,  
**Is** bound to have a head next morning.  
 I do not scorn  
 A friendly horn,  
**But** noisy toots, I can't abide 'em!  
 Your howling bat  
 Is stale and flat  
**To** one who knows, because he's tried 'em!

The secrets of  
 The life I love  
 (Companionship with girls and toddy)  
 I would not drag  
 With drunken brag  
**Into** the ken of everybody;  
 But in the shade  
 Let some coy maid  
 With smilax wreath my flagon's nozzle,  
 Then all day long,  
 With mirth and song,  
**Shall** I enjoy a quiet sozzle!

---

 AN ODE TO FORTUNE

O LADY FORTUNE! 't is to thee I call,  
 Dwelling at Antium, thou hast power to crown  
**The** veriest clod with riches and renown,

And change a triumph to a funeral.  
 The tillers of the soil and they that vex the seas,  
 Confessing thee supreme, on bended knees  
 Invoke thee, all.

Of Dacian tribes, of roving Scythian bands,  
 Of cities, nations, lawless tyrants red  
 With guiltless blood, art thou the haunting dread;  
 Within thy path no human valor stands,  
 And, arbiter of empires, at thy frown  
 The sceptre, once supreme, slips surely down  
 From kingly hands.

Necessity precedes thee in thy way;  
 Hope fawns on thee, and Honor, too, is seen  
 Dancing attendance with obsequious mien;  
 But with what coward and abject dismay  
 The faithless crowd and treacherous wantons fly  
 When once their jars of luscious wine run dry,—  
 Such ingrates they!

Fortune, I call on thee to bless  
 Our king,—our Cæsar girt for foreign wars!  
 Help him to heal these fratricidal scars  
 That speak degenerate shame and wickedness;  
 And forge anew our impious spears and swords,  
 Wherewith we may against barbarian hordes  
 Our Past redress!

---

### TO A JAR OF WINE

O GRACIOUS jar,—my friend, my twin,  
 Born at the time when I was born,—  
 Whether tomfoolery you inspire  
 Or animate with love's desire,  
 Or flame the soul with bitter scorn,

Or lull to sleep, O jar of mine!  
 Come from your place this festal day;  
 Corvinus hither wends his way,  
 And there 's demand for wine!

Corvinus is the sort of man  
 Who dotes on tedious argument.  
 An advocate, his ponderous pate  
 Is full of Blackstone and of Kent;  
 Yet not insensible is he,  
 O genial Massic flood! to thee.  
 Why, even Cato used to take  
 A modest, surreptitious nip  
 At meal-times for his stomach's sake,  
 Or to forefend la grippe.

How dost thou melt the stoniest hearts,  
 And bare the cruel knave's design;  
 How through thy fascinating arts  
 We discount Hope, O gracious wine!  
 And passing rich the poor man feels  
 As through his veins thy affluence steals.

Now, prithee, make us frisk and sing,  
 And plot full many a naughty plot  
 With damsels fair—nor shall we care  
 Whether school keeps or not!  
 And whilst thy charms hold out to burn  
 We shall not deign to go to bed,  
 But we shall paint creation red;  
 So, fill, sweet wine, this friend of mine,—  
 My lawyer friend, as aforesaid.

---

TO POMPEIUS VARUS

POMPEY, what fortune gives you back  
 To the friends and the gods who love you?  
 Once more you stand in your native land,  
 With your native sky above you.

Ah, side by side, in years ago,  
 We 've faced tempestuous weather,  
 And often quaffed  
 The genial draught  
 From the same canteen together.

When honor at Philippi fell  
 A prey to brutal passion,  
 I regret to say that my feet ran away  
 In swift Iambic fashion.  
 You were no poet; soldier born,  
 You stayed, nor did you wince then.  
 Mercury came  
 To my help, which same  
 Has frequently saved me since then.

But now you 're back, let 's celebrate  
 In the good old way and classic;  
 Come, let us lard our skins with nard,  
 And bedew our souls with Massic!  
 With fillets of green parsley leaves  
 Our foreheads shall be done up;  
 And with song shall we  
 Protract our spree  
 Until the morrow's sun-up.

---

### THE POET'S METAMORPHOSIS

MÆCENAS, I propose to fly  
 To realms beyond these human portals;  
 No common things shall be my wings,  
 But such as sprout upon immortals.

Of lowly birth, once shed of earth,  
 Your Horace, precious (so you 've told him),  
 Shall soar away; no tomb of clay  
 Nor Stygian prison-house shall hold him.



Upon my skin feathers begin  
 To warn the songster of his fleeting;  
 But never mind, I leave behind  
 Songs all the world shall keep repeating.

Lo! Boston girls, with corkscrew curls,  
 And husky westerns, wild and woolly,  
 And southern climes shall vaunt my rhymes,  
 And all profess to know me fully.

Methinks the West shall know me best,  
 And therefore hold my memory dearer;  
 For by that lake a bard shall make  
 My subtle, hidden meanings clearer.

So cherished, I shall never die;  
 Pray, therefore, spare your dolesome praises,  
 Your elegies, and plaintive cries,  
 For I shall fertilize no daisies!

---

TO VENUS

VENUS, dear Cnidian-Paphian queen!  
 Desert that Cyprus way off yonder,  
 And fare you hence, where with incense  
 My Glycera would have you fonder;  
 And to your joy bring hence your boy,  
 The Graces with unbelted laughter,  
 The Nymphs, and Youth,—then, then, in sooth,  
 Should Mercury come tagging after.

## IN THE SPRINGTIME

## I

T is spring! The boats bound to the sea;  
 The breezes, loitering kindly over  
 The fields, again bring herds and men  
 The grateful cheer of honeyed clover.

Now Venus hither leads her train;  
 The Nymphs and Graces join in orgies;  
 The moon is bright, and by her light  
 Old Vulcan kindles up his forges.

Bind myrtle now about your brow,  
 And weave fair flowers in maiden tresses;  
 Appease god Pan, who, kind to man,  
 Our fleeting life with affluence blesses;

But let the changing seasons mind us,  
 That Death's the certain doom of mortals,—  
 Grim Death, who waits at humble gates,  
 And likewise stalks though kingly portals.

Soon, Sestius, shall Plutonian shades  
 Enfold you with their hideous seemings;  
 Then love and mirth and joys of earth  
 Shall fade away like fevered dreamings.

---

 IN THE SPRINGTIME

## II

THE western breeze is springing up, the ships are in the bay,  
 And spring has brought a happy change as winter melts away.  
 No more in stall or fire the herd or ploughman finds delight;  
 No longer with the biting frosts the open fields are white.

Our Lady of Cythera now prepares to lead the dance,  
 While from above the kindly moon gives an approving glance;  
 The Nymphs and comely Graces join with Venus and the choir,  
 And Vulcan's glowing fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fire.

Now it is time with myrtle green to crown the shining pate,  
 And with the early blossoms of the spring to decorate;  
 To sacrifice to Faunus, on whose favor we rely,  
 A sprightly lamb, mayhap a kid, as he may specify.

Impartially the feet of Death at huts and castles strike;  
 The influenza carries off the rich and poor alike.  
 O Sestius, though blessed you are beyond the common run,  
 Life is too short to cherish e'en a distant hope begun.

The Shades and Pluto's mansion follow hard upon the grip.  
 Once there you cannot throw the dice, nor taste the wine you sip;  
 Nor look on blooming Lycidas, whose beauty you commend,  
 To whom the girls will presently their courtesies extend.

---

TO A BULLY

You, blatant coward that you are,  
 Upon the helpless vent your spite.  
 Suppose you ply your trade on me;  
 Come, monkey with this bard, and see  
 How I'll repay your bark with bite!

Ay, snarl just once at me, you brute!  
 And I shall hound you far and wide,  
 As fiercely as through drifted snow  
 The shepherd dog pursues what foe  
 Skulks on the Spartan mountain-side.

The chip is on my shoulder—see?  
 But touch it and I'll raise your fur;  
 I'm full of business, so beware!  
 For, though I'm loaded up for bear,  
 I'm quite as like to kill a cur!

## TO MOTHER VENUS

O MOTHER VENUS, quit, I pray,  
 Your violent assailing!  
 The arts, forsooth, that fired my youth  
 At last are unavailing;  
 My blood runs cold, I 'm getting old,  
 And all my powers are failing.

Speed thou upon thy white swan's wings,  
 And elsewhere deign to mellow  
 With thy soft arts the anguished hearts  
 Of swains that writhe and bellow;  
 And right away seek out, I pray,  
 Young Paullus,—he 's your fellow!

You 'll find young Paullus passing fair,  
 Modest, refined, and tony;  
 Go, now, incite the favored wight!  
 With Venus for a crony  
 He 'll outshine all at feast and ball  
 And conversazione!

Then shall that godlike nose of thine  
 With perfumes be requited,  
 And then shall prance in Salian dance  
 The girls and boys delighted,  
 And while the lute blends with the flute  
 Shall tender loves be plighted.

But as for me, as you can see,  
 I 'm getting old and spiteful.  
 I have no mind to female kind,  
 That once I deemed delightful;  
 No more brim up the festive cup  
 That sent me home at night full.

Why do I falter in my speech,  
 O cruel Ligurine?

Why do I chase from place to place  
 In weather wet and shiny?  
 Why down my nose forever flows  
 The tear that 's cold and briny?

---

## TO LYDIA

TELL me, Lydia, tell me why,  
 By the gods that dwell above,  
 Sybaris makes haste to die  
 Through your cruel, fatal love.

Now he hates the sunny plain;  
 Once he loved its dust and heat.  
 Now no more he leads the train  
 Of his peers on coursers fleet.

Now he dreads the Tiber's touch,  
 And avoids the wrestling-rings,—  
 He who formerly was such  
 An expert with quoits and things.

Come, now, Mistress Lydia, say  
 Why your Sybaris lies hid,  
 Why he shuns the martial play,  
 As we 're told Achilles did.

---

## TO NEOBULE

A SORRY life, forsooth, these wretched girls are undergoing,  
 Restrained from draughts of pleasant wine, from loving favors  
 showing,  
 For fear an uncle's tongue a reprimand will be bestowing!

Sweet Cytherea's winged boy deprives you of your spinning,  
 And Hebrus, Neobule, his sad havoc is beginning,  
 Just as Minerva thriftily gets ready for an inning.

Who could resist this gallant youth, as Tiber's waves he breasted,  
 Or when the palm of riding from Bellerophon he wrested,  
 Or when with fists and feet the sluggers easily he bested?

He shot the fleeting stags with regularity surprising;  
 The way he intercepted boars was quite beyond surmising,—  
 No wonder that your thoughts this youth has been monopolizing!

So I repeat that with these maids fate is unkindly dealing,  
 Who never can in love's affair give license to their feeling,  
 Or share those sweet emotions when a gentle jag is stealing.

---

### AT THE BALL GAME

WHAT gods or heroes, whose brave deeds none can dispute,  
 Will you record, O Clio, on the harp and flute?  
 What lofty names shall sportive Echo grant a place  
 On Pindus' crown or Helicon's cool, shadowy space?

Sing not, my Orpheus, sweeping off the tuneful strings,  
 Of gliding streams and nimble winds and such poor things;  
 But lend your measures to a theme of noble thought,  
 And crown with laurel these great heroes, as you ought.

Now steps Ryanus forth at call of furious Mars,  
 And from his oaken staff the sphere speeds to the stars;  
 And now he gains the tertiary goal, and turns,  
 While whiskered balls play round the timid staff of Burns.

Lo! from the tribunes on the bleachers comes a shout,  
 Beseeching bold Ansonius to line 'em out;  
 And as Apollo's flying chariot cleaves the sky,  
 So stanch Ansonius lifts the frightened ball on high.

Like roar of ocean beating on the Cretan cliff,  
 The strong Komiske gives the panting sphere a biff;  
 And from the tribunes rise loud murmurs everywhere,  
 When twice and thrice Mikellius beats the mocking air.

And as Achilles' fleet the Trojan waters sweeps,  
 So horror sways the throng,—Pfefferius sleeps!  
 And stalwart Konnor, though by Mercury inspired,  
 The Equus Carolus defies, and is retired.

So waxes fierce the strife between these godlike men;  
 And as the hero's fame grows by Virgilian pen,  
 So let Clarksonius Maximus be raised to heights  
 As far above the moon as moon o'er lesser lights.

But as for me, the ivy leaf is my reward,  
 If you a place among the lyric bards accord;  
 With crest exalted, and O "People," with delight,  
 I'll proudly strike the stars, and so be out of sight.

---

## EPILOGUE

THE day is done; and, lo! the shades  
 Melt 'neath Diana's mellow grace.  
 Hark, how those deep, designing maids  
 Feign terror in this sylvan place!  
 Come, friends, it's time that we should go;  
 We're honest married folk, you know.

Was not the wine delicious cool  
 Whose sweetness Pyrrha's smile enhanced?  
 And by that clear Bandusian pool  
 How gayly Chloe sung and danced!  
 And Lydia Dic,—aha, methinks  
 You'll not forget the saucy minx!

But, oh, the echoes of those songs  
 That soothed our cares and lulled our hearts'  
 Not to that age nor this belongs  
 The glory of what heaven-born arts  
 Speak with the old distinctive charm  
 From yonder humble Sabine farm!

The day is done. Now off to bed,  
 Lest by some rural ruse surprised,  
 And by those artful girls misled,  
 You two be sadly compromised.  
*You* go; perhaps *I* 'd better stay  
 To shoo the giddy things away!

But sometime we shall meet again  
 Beside Digentia, cool and clear,—  
 You and we twain, old friend; and *then*  
 We 'll have our fill of pagan cheer.  
 Then, could old Horace join us three,  
 How proud and happy he would be!

Or if we part to meet no more  
 This side the misty Stygian Sea,  
 Be sure of this: on yonder shore  
 Sweet cheer awaiteth such as we;  
 A Sabine pagan's heaven, O friend,—  
 The fellowship that knows no end!

---

### LYDIA DICK

WHEN I was a boy at college,  
 Filling up with classic knowledge,  
 Frequently I wondered why  
 Old Professor Demas Bentley  
 Used to praise so eloquently  
 "Opera Horatii."

Toiling on a season longer  
 Till my reasoning powers got stronger,  
 As my observation grew,  
 I became convinced that mellow,  
 Massic-loving poet fellow,  
 Horace, knew a thing or two.



Yes, we sophomores figured duly  
 That, if we appraised him truly,  
     Horace must have been a brick,  
 And no wonder that with ranting  
 Rhymes he went a-gallivanting  
     Round with sprightly Lydia Dick!

For that pink of female gender  
 Tall and shapely was, and slender,  
     Plump of neck and bust and arms;  
 While the raiment that invested  
 Her so jealously suggested  
     Certain more potential charms.

Those dark eyes of hers that fired him,  
 Those sweet accents that inspired him,  
     And her crown of glorious hair,—  
 These things baffle my description:  
 I should have a fit conniption  
     If I tried; so I forbear.

Maybe Lydia had her betters;  
 Anyway, this man of letters  
     Took that charmer as his pick  
 Glad—yes, glad I am to know it!  
 I, a *fin de siècle* poet,  
     Sympathize with Lydia Dick!

Often in my arbor shady  
 I fall thinking of that lady,  
     And the pranks she used to play;  
 And I'm cheered,—for all we sages  
 Joy when from those distant ages  
     Lydia dances down our way.

Otherwise some folks might wonder,  
 With good reason, why in thunder  
     Learned professors, dry and prim,  
 Find such solace in the giddy  
 Pranks that Horace played with Liddy  
     Or that Liddy played on him.

Still this world of ours rejoices  
 In those ancient singing voices,  
     And our hearts beat high and quick,  
 To the cadence of old Tiber  
 Murmuring praise of roistering Liber  
     And of charming Lydia Dick.

Still Digentia, downward flowing,  
 Prattleth to the roses blowing  
     By the dark, deserted grot.  
 Still Soracte, looming lonely,  
 Watcheth for the coming only  
     Of a ghost that cometh not.



## IN PRAISE OF CONTENTMENT

I HATE the common, vulgar herd!  
 Away they scamper when I "booh" em!  
 But pretty girls and nice young men  
 Observe a proper silence when  
     I choose to sing my lyrics to 'em.

The kings of earth, whose fleeting pow'r  
 Excites our homage and our wonder,  
 Are precious small beside old Jove,  
 The father of us all, who drove  
     The giants out of sight, by thunder!

This man loves farming, that man law,  
 While this one follows pathways martial—  
 What boots it whither mortals turn?  
 Grim fate from her mysterious urn  
     Doles out the lots with hand impartial.

Nor sumptuous feasts nor studied sports  
 Delight the heart by care tormented;

The mightiest monarch knoweth not  
The peace that to the lowly cot  
Sleep bringeth to the swain contented.

On him untouched of discontent  
Care sits as lightly as a feather;  
He does n't growl about the crops,  
Or worry when the market drops,  
Or fret about the changeful weather.

Not so with him who, rich in fact,  
Still seeks his fortune to redouble;  
Though dig he deep or build he high,  
Those scourges twain shall lurk anigh—  
Relentless Care, relentless Trouble!

If neither palaces nor robes  
Nor unguents nor expensive toddy  
Insure Contentment's soothing bliss,  
Why should I build an edifice  
Where Envy comes to fret a body?

Nay, I 'd not share your sumptuous cheer,  
But rather sup my rustic pottage,  
While that sweet boon the gods bestow—  
The peace your mansions cannot know—  
Blesseth my lowly Sabine cottage.

## VARIOUS TRANSLATIONS

### UHLAND'S WHITE STAG

INTO the woods three huntsmen came,  
Seeking the white stag for their game.

They laid them under a green fir-tree  
And slept, and dreamed strange things to see.

(FIRST HUNTSMAN)

I dreamt I was beating the leafy brush,  
When out popped the noble stag—hush, hush!

(SECOND HUNTSMAN)

As ahead of the clamorous pack he sprang,  
I pelted him hard in the hide—piff, bang!

(THIRD HUNTSMAN)

And as that stag lay dead I blew  
On my horn a lusty tir-ril-la-loo!

So speak the three as there they lay  
When lo! the white stag sped that way,

Frisked his heels at those huntsmen three,  
Then leagues o'er hill and dale was he—  
Hush, hush! Piff, bang! Tir-ril-la-loo!

## A PARAPHRASE OF HEINE

(LYRIC INTERMEZZO)

THERE fell a star from realms above—  
 A glittering, glorious star to see!  
 Methought it was the star of love,  
 So sweetly it illumined me.

And from the apple branches fell  
 Blossoms and leaves that time in June;  
 The wanton breezes wooed them well  
 With soft caress and amorous tune.

The white swan proudly sailed along  
 And vied her beauty with her note—  
 The river, jealous of her song,  
 Threw up its arms to clasp her throat.

But now—oh, now the dream is past—  
 The blossoms and the leaves are dead,  
 The swan's sweet song is hushed at last,  
 And not a star burns overhead.

---

 OLD SPANISH SONG

I'M thinking of the wooing  
 That won my maiden heart  
 When he—he came pursuing  
 A love unused to art.  
 Into the drowsy river  
 The moon transported flung  
 Her soul that seemed to quiver  
 With the songs my lover sung.  
 And the stars in rapture twinkled  
 On the slumbrous world below—  
 You see that, old and wrinkled,  
 I'm not forgetful—no!

He still should be repeating  
 The vows he uttered then—  
 Alas! the years, though fleeting,  
 Are truer yet than men!  
 The summer moonlight glistens  
 In the favorite trysting spot  
 Where the river ever listens  
 For a song it heareth not.  
 And I, whose head is sprinkled  
 With time's benumbing snow,  
 I languish, old and wrinkled,  
 But not forgetful—no!

What though he elsewhere turneth  
 To beauty strangely bold?  
 Still in my bosom burneth  
 The tender fire of old;  
 And the words of love he told me  
 And the songs he sung me then  
 Come crowding to uphold me,  
 And I live my youth again!  
 For when love's feet have tinkled  
 On the pathway women go,  
 Though one be old and wrinkled,  
 She's not forgetful—no!

---

### UHLAND'S "CHAPEL"

YONDER stands the hillside chapel  
 'Mid the evergreens and rocks,  
 All day long it hears the song  
 Of the shepherd to his flocks.

Then the chapel bell goes tolling—  
 Knelling for a soul that's sped;  
 Silent and sad the shepherd lad  
 Hears the requiem for the dead.

Shepherd, singers of the valley,  
 Voiceless now, speed on before;  
 Soon shall knell that chapel bell  
 For the songs you 'll sing no more.

---

## A HEINE LOVE SONG

THE image of the moon at night  
 All trembling in the ocean lies,  
 But she, with calm and steadfast light,  
 Moves proudly through the radiant skies.

How like the tranquil moon thou art—  
 Thou fairest flower of womankind!  
 And, look, within my fluttering heart  
 Thy image trembling is enshrined!

---

## BÉRANGER'S "TO MY OLD COAT."

STILL serve me in my age, I pray,  
 As in my youth, O faithful one;  
 For years I've brushed thee every day—  
 Could Socrates have better done?  
 What though the fates would wreak on thee  
 The fulness of their evil art?  
 Use thou philosophy, like me—  
 And we, old friend, shall never part!

I think—I *often* think of it—  
 The day we twain first faced the crowd;  
 My roistering friends impeached your fit,  
 But you and I were very proud!  
 Those jovial friends no more make free  
 With us (no longer new and smart),  
 But rather welcome you and me  
 As loving friends that should not part.

The patch? Oh, yes—one happy night—  
 “Lisette,” says I, “it’s time to go”—  
 She clutched this sleeve to stay my flight,  
 Shrieking: “What! leave so early? No!”  
 To mend the ghastly rent she’d made,  
 Three days she toiled, dear patient heart!  
 And I—right willingly I stayed—  
 Lisette decreed we should not part!

No incense ever yet profaned  
 This honest, shiny warp of thine,  
 Nor hath a courtier’s eye disdained  
 Thy faded hue and quaint design;  
 Let servile flattery be the price  
 Of ribbons in the royal mart—  
 A roadside posie shall suffice  
 For us two friends that must not part!

Fear not the recklessness of yore  
 Shall reoccur to vex thee now;  
 Alas, I am a youth no more—  
 I’m old and sere, and so art thou!  
 So bide with me unto the last  
 And with thy warmth caress this heart  
 That pleads, by memories of the Past,  
 That two such friends should never part!



### A SPRING POEM FROM BION

ONE asketh:  
 “Tell me, Myrson, tell me true:  
 What’s the season pleaseth you?  
 Is it summer suits you best,  
 When from harvest toil we rest?  
 Is it autumn with its glory  
 Of all surfeited desires?”



Is it winter, when with story  
 And with song we hug our fires?  
 Or is spring most fair to you—  
 Come, good Myrson, tell me true!

Another answereth:  
 "What the gods in wisdom send  
 We should question not, my friend;  
 Yet, since you entreat of me,  
 I will answer reverently:  
 Me the summertime displeases,  
 For its sun is scorching hot;  
 Autumn brings such dire diseases  
 That perforce I like it not;  
 As for biting winter, oh!  
 How I hate its ice and snow!

"But, thrice welcome, kindly spring,  
 With the myriad gifts you bring!  
 Not too hot nor yet too cold,  
 Graciously your charms unfold—  
 Oh, your days are like the dreaming  
 Of those nights which love beseems,  
 And your nights have all the seeming  
 Of those days of golden dreams!  
 Heaven smiles down on earth, and then  
 Earth smiles up to heaven again!"

---

## MOTHER AND SPHINX

(EGYPTIAN FOLK-SONG)

GRIM is the face that looks into the night  
 Over the stretch of sands;  
 A sullen rock in a sea of white—  
 A ghostly shadow in ghostly light,  
 Peering and moaning it stands.  
 "Oh, is it the king that rides this way—

*Oh, is it the king that rides so free?  
I have looked for the king this many a day,  
But the years that mock me will not say  
Why tarrieth he!"*

'T is not your king that shall ride to-night,  
But a child that is fast asleep;  
And the horse he shall ride is the Dream-horse white—  
Aha, he shall speed through the ghostly light  
Where the ghostly shadows creep!  
"My eyes are dull and my face is sere,  
Yet unto the word he gave I cling,  
For he was a Pharaoh that set me here—  
And, lo! I have waited this many a year  
For him—my king!"

Oh, past thy face my darling shall ride  
Swift as the burning winds that bear  
The sand clouds over the desert wide—  
Swift to the verdure and palms beside  
The wells off there!  
"And is it the mighty king I shall see  
Come riding into the night?  
Oh, is it the king come back to me—  
Proudly and fiercely rideth he,  
With centuries dight!"

I know no king but my dark-eyed dear  
That shall ride the Dream-Horse white;  
But see! he wakes at my bosom here,  
While the Dream-Horse frettingly lingers near  
To speed with my babe to-night!  
And out of the desert darkness peers  
A ghostly, ghastly, shadowy thing  
Like a spirit come out of the mouldering years,  
And ever that waiting spectre hears  
The coming king!

## HYMN

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MARTIN LUTHER)

O HEART of mine! lift up thine eyes  
 And see who in yon manger lies!  
 Of perfect form, of face divine—  
 It is the Christ-child, heart of mine!

O dearest, holiest Christ-child, spread  
 Within this heart of mine thy bed;  
 Then shall my breast forever be  
 A chamber consecrate to thee!

Beat high to-day, O heart of mine,  
 And tell, O lips, what joys are thine;  
 For with your help shall I prolong  
 Old Bethlehem's sweetest cradle-song.

Glory to God, whom this dear Child  
 Hath by His coming reconciled,  
 And whose redeeming love again  
 Brings peace on earth, good will to men!

---

**TWO IDYLS FROM BION THE SMYRNEAN**

## I

ONCE a fowler, young and artless,  
 To the quiet greenwood came;  
 Full of skill was he and heartless  
 In pursuit of feathered game.  
 And betimes he chanced to see  
 Eros perching in a tree.

“What strange bird is that, I wonder?”  
 Thought the youth, and spread his snare;  
 Eros, chuckling at the blunder,  
 Gayly scampered here and there.  
 Do his best, the simple clod  
 Could not snare the agile god!

Blubbering, to his aged master  
 Went the fowler in dismay,  
 And confided his disaster  
 With that curious bird that day;  
 “Master, hast thou ever heard  
 Of so ill-disposed a bird?”

“Heard of him? Aha, most truly!”  
 Quoth the master with a smile;  
 “And thou, too, shalt know him duly—  
 Thou art young, but bide awhile,  
 And old Eros will not fly  
 From thy presence by and by!

“For when thou art somewhat older  
 That same Eros thou didst see,  
 More familiar grown and bolder,  
 Shall become acquaint with thee;  
 And when Eros comes thy way  
 Mark my word, he comes to stay!”

## II

Once came Venus to me, bringing  
 Eros where my cattle fed—  
 “Teach this little boy your singing,  
 Gentle herdsman,” Venus said.  
 I was young—I did not know  
 Whom it was that Venus led—  
 That was many years ago!

In a lusty voice but mellow—  
 Callow pedant! I began

To instruct the little fellow  
 In the mysteries known to man;  
 Sung the noble cithern's praise,  
 And the flute of dear old Pan,  
 And the lyre that Hermes plays.

But he paid no heed unto me—  
 Nay, that graceless little boy  
 Coolly plotted to undo me—  
 With his songs of tender joy;  
 And my pedantry o'erthrown,  
 Eager was I to employ  
 His sweet ritual for mine own!

Ah, these years of ours are fleeting!  
 Yet I have not vainly wrought,  
 Since to-day I am repeating  
 What dear lessons Eros taught;  
 Love, and always love, and then—  
 Counting all things else for naught—  
 Love and always love again!



## A RHINE-LAND DRINKING SONG

If our own life is the life of a flower  
 (And that's what some sages are thinking),  
 We should moisten the bud with a health-giving flood  
 And 't will bloom all the sweeter—  
 Yes, life 's the completer  
 For drinking,  
     and drinking,  
         and drinking.

If it be that our life is a journey  
 (As many wise folk are opining),  
 We should sprinkle the way with the rain while we may;

Though dusty and dreary,  
 'T is made cool and cheery  
 With wining,  
     and wining,  
         and wining.

If this life that we live be a dreaming  
 (As pessimist people are thinking),  
 To induce pleasant dreams there is nothing, *meseems*,  
 Like this sweet prescription,  
 That baffles description—  
 This drinking,  
     and drinking,  
         and drinking.

---

#### HUGO'S "POOL IN THE FOREST"

How calm, how beauteous and how cool—  
 How like a sister to the skies,  
 Appears the broad, transparent pool  
 That in this quiet forest lies.  
 The sunshine ripples on its face,  
 And from the world around, above,  
 It hath caught down the nameless grace  
 Of such reflections as we love.

But deep below its surface crawl  
 The reptile horrors of the night—  
 The dragons, lizards, serpents—all  
 The hideous brood that hate the light;  
 Through poison fern and slimy weed  
 And under ragged, jagged stones  
 They scuttle, or, in ghoulish greed,  
 They lap a dead man's bleaching bones.

And as, O pool, thou dost cajole  
 With seemings that beguile us well,  
 So doeth many a human soul  
 That teemeth with the lusts of hell.

## HUGO'S "CHILD AT PLAY"

A CHILD was singing at his play—  
 I heard the song, and paused to hear;  
 His mother moaning, groaning lay,  
 And, lo! a spectre stood anear!

The child shook sunlight from his hair,  
 And carolled gayly all day long—  
 Ay, with that spectre gloating there,  
 The innocent made mirth and song!

How like to harvest fruit wert thou,  
 O sorrow, in that dismal room—  
 God ladeth not the tender bough  
 Save with the joy of bud and bloom!

---

 LOVE SONG—HEINE

MANY a beauteous flower doth spring  
 From the tears that flood my eyes,  
 And the nightingale doth sing  
 In the burthen of my sighs.

If, O child, thou lovest me,  
 Take these flowerets fair and frail,  
 And my soul shall waft to thee  
 Love songs of the nightingale.

---

 TO CINNA

CINNA, the great Venusian, told  
 In songs that will not die  
 How in Augustan days of old  
 Your love did glorify

His life, and all his being seemed  
 Thrilled by that rare incense  
 Till, grudging him the dreams he dreamed,  
 The gods did call you hence.

Cinna, I've looked into your eyes,  
 And held your hands in mine,  
 And seen your cheeks in sweet surprise  
 Blush red as Massic wine;  
 Now let the songs in Cinna's praise  
 Be chanted once again,  
 For, oh! alone I walk the ways  
 We walked together then!

Perhaps upon some star to-night,  
 So far away in space  
 I cannot see that beacon light  
 Nor feel its soothing grace—  
 Perhaps from that far-distant sphere  
 Her quickened vision seeks  
 For this poor heart of mine that here  
 To its lost Cinna speaks.

Then search this heart, beloved eyes,  
 And find it still as true  
 As when in all my boyhood skies  
 My guiding stars were you!  
 Cinna, you know the mystery  
 That is denied to men—  
 Mine is the lot to feel that we  
 Shall elsewhere love again!

---

### DER MANN IM KELLER

How cool and fair this cellar where  
 My throne a dusky cask is;  
 To do no thing but just to sing  
 And drown the time my task is.



The cooper he 's  
 Resolved to please,  
 And, answering to my winking,  
 He fills me up  
 Cup after cup  
 For drinking, drinking, drinking.

Begrudge me not  
 This cosey spot  
 In which I am reclining—  
 Why, who would burst  
 With envious thirst,  
 When he can live by wining?  
 A roseate hue seems to imbue  
 The world on which I 'm blinking;  
 My fellow-men—I love them when  
 I 'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

And yet I think, the more I drink,  
 It 's more and more I pine for—  
 Oh, such as I (forever dry)  
 God made this land of Rhine for  
 And there is bliss  
 In knowing this,  
 As to the floor I 'm sinking:  
 I 've wronged no man  
 And never can  
 While drinking, drinking, drinking.

---

“TROT, MY GOOD STEED, TROT!”

WHERE my true love abideth  
 I make my way to-night;  
 Lo! waiting, she  
 Espieth me,  
 And calleth in delight:

“I see his steed anear  
 Come trotting with my dear,—  
 Oh, idle not, good steed, but trot,  
 Trot thou my lover here!”

Aloose I cast the bridle,  
 And ply the whip and spur,  
 And gayly I  
 Speed this reply,  
 While faring on to her:  
 “Oh, true love, fear thou not!  
 I seek our trysting spot;  
 And double feed be yours, my steed,  
 If you more swiftly trot.”

I vault from out the saddle,  
 And make my good steed fast;  
 Then to my breast  
 My love is pressed,—  
 At last, true heart, at last!  
 The garden drowsing lies,  
 The stars fold down their eyes,—  
 In this dear spot, my steed, neigh not,  
 Nor stamp in restless wise!

O passing sweet communion  
 Of young hearts, warm and true!  
 To thee belongs  
 The old, old songs  
 Love finds forever new.  
 We sing those songs, and then  
 Cometh the moment when  
 It's “Good steed, trot from this dear spot,—  
 Trot, trot me home again!”

## BION'S SONG OF EROS

EROS is the god of love;  
 He and I are hand-in-glove.  
 All the gentle, gracious Muses  
 Follow Eros where he leads,  
 And they bless the bard who chooses  
 To proclaim love's famous deeds;  
 Him they serve in rapturous glee,—  
 That is why they 're good to me.

Sometimes I have gone astray  
 From love's sunny, flowery way:  
 How I floundered, how I stuttered!  
 And, deprived of ways and means,  
 What egregious rot I uttered,—  
 Such as suits the magazines!  
 I was rescued only when  
 Eros called me back again.

Gods forefend that I should shun  
 That benignant Mother's son!  
 Why, the poet who refuses  
 To emblazon love's delights  
 Gets the mitten from the Muses,—  
 Then what balderdash he writes!  
 I love Love; which being so,  
 See how smooth my verses flow!

Gentle Eros, lead the way,—  
 I will follow while I may:  
 Be thy path by hill or hollow,  
 I will follow fast and free;  
 And when I'm too old to follow,  
 I will sit and sing of thee,—  
 Potent still in intellect,  
 Sit, and sing, and retrospect.

## FIDUCIT

**THREE** comrades on the German Rhine,  
 Defying care and weather,  
 Together quaffed the mellow wine,  
 And sung their songs together.  
 What recked they of the griefs of life,  
 With wine and song to cheer them?  
 Though elsewhere trouble might be rife,  
 It would not come anear them.

Anon one comrade passed away,  
 And presently another,  
 And yet unto the tryst each day  
 Repaired the lonely brother;  
 And still, as gayly as of old,  
 That third one, hero-hearted,  
 Filled to the brim each cup of gold,  
 And called to the departed,—

“O comrades mine! I see ye not,  
 Nor hear your kindly greeting,  
 Yet in this old, familiar spot  
 Be still our loving meeting!  
 Here have I filled each bouting-cup  
 With juices red and cheery;  
 I pray ye drink the potion up,  
 And as of old make merry!”

And once before his tear-dimmed eyes,  
 All in the haunted gloaming,  
 He saw two ghostly figures rise,  
 And quaff the beakers foaming;  
 He heard two spirit voices call,  
 “Fiducit, jovial brother!”  
 And so forever from that hall  
 Went they with one another.

## THE LOST CUPID OF MOSCHUS

“CUPID!” Venus went a-crying;  
“Cupid, whither dost thou stray?  
Tell me, people, hither hieing,  
Have you seen my runaway?  
Speak,—my kiss shall be your pay!  
Yes, and sweets more gratifying,  
If you bring him back to-day.

“Cupid,” Venus went a-calling,  
“Is a rosy little youth,  
But his beauty is entralling.  
He will speak you fair, in sooth,  
Wheedle you with glib untruth,—  
Honey-like his words: but galling  
Are his deeds, and full of ruth!

“Cupid’s hair is curling yellow,  
And he hath a saucy face;  
With his chubby hands the fellow  
Shooteth into farthest space,  
Heedless of all time and place;  
King and squire and punchinello  
He delighteth to abase!

“Nude and winged the prankish blade is,  
And he speedeth everywhere,  
Vexing gentlemen and ladies,  
Callow youths and damsels fair  
Whom he catcheth unaware;—  
Venturing even into Hades,  
He hath sown his torments there!

“For that bow, that bow and quiver,—  
Oh, they are a cruel twain!  
Thinking of them makes me shiver.

Oft, with all his might and main,  
 Cupid sends those darts profane  
 Whizzing through my heart and liver,  
 Setting fire to every vein!

“And the torch he carries blazing,—  
 Truly 't is a tiny one;  
 Yet, that tiny torch upraising,  
 Cupid scarifies the sun!  
 Ah, good people, there is none  
 Knows what mischief most amazing  
 Cupid's evil torch hath done!

“Show no mercy when you find him!  
 Spite of every specious plea  
 And of all his whimpering, bind him!  
 Full of flatteries is he;  
 Armed with treachery, *cap-a-pie*,  
 He 'll play 'possum; never mind him,—  
 March him straightway back to me!

“Bow and arrows and sweet kisses  
 He will offer you, no doubt;  
 But beware those proffered blisses,—  
 They are venomous throughout!  
 Seize and bind him fast about;  
 Mind you,—most important this is:  
 Bind him, bring him, but—watch out!”

## AN ECLOGUE FROM VIRGIL

[The exile Melibœus finds Tityrus in possession of his own farm, restored to him by the Emperor Augustus, and a conversation ensues. The poem is in praise of Augustus, peace, and pastoral life.]

## MELIBŒUS

TITYRUS, all in the shade of the wide-spreading beech-tree reclining,  
 Sweet is that music you've made on your pipe that is oaten and  
 slender;  
 Exiles from home, you beguile our hearts from their hopeless re-  
 pining,  
 As you sing Amaryllis the while in pastorals tuneful and tender.

## TITYRUS

A god—yes, a god, I declare—vouchsafes me these pleasant con-  
 ditions,  
 And often I gayly repair with a tender white lamb to his altar;  
 He gives me the leisure to play my greatly admired compositions,  
 While my heifers go browsing all day, unhampered of bell and  
 of halter.

## MELIBŒUS

I do not begrudge you repose; I simply admit I'm confounded  
 To find you unscathed of the woes of pillage and tumult and  
 battle.  
 To exile and hardship devote, and by merciless enemies hounded,  
 I drag at this wretched old goat and coax on my famishing  
 cattle.  
 Oh, often the omens presaged the horrors which now overwhelm  
 me—  
 But, come, if not elsewhere engaged, who *is* this good deity, tell me!

TITYRUS  
 (reminiscently)

The city—the city called Rome, with my head full of herding and  
 tillage,  
 I used to compare with my home, these pastures wherein you  
 now wander;

But I didn't take long to find out that the city surpasses the village  
 As the cypress surpasses the sprout that thrives in the thicket  
 out yonder.

MELIBŒUS

Tell me, good gossip, I pray, what led you to visit the city?

TITYRUS

Liberty! which on a day regarded my lot with compassion;  
 My age and distresses, forsooth, compelled that proud mistress  
 to pity,  
 That had snubbed the attentions of youth in most reprehensible  
 fashion.  
 Oh, happy, thrice happy, the day when the cold Galatea forsook me;  
 And equally happy, I say, the hour when that other girl took me!

MELIBŒUS

(slyly, as if addressing the damsel)

So now, Amaryllis, the truth of your ill-disguised grief I discover!  
 You pined for a favorite youth with citified damsels hobnobbing;  
 And soon your surroundings partook of your grief for your rec-  
 usant lover,—  
 The pine-trees, the copse, and the brook, for Tityrus ever went  
 sobbing.

TITYRUS

Melibœus, what else could I do? Fate doled me no morsel of  
 pity;  
 My toil was all vain the year through, no matter how earnest or  
 clever,  
 Till, at last, came that god among men, that king from that won-  
 derful city,  
 And quoth: "Take your homesteads again; they are yours  
 and your assigns' forever!"

MELIBŒUS

Happy, oh, happy old man! rich in what's better than money,—  
 Rich in contentment, you can gather swcet peace by mere lis-  
 tening;



Bees with soft murmurings go hither and thither for honey,  
 Cattle all gratefully low in pastures where fountains are glistening—  
 Hark! in the shade of that rock the pruner with singing rejoices,—  
 The dove in the elm and the flock of wood-pigeons hoarsely  
 repining,  
 The plash of the sacred cascade,—ah, restful, indeed, are these  
 voices,  
 Tityrus, all in the shade of your wide-spreading beech-tree re-  
 clining!

## TITYRUS

And he who insures this to me—oh, craven I were not to love  
 him!  
 Nay, rather the fish of the sea shall vacate the water they swim  
 in,  
 The stag quit his bountiful grove to graze in the ether above  
 him,  
 While folk antipodean rove along with their children and women!

## MELIBŒUS

(suddenly recalling his own misery)

But we who are exiled must go; and whither—ah, whither—God  
 knoweth!  
 Some into those regions of snow or of desert where Death reign-  
 eth only;  
 Some off to the country of Crete, where rapid Oaxes down floweth;  
 And desperate others retreat to Britain, the bleak isle and lonely.  
 Dear land of my birth! shall I see the horde of invaders oppress  
 thee?  
 Shall the wealth that outspringeth from thee by the hand of the  
 alien be squandered?  
 Dear cottage wherein I was born! shall another in conquest pos-  
 sess thee,  
 Another demolish in scorn the fields and the groves where I've  
 wandered?  
 My flock! nevermore shall you graze on that furze-covered hill-  
 side above me;  
 Gone, gone are the halcyon days when my reed piped defiance  
 to sorrow!

Nevermore in the vine-covered grot shall I sing of the loved ones  
that love me,—

Let yesterday's peace be forgot in dread of the stormy to-mor-  
row!

## TITYRUS

But rest you this night with me here; my bed,—we will share it  
together,

As soon as you've tasted my cheer, my apples and chestnuts  
and cheeses;

The evening already is nigh,—the shadows creep over the heather,  
And the smoke is rocked up to the sky to the lullaby song of the  
breezes.

## CATULLUS TO LESBIA

COME, my Lesbia, no repining;  
Let us love while yet we may!  
Suns go on forever shining;  
But when we have had our day,  
Sleep perpetual shall o'ertake us,  
And no morrow's dawn awake us.

Come, in yonder nook reclining,  
Where the honeysuckle climbs,  
Let us mock at Fate's designing,  
Let us kiss a thousand times!  
And if they shall prove too few, dear,  
When they're kissed we'll start anew, dear!

And should any chance to see us,  
Goodness! how they'll agonize!  
How they'll wish that they could be us,  
Kissing in such liberal wise!  
Never mind their envious whining;  
Come, my Lesbia, no repining!

## KÖRNER'S BATTLE PRAYER

FATHER, I cry to Thee!  
 Round me the billows of battle are pouring,  
 Round me the thunders of battle are roaring;  
 Father on high, hear Thou my cry,—  
 Father, oh, lead Thou me!

Father, oh, lead Thou me!  
 Lead me, o'er Death and its terrors victorious,—  
 See, I acknowledge Thy will as all-glorious;  
 Point thou the way, lead where it may,—  
 God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!  
 As when the dead leaves of autumn whirl round me  
 So, when the horrors of war would confound me,  
 Laugh I at fear, knowing Thee near,—  
 Father, oh, bless Thou me!

Father, oh, bless Thou me!  
 Living or dying, waking or sleeping,  
 Such as I am, I commit to Thy keeping:  
 Frail though I be, Lord, bless Thou me!  
 Father, I worship Thee!

Father, I worship Thee!  
 Not for the love of the riches that perish,  
 But for the freedom and justice we cherish,  
 Stand we or fall, blessing Thee, all—  
 God, I submit to Thee!

God, I submit to Thee!  
 Yea, though the terrors of Death pass before me,  
 Yea, with the darkness of Death stealing o'er me,  
 Lord, unto Thee bend I the knee,—  
 Father, I cry to Thee!

## BÉRANGER'S "MA VOCATION"

MISERY is my lot,  
 Poverty and pain;  
 Ill was I begot,  
 Ill must I remain;  
 Yet the wretched days  
 One sweet comfort bring,  
 When God whispering says,  
 "Sing, O singer, sing!"

Chariots rumble by,  
 Splashing me with mud;  
 Insolence see I  
 Fawn to royal blood;  
 Solace have I then  
 From each galling sting  
 In that voice again,—  
 "Sing, O singer, sing!"

Cowardly at heart,  
 I am forced to play  
 A degraded part  
 For its paltry pay;  
 Freedom is a prize  
 For no starving thing;  
 Yet that small voice cries,  
 "Sing, O singer, sing!"

*I was* young, but now,  
 When I'm old and gray,  
 Love—I know not how  
 Or why—hath sped away;  
 Still, in winter days  
 As in hours of spring,  
*Still* a whisper says,  
 "Sing, O singer, sing!"

Ah, too well I know  
 Song 's my only friend !  
 Patiently I 'll go  
 Singing to the end;  
 Comrades, to your wine !  
 Let your glasses ring !  
 Lo, that voice divine  
 Whispers, "Sing, oh, sing !"

---

## HUGO'S "FLOWER TO BUTTERFLY"

SWEET, bide with me and let my love  
 Be an enduring tether;  
 Oh, wanton not from spot to spot,  
 But let us dwell together.

You 've come each morn to sip the sweets  
 With which you found me dripping,  
 Yet never knew it was not dew  
 But tears that you were sipping.

You gambol over honey meads  
 Where siren bees are humming;  
 But mine the fate to watch and wait  
 For my beloved's coming.

The sunshine that delights you now  
 Shall fade to darkness gloomy;  
 You should not fear if, biding here,  
 You nestled closer to me.

So rest you, love, and be my love,  
 That my enraptured blooming  
 May fill your sight with tender light,  
 Your wings with sweet perfuming.

Or, if you will not bide with me  
 Upon this quiet heather,  
 Oh, give me wing, thou beauteous thing,  
 That we may soar together.

---

### BÉRANGER'S "MY LAST SONG PERHAPS"

[JANUARY, 1814]

WHEN, to despoil my native France,  
 With flaming torch and cruel sword  
 And boisterous drums her foeman comes,  
 I curse him and his vandal horde !  
 Yet, what avail accrues to her,  
 If we assume the garb of woe?  
 Let's merry be,—in laughter we  
 May rescue somewhat from the foe !

Ah, many a brave man trembles now.  
 I (coward!) show no sign of fear;  
 When Bacchus sends his blessing, friends,  
 I drown my panic in his cheer.  
 Come, gather round my humble board,  
 And let the sparkling wassail flow,—  
 Chuckling to think, the while you drink,  
 "This much we rescue from the foe !"

My creditors beset me so  
 And so environed my abode,  
 That I agreed, despite my need,  
 To settle up the debts I owed;  
 When suddenly there came the news  
 Of this invasion, as you know;  
 I'll pay no score; pray, lend me more,—  
 I—I will keep it from the foe !

Now here 's my mistress,—pretty dear!—  
 Feigns terror at this martial noise,  
 And yet, methinks, the artful minx  
 Would like to meet those soldier boys  
 I tell her that they're coarse and rude,  
 Yet feel she don't believe 'em so,—  
 Well, never mind; so she be kind,  
 That much I rescue from the foe !

If, brothers, hope shall have in store  
 For us and ours no friendly glance,  
 Let's rather die than raise a cry  
 Of welcome to the foes of France !  
 But, like the swan that dying sings,  
 Let us, O Frenchmen, singing go,—  
 Then shall our cheer, when death is near,  
 Be so much rescued from the foe !

---

### UHLAND'S "THREE CAVALIERS"

THERE were three cavaliers that went over the Rhine,  
 And gayly they called to the hostess for wine.  
 "And where is thy daughter? We would she were here,=  
 Go fetch us that maiden to gladden our cheer !"

"I'll fetch thee thy goblets full foaming," she said,  
 "But in yon darkened chamber the maiden lies dead."  
 And lo! as they stood in the doorway, the white  
 Of a shroud and a dead shrunken face met their sight.

Then the first cavalier breathed a pitiful sigh,  
 And the throb of his heart seemed to melt in his eye,  
 And he cried, "Hadst thou lived, O my pretty white rose,  
 I would I had loved thee and wed thee—who knows?"

The next cavalier drew aside a small space,  
 And stood to the wall with his hands to his face;  
 And this was the heart-cry that came with his tears:  
 "I loved her, I loved her these many long years !"

But the third cavalier kneeled him down in that place,  
 And, as it were holy, he kissed that dead face:  
 "I loved thee long years, and I love thee to-day,  
 And I'll love thee, dear maiden, forever and aye!"

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### HEINE'S "WIDOW OR DAUGHTER?"

SHALL I woo the one or other?  
 Both attract me—more 's the pity!  
 Pretty is the widowed mother,  
 And the daughter, too, is pretty.

When I see that maiden shrinking,  
 By the gods I swear I'll get 'er!  
 But anon I fall to thinking  
 That the mother'll suit me better!

So, like any idiot ass  
 Hungry for the fragrant fodder,  
 Placed between two bales of grass,  
 Lo, I doubt, delay, and dodder!

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### BÉRANGER'S "BROKEN FIDDLE"

#### I

THERE, there, poor dog, my faithful friend,  
 Pay you no heed unto my sorrow:  
 But feast to-day while yet you may,—  
 Who knows but we shall starve to-morrow!

#### II

"Give us a tune," the foemen cried,  
 In one of their profane caprices;  
 I bade them "No"—they frowned, and, lo!  
 They dashed this innocent in pieces!



## III

This fiddle was the village pride—  
 The mirth of every fête enhancing;  
 Its wizard art set every heart  
 As well as every foot to dancing.

## IV

How well the bridegroom knew its voice,  
 As from its strings its song went gushing!  
 Nor long delayed the promised maid  
 Equipped for bridal, coy and blushing.

## V

Why, it discoursed so merrily,  
 It quickly banished all dejection;  
 And yet, when pressed, our priest confessed  
 I played with pious circumspection.

## VI

And though, in patriotic song,  
 It was our guide, compatriot, teacher,  
 I never thought the foe had wrought  
 His fury on the helpless creature!

## VII

But there, poor dog, my faithful friend,  
 Pay you no heed unto my sorrow;  
 I prithee take this paltry cake,—  
 Who knows but we shall starve ~~to-morrow!~~

## VIII

Ah, who shall lead the Sunday choir  
 As this old fiddle used to do it?  
 Can vintage come, with this voice dumb  
 That used to bid a welcome to it?

## IX

It soothed the weary hours of toil,  
It brought forgetfulness to debtors;  
Time and again from wretched men  
It struck oppression's galling fetters.

## X

No man could hear its voice, and hate;  
It stayed the teardrop at its portal;  
With that dear thing I was a king  
As never yet was monarch mortal!

## XI

Now has the foe—the vandal foe—  
Struck from my hands their pride and glory;  
There let it lie! In vengeance, I  
Shall wield another weapon, gory!

## XII

And if, O countrymen, I fall,  
Beside our grave let this be spoken  
"No foe of France shall ever dance  
Above the heart and fiddle, broken!"

## XIII

So come, poor dog, my faithful friend,  
I prithee do not heed my sorrow,  
But feast to-day while yet you may,  
For we are like to starve to-morrow.

## SHARPS AND FLATS

### THE OFFICIAL EXPLANATION

ONE night aside the fire at hum,  
Ez I wuz sittin' nappin',  
Deown from the lower hall there come  
The seound of some one rappin'.  
The son uv old Nat Hawthorne he—  
Julian, I think his name wuz—  
Uv course he feound a friend in me,  
Not knowin' what his game wuz.

An' ez we visited a spell,  
Our talk ranged wide an' wider,  
An' if we struck dry subjects—well,  
We washed 'em deown with cider.  
Neow, with that cider coursin' thru  
My system an' a-playin'  
Upon my tongue, I hardly knew  
Just what I was a-sayin'.

I kin remember that I spun  
A hifalutin story  
Abeout the Prince uv Wales, an' **one**  
Abeout old Queen Victory.  
But, sakes alive! I never dreamed  
The cuss would get it printed—  
(By that old gal I 'm much esteemed,  
Ez she hez often hinted.)

Oh, if I had that critter neow,  
You bet your boots I'd l'arn **him**  
In mighty lively fashion heow  
To walk the chalk, gol darn **him!**

Meanwhile between his folks an' mine  
 The breach grows wide an' wider,  
 An', by the way, it 's my design  
 To give up drinkin' cider.

November 1, 1886.

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### THE POET'S RETURN

A POET, crazed by Mammon, hung  
 His harp upon the willows, and  
 Forgot the songs which he had sung,  
 Sweeping that harp with master hand.  
 Long wailed the Muse with much ado,  
 The votary which Mammon stole,  
 Till Mammon pitying her withdrew  
 The spell that bound the poet's soul.

The poet then with master hand  
 Took down the old familiar lyre  
 And sang unto a listening land  
 His song aflame with heav'nly fire.  
 Sing on, O poet, while ye may,  
 As sweetly as in years of old,  
 For thy sweet songs shall live for aye,  
 A grander heritage than gold!

August 17, 1883.

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### A SHOSHONE LEGEND

THE brave Shoshones much revere  
 Our presidential Arthur,  
 And they proclaim him, far and near  
 The mighty pale-face father.

This reverence, 't is said, is due  
Unto a little caper,  
Which, whether false or whether true,  
Hath ne'er before seen paper.

Down in the Yellowstone, one eve,  
Quoth Vest, the statesman-joker:  
"Since time hangs heavy, I believe  
I'll start a game of poker."  
He called the bold Shoshones round  
And filled their pipes with Gravely,  
And, seated on the dewy ground,  
They all chipped in right bravely.

And lo! the President did choose  
To lend approval hearty;  
So, purchasing a stack of blues,  
He sat in with the party.  
Out spake the brave Po-Dunk-a-Wee,  
Rending his purse asunder:  
"Big Injun bet heap dollar he  
Beat pale-face all to thunder!"

Whereat the pale-face chief sublime  
Did manifest a wincing—  
And yet allowed it was no time  
For presidential mincing.  
So none dropped out, but all came in,  
Till groaned the pot with stuffing—  
And, consequently, rose the din  
Of multifarious bluffing.

And when the show-down word was spoke—  
Alas, its dreadful uses!  
The brave Po-Dunk-a-Wee went broke  
On sixes full on deuces;  
"Two pair," the brave Tim-Tom-Kee moaned  
Amid regretful blushes,  
While other rash Shoshones groaned  
O'er various bobtail flushes.

And then a miracle ensued  
 Which blanched the copper faces—  
 Our Arthur, with rare fortitude,  
 Showed down five awful aces.  
 August 22, 1883.

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### A ZEPHYR FROM ZULULAND

FROM Onathlamba in the west,  
 Where rise the walls of Quangar,  
 And where the brave Bapedis rest,  
 Is heard a joyous clangor:  
 From Unyanyembe's pagan towers—  
 The Umtamtuna River—  
 Where dark Kabompo's noisome bowers  
 Disturb the Kaffir's liver;  
 Where bloom the nutmeg and the rose  
 And thrives the tapir greasy,  
 And where the Unzimkulu flows  
 Into the fair Zambesi;  
 Where dwells the cruel assagai  
 Among the fierce Potgeiters,  
 And Sekukunis live and die  
 As Amaswazai fighters;  
 And from the huts of Mozambique  
 Upon the northern shore,  
 Unto old Umoolosi peak,  
 And fragrant Delagoa—  
 Around and round the tidings go,  
 Inspiring vast thanksgiving  
 That all in spite of dastard foe  
 Their monarch still is living.  
 Hail, monarch! Cetewayo, hail!—  
 Great England's pagan hobby—  
 And bless thy fate that foes should fail  
 To slay a nibs so nobby!  
 August 22, 1883.

## THE FRENCH MUST GO

UNTO his valiant aide-de-camp  
 Remarked the brave Bouet:  
 "To-morrow we will move along  
 To battle, *s'il vous plait*.  
 Hard by the walls of Hue, we  
 Our pagan foe shall meet,  
 And then and there, *mon cher ami*,  
 We 'll warm him *tout de suite*."

Next morn, as brave Wun Lung with zest  
 Partook his matin rice,  
 And stored away beneath his vest  
 A pie composed of mice,  
 Into his presence rushed Gin Sing,  
 And cried in sore dismay:  
 "Oh, save thyself, most potent king—  
 The Flenchmen come this way!"

Wun Lung looked daggers, and replied:  
 "If that 's the Flenchman's gamee,  
 We 'll meet him on the plain outside,  
 And lick him allee samee.  
 Close up the laundries, whet your swords;  
 And, with your spears in hand,  
 Call in the servile cooly hordes  
 And let the junks be manned."

When this commotion brave Bouet  
 Discovered from afar—  
 "I fear," he muttered in dismay,  
 "I 've made *un grand faux pas*.  
 I do not understand," quoth he,  
 "This hurrying to and fro;  
 But I suspect, from what I see  
 And hear, *je suis de trop!*"

The hostile forces soon imbrued  
 With murd'rous shock and blow,  
 And in the struggle that ensued  
 The Frenchman had to go.  
 The fierce Wun Lung, amid the strife,  
 Beheld brave Bouet near,  
 And took his horse-du-combat's life  
 With battle-axe and spear.

And when his horse-du-combat fell  
 All lifeless at his feet,  
 Brave Bouet, with a sickening yell,  
 Commanded a retreat.  
 Wun Lung now lolls in his abode  
 From morn till dewy eve,  
 And eats his rat-pie *a la mode*—  
 And Bouet takes "French leave."  
 August 22, 1883

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## A BATTLE IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

THE sun had slipped down  
 The blue slant of the west;  
 The pale, queenly moon  
 Sat upon the night's crest,  
 With her face from the world  
 Turned in shame half away,  
 As she fondly pursued  
 Her loved king of the day.

The Yellowstone camp  
 In the valley below,  
 With its tents like tombstones  
 Set out in a row,  
 Was quaking with fear;  
 For the word had been brought  
 That a train was en route  
 With bold kidnappers fraught.



The President lay  
In his well-guarded tent;  
The general hither  
And thither had sent  
The men of his staff  
And the men of his troop;  
The visiting statesmen  
Were crouched in a group.

On the soft summer breeze  
Came a sharp, startling sound.  
For a moment all stood  
As in fear's fetters bound.  
"What was that?" whispered Robert.  
Said Rufus: "Fly! Hide!  
'T is the savage war-whoop  
Of the robber's red guide."

"Man the outposts! Look sharp!"  
The brave general said.  
"Guard the President well."  
And with field-glass he read  
The circling horizon,  
To south and to east,  
Till his eye fell, at last,  
On the skulking red beast.

Every eye in the camp  
Strained, the pale night to pierce;  
Every hand clutched a gun,  
As by fear rendered fierce;  
Every heart pounded hard  
At the ribs of its cage  
As forms were spied, veiled  
By a thicket of sage.

Flash! each gun laughed a flame  
Like a demon at sport.  
Crash! the still night was rent  
By the awful report,

And the craggy old mountains  
 Re-echoed "Ha, ha!"  
 Till the sounds seemed to blend  
 In a giant guffaw.

Hours and hours the camp watched  
 Till the bright threads of dawn  
 Wove a shining gold veil  
 For the night to put on.  
 Then, there in the sage-brush,  
 In bullet-torn coats,  
 Lay the earthly remains  
 Of a pair of coyotes.

August 28, 1883.

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### HIS LORDSHIP, THE CHIEF JUSTICE

WHEREAS, it is alleged, to wit:  
 There cometh from afar  
 A certain party in whose cause  
 Herewith these presents are;  
 One Coleridge is said party's name,  
 A lord of high degree,  
 Well known unto this court and fame—  
 A judge, so called, is he.

As parties of the second part,  
 We, the appellants, pray  
 That sundry courtesies be shown  
 Said judge who comes this way;  
 And, furthermore, appellants crave  
 Said judge be dined and fêted  
 As would become said judge and court  
 Hereinbefore narrated;  
 And that said divers compliments  
 Be also well intentioned,  
 As to delight said judge, so called,  
 Above and afore mentioned.

August 29, 1883.

## A HINT FOR 1884

THE sage of Greystone, so they say,  
 Has two imported steeds;  
 The one is black, the other bay,  
 And both of noble breeds.  
 Before he bought these chargers rare—  
 Of stylish blood and tone—  
 He used to drive another pair,  
 A humble gray and roan.

When Tilden hankers after style  
 On boulevard or street,  
 A coachman reins the chargers,  
 While he lolls on cushioned seat.  
 But when he 's out for holiday  
 To scour the hedge and thicket,  
 Alone he drives the roan and gray—  
 The good old-fashioned ticket.  
 August 31, 1883.

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 THE INDIAN AND THE TROUT

THE morning sun in splendor shone  
 On the mellow park of the Yellowstone.  
 The President at the break of day  
 Had packed his duds and moved away.  
 A brave Shoshone chief came out  
 With his willow pole to fish for trout.  
 It was half-past six when he cast his line,  
 And he kept on fishing till half-past nine;  
 And then he baited his hook anew  
 And patiently fished until half-past two—  
 The meanwhile swearing a powerful sight  
 For fishing all day with nary a bite.

And he swore and fished, and fished and swore  
 Till his Elgin watch tolled half-past four;  
 When a big, fat trout came swimming by  
 And winked at the chief with his cold, sad eye.

“And do you reckon, you pagan soul,  
 You can catch us trout with a willow pole?  
 The President taught us manners while  
 He fished for us in the latest style.  
 You’ve no idea how proud we feel  
 To be jerked ashore with a Frankfort reel!”

The red man gathered his dinner-pail  
 And started home by the shortest trail,  
 And he told his faithful squaw he guess’d  
 They’d better move still farther west,  
 Where presidents didn’t come fooling about,  
 Turning the heads of the giddy trout.

September 5, 1883.

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## A PLAY ON WORDS

(TO BE READ ALOUD RAPIDLY)

ASSERT ten Barren love day made  
 Dan woo’d her hart buy nigh tan day;  
 Butt wen knee begged she’d marry hymn,  
 The crewel bell may dancér neigh.  
 Lo atter fee tin vein he side  
 Ant holder office offal pane—  
 A lasses mown touched knot terse sole—  
 His grown was sever awl Lynn vane.

“Owe, beam my bride, my deer, rye prey,  
 And here mice size beef ore rye dye;  
 Oak caste mean knot tin scorn neigh way—  
 Yew are the apple love me nigh!”

She herd Dan new we truly spoke.  
 Key was of noble berth, and bread  
 Tool lofty mean and hie renown,  
 The air too grate testates, 't was head.

“Ewe wood due better, sir,” she bald,  
 “Took court sum mother girl, lie wean—  
 Ewer knot mice stile, lisle never share  
 The thrown domestic azure quean!”  
 “'T is dun, no farebutt Scilly won—  
 Aisle waiste know father size on the!”  
 Oft tooth the nay bring porte tea flue  
 And through himself into the see.

September 12, 1883.

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## HOW FLAHERTY KEPT THE BRIDGE

OUT spake Horatius Flaherty,—a Fenian bold was he,—  
 “Lo, I will stand at thy right hand and turn the bridge with thee!  
 So ring the bell, O’Grady, and clear the railway track—  
 Muldoon will heed the summons well and keep the street-cars  
 back.”

Forthwith O’Grady rang the bell, and straightway from afar  
 There came a rush of humankind and over-loaded car.  
 “Back, back! a schooner cometh,” the brave O’Grady cried;  
 “She cometh from Muskegon, packed down with horn and hide.”

And “Back!” Muldoon demanded and Flaherty declaimed,  
 While many a man stopped short his course and muttered, “I’ll  
 be blamed!”

And many a horse-car jolted, and many a driver swore,  
 As the tother gangway of the bridge swung off from either shore.  
 And bold Horatius Flaherty a storm of curses heard,  
 But pushing bravely at his key, he answered not a word;  
 And round and round he turned the bridge to let the schooner  
 through,

And round and round and round again O'Grady turned it too;  
 Till now at last the way is clear, and with a sullen toot  
 'Twixt bridge and shore, ten rods or more, the tug and schooner  
 shoot.

"Now swing her round the tother way," the brave O'Grady cried.  
 "'T is well!" Horatius Flaherty in thunder tones replied.

Muldoon waved high his club in air, his handkerchief waved  
 high,

To see the stanch Muskegon ship go sailing calmly by;  
 And as the rafters of the bridge swung round to either shore,  
 Vast was the noise of men and boys and street-cars passing o'er.  
 And Flaherty quoth proudly, as he mopped his sweaty brow,  
 "Well done for you, and here's a chew, O'Grady, for you now."

September 19, 1883.

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### THE THREE-CENT STAMP

GOOD-BY, old stamp; it's nasty luck  
 That ends our friendship so.  
 When others failed, you gamely stuck,  
 But now you've got to go.  
 So here's a flood of honest tears,  
 And here's an honest sigh.  
 Good-by, old friend of many years—  
 Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

Your life has been a varied one,  
 With curious phases fraught—  
 Sometimes a check, sometimes a dun,  
 Your daily coming brought;  
 Smiles to a waiting lover's face,  
 Tears to a mother's eye,  
 Or joy or pain to every place—  
 Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

You bravely toiled, and better men  
 Will vouch for what I say;  
 Although you have been licked, 't was when  
 Your face turned t' other way.  
 'T was often in a box you got  
 (As you will not deny)  
 For going through the mails, I wot—  
 Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

Ah, in your last expiring breath  
 The tale of years is heard—  
 The sound of voices hushed in death,  
 A mother's dying word,  
 A maiden's answer, soft and sweet,  
 A wife's regretful sigh,  
 The patter of a baby's feet—  
 Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

What wonder, then, that at this time  
 When you and I must part,  
 I should aspire to speak in rhyme  
 The promptings of my heart?  
 Go, bide with all those mem'ries dear  
 That live when others die;  
 You' ve nobly served your purpose here—  
 Good-by, old stamp, good-by!  
 September 24, 1883.

---

 BIG THURSDAY

IN this week's history of the Fair,  
 To-day will be the banner day.  
 The commonwealth will all be there  
 To view the truly grand display.  
 The country folk from miles around  
 Will gather in this monstrous hive,  
 And will in wondering groups be found  
 Where pigs and cows and squashes thrive.

The rural bumpkin and his gal  
 Will proudly note the Lima bean  
 And golden pumpkin from La Salle,  
 The sweet potato from Moline,  
 The toothsome cheese from Kankakee,  
 The turnip bred in Kickapoo;  
 And squashes fair and round we'll see  
 From Crete and Big Foot Prairie, too.

Or, fancying live stock, they will ponder  
 On blooded cattle by the drove—  
 Sleek Berkshire bullocks from Golconda,  
 And Durham swine from Downer's Grove;  
 On gentle Southdown mules from Pana,  
 On Poland China sheep from Niles,  
 On calves from Buda and Urbana,  
 And likewise cows in divers styles.

Unhappy, most unhappy being  
 Who thinks to stay away from there—  
 Who misses all such sights worth seeing  
 At and around our glorious Fair!  
 So don, O youth, your paper collar,  
 And prink your best, O maiden gay,  
 A ticket costs but half a dollar—  
 Go join the multitude to-day!

September 27, 1883.

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### THE MYSTERY OF PASADENE

COME, now, who is this Pasadene  
 That such a whirl of praises warrants?  
 And is a rose  
 Her only clo'es?  
 Oh, fie upon you, Billy Florence!



Ah, no; that 's your poetic way  
 Of turning loose your rhythmic torrents.  
     This Pasadene  
     Is not your queen—  
 We know you know we know it, Florence!

So sing your song of women-folks;  
 We 'll read without the least abhorrence,  
     Because we know  
     Through weal and woe  
 Your queen is Mrs. Billy Florence!  
 January 3, 1887.

---

## A NIGHTMARE

(CAUSED BY FAILURE TO DIGEST A BLANKET-SHEET)

DID I dream? Was 't a fancy  
 Of weird necromancy  
 That mingled the living with shades of the dead<sup>o</sup>  
 Was 't a deep meditation,  
 Or hallucination  
 Provoked by a paper I had but just read?

Blanket-sheet editor  
 Sat in his den,  
 With his yardstick and tape-measure,  
 Paste-pot and pen,  
 When there came to the doorway  
 And stood in a row

The spirits of Shakspeare,  
 Of Addison, Poe,  
 And a multitude more  
 Of the same brainy school;  
 And one in clown's raiment—  
 A poor verbose fool.

“So you ’re looking for places?”

The editor said.

Each shade in his turn

Gave a nod of the head.

“How much can you write

In the course of a day?”

The spirits proceeded

Their work to display.

One had written a sonnet

Of usual length;

Another a paragraph

Towering in strength;

Still another romanced

In sensational strain—

Every thought a rare gem

From a procreant brain.

Then forth from his bag

The poor, motley clown brought

A haymow of words

With a needle of thought;

And the editor measured

Them all with his rule,

And dismissed every spirit

Save that of the fool.

October 3, 1883.

---

### BACHELOR HALL

It seems like a dream—that sweet wooing of old—  
 Like a legend of fairies on pages of gold—  
 Too soon the sweet story of loving was closed,  
 Too rudely awakened the soul that reposed;  
 I kissed the white lips that lay under the pall,  
 And crept back to you, lonely Bachelor Hall.

Mine eyes have grown dim and my hair has turned white,  
 But my heart beats as warmly and gayly to-night  
 As in days that are gone and years that are fled—  
 Though I fill up my flagon and drink to the dead;  
 For over my senses sweet memories fall,  
 And the dead is come back to old Bachelor Hall<sup>1</sup>.

I see her fair face through a vapor of tears,  
 And her sweet voice comes back o'er the desert of years,  
 And I hear, oh, so gently, the promises she spoke,  
 And a soft, spirit hand soothes the heart that is broke.  
 So I fill up the flagon, and drink—that is all—  
 To the dead and the dying of Bachelor Hall.

October 5, 1883.

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## HUMAN NATURE

A BEGGAR-MAN crept to my side  
 One bitter, wintry time;  
 "I want to buy a drink," he cried;  
 "Please give me, sir, a dime."  
 If he had craved this boon forlorn  
 To buy his family meat,  
 I had passed on in silent scorn,  
 And left him in the street.

I tossed the money in his hand,  
 And quoth: "As o'er your wine  
 Within the tippling-room you stand  
 Drink thou to me and mine."  
 He let an earnest "Thank ye" drop—  
 Then up the street he sped,  
 And rushed into a baker's shop,  
 And bought a loaf of bread!

I know not why it was, and yet,  
 So sudden was the blow,  
 I felt emotions of regret  
 That he had duped me so.  
 Yet, had the hungry beggar said  
 That he was sore in need  
 Of that necessity called "bread,"  
 What man would pay him heed?  
 October 10, 1883.

---

### A VERY WEARY ACTOR

AMBER clouds on a cobalt sky,  
 The hour for work is drawing nigh!

An all-night journey, an aching head,  
 A longing to strike and go to bed!

Not a friend to greet or a friend to meet,  
 A lonely room on a noisy street.

A silent meal in a crowded room,  
 A silent smoke in a cloud of gloom.

A scene rehearsed, a stammering crew,  
 Letters received, and more work to do.

Business bothers, intrigues, and war;  
 The future a blank, the present a bore.

A cup of strong tea, a smoke, and I'd better  
 Screw up my courage, and seek the theatre.

Dress for an hour in a cell that is stifling,  
 And then play a part with a heart—but I'm trifling.

(Attributed to) RICHARD MANSFIELD.

October 25, 1883.

## GETTYSBURG

You wore the blue and I the gray  
 On this historic field;  
 And all throughout the dreadful fray  
 We felt our muscles steeled  
 For deeds which men may never know,  
 Nor page of history ever show.

My father, sir, with soul to dare,  
 Throughout the day and night,  
 Stood on old Little Round Top there,  
 And watched the changeful fight,  
 And, with a hoarse, inspiring cry,  
 Held up the stars and bars on high.

At last the flag went down, and then—  
 Ah, you can guess the rest—  
 I never saw his face again.  
 My father's loyal breast  
 Is strewn with these sweet flow'rs, I wot,  
 That seem to love this sacred spot.

The smoke of battle's cleared away,  
 And all its hatreds, too;  
 And as I clasp your hand to-day,  
 O man who wore the blue,  
 On yonder hill I seem to see  
 My father smiling down on me.  
 October 27, 1883.

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 HER FAIRY FEET

“BRING me a tiny mouse's skin,”  
 The boisterous tanner cried;  
 “It must be as a rose-leaf thin  
 And scarce three fingers wide.”

He seized the fragile, tiny bit  
 Within his brawny hand,  
 And cast it in the seething pit,  
 And so the skin was tann'd.

Then came a cobbler to his side.  
 With tools that cobblers use,  
 And deft they wrought that mouse's hide  
 Into a pair of shoes.

"Tell me," I asked, "O cobbler, tell  
 For whom these morceaux be?"  
 "A lover bade me build them well  
 For his true love," quoth he.

"Where dwells this maid with fairy feet?"  
 In wonderment I cried;  
 The old man shifted in his seat—  
 "Chicago," he replied.

October 29, 1883.

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### THE REMORSEFUL CAKES

A LITTLE boy named Thomas ate  
 Hot buckwheat cakes for tea—  
 A very rash proceeding, as  
 We presently shall see.

He went to bed at eight o'clock,  
 As all good children do,  
 But scarce had closed his little eyes,  
 When he most restless grew.

He flopped on this side, then on that,  
 Then keeled upon his head,  
 And covered all at once each spot  
 Of his wee trundle-bed.

He wrapped one leg around his waist  
And t' other round his ear,  
While mamma wondered what on earth  
Could ail her little dear.

But sound he slept, and as he slept  
He dreamt an awful dream  
Of being spanked with hickory slabs  
Without the power to scream.

He dreamt a great big lion came  
And ripped and raved and roared—  
While on his breast two furious bulls  
In mortal combat gored.

He dreamt he heard the flop of wings  
Within the chimney-flue—  
And down there crawled, to gnaw his ears,  
An awful bugaboo!

When Thomas rose next morn, his face  
Was pallid as a sheet;  
"I nevermore," he firmly said,  
"Will cakes for supper eat!"

November 6, 1883.

---

## A PATRIOT'S TRIUMPH

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS met a lad  
As down the street he hied.  
"Pray tell me, boy, if eke you can,  
Where Schurz doth now reside."  
"In sooth I can, my gentle sir,"  
The honest lad replied;  
"Proceed due north and soon you 'll come  
To where he doth abide."

“You speak some words I ken not of,”  
 George William Curtis cried;  
 “Now tell in speech non-sectional  
 Where doth my friend reside.  
 I know not north—Schurz knows no south;  
 Such terms do ill betide.  
 The north is south—the south is north—  
 The west the east, beside.”

“Good sir, you jest,” complained the youth,  
 And hung his fuddled head.  
 “Nay, foolish boy, I speak the truth,”  
 George William Curtis said;  
 “Lo, from the south the north wind blows  
 And eke the rising tide,  
 That splashes on our eastern shores,  
 Laves all the western side.

“The snows do fall on southern soil  
 And on the prairies wide;  
 The cotton on the northern hills  
 Is now the Yankee’s pride.  
 There is no north—there is no south—  
 These terms have long since died;  
 So tell in reconstructed speech  
 Where now doth Schurz reside.”

“Good master, turn ye to the west,  
 And on the eastern side  
 Adown the northern path, due south,  
 Two blocks he doth abide.”  
 George William Curtis missed his way,  
 But still it gave him joy  
 To know our land had gained that day  
 A reconstructed boy.

November 7, 1883.



“YOURS FRATERNALLY”

AN editor in Kankakee  
 Once falling in a burning passion  
 With a vexatious rival, he  
 Wrote him a letter in this fashion:  
 “You are an ass uncouth and rude,  
 And will be one eternally.”  
 Then, in an absent-minded mood,  
 He signed it “Yours fraternally.”  
 November 9, 1883.

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SONG OF THE ALL-WOOL SHIRT

MY father bought an undershirt  
 Of bright and flaming red—  
 “All wool, I ’m ready to assert,  
 Fleece-dyed,” the merchant said;  
 “Your size is thirty-eight, I think;  
 A forty you should get,  
 Since all-wool goods are bound to **shrink**  
 A trifle when they ’re wet.”

That shirt two weeks my father wore—  
 Two washings, that was all;  
 From forty down to thirty-four  
 It shrank like leaf in fall.  
 I wore it then a day or two,  
 But when ’t was washed again  
 My wife said, “Now ’t will only **do**  
 For little brother Ben.”

A fortnight Ben squeezed into it;  
 At last he said it hurt.  
 We put it on our babe—the **fit**  
 Was good as any shirt.

We ne'er will wash it more while yet  
 We see its flickering light,  
 For if again that shirt is wet  
 'T will vanish from our sight.

December 6, 1883.

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### OF BLESSED MEMORY

I OFTEN wonder mother loves to creep  
 Up to the garret where a cupboard stands,  
 And sit upon the musty floor and weep,  
 Holding a baby's dresses in her hands.

I often wonder grandma loves to sit  
 Alone where hangs a picture on the wall—  
 A handsome face across whose features flit  
 The phantoms of a love she would recall.

I wonder, too, that sister, pale and sad,  
 Waits at the gate, and, waiting, seems to hear  
 The footfalls of the brave, heroic lad  
 Who nevermore may woo her waiting there.

### ENVOY

The little lips in voiceless death are sealed;  
 The haughty squire seeks now a lasting sleep;  
 The lover's bones bleach on a battle-field—  
 And broken-hearted women live to weep.

December 11, 1883.

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### A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE

CAN I forget that winter night  
 In eighteen eighty-four,  
 When Nellie, charming little sprite,  
 Came tapping at the door?

“Good evening, miss,” I, blushing, said,  
For in my heart I knew—  
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—  
That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my big red hand, and fell  
Adown upon her knees,  
And cried: “You know I love you well,  
So be my husband, please!”  
And then she swore she ’d ever be  
A tender wife and true.  
Ah, what delight it was to me  
That Nellie came to woo!

She ’d lace my shoes, and darn my hose,  
And mend my shirts, she said;  
And grease my comely Roman nose  
Each night on going to bed;  
She ’d build the fires, and fetch the coal,  
And split the kindling, too.  
Love’s perjuries o’erwhelmed her soul  
When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check  
To her advances rash,  
She twined her arms about my neck,  
And toyed with my mustache;  
And then she pleaded for a kiss,  
While I—what could I do  
But coyly yield me to that bliss  
When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear  
A gorgeous diamond ring,  
And I shall wed my lover fair  
Sometime in gentle spring.  
I face my doom without a sigh;  
And so, forsooth, would you,  
If you but loved as fond as I,  
And Nellie came to woo.

December 22, 1883.

## THE DÉBUTANTE

HAVE you got the jellies made, mother?  
 Are the sandwiches *au fait*?  
 Are the salads wrought and the wine all bought  
 For the splurge on New Year's day?  
 You look serene as a regnant queen,  
 But there 'll be some hitch, I fear,  
 For I 'm to receive this year, mother—  
 I 'm to receive this year.

My dress is such a daisy, mother,  
 What wonder if I am vain?  
 'T is a white piqué, décolleté,  
 With a princesse skirt, en train.  
 That 's why I yearn and impatient burn  
 For the splurge that is, oh, so near,  
 For I 'm to receive this year, mother—  
 I 'm to receive this year.

Jack says he will come at ten, mother,  
 And tarry the rest of the day.  
 Why turn up your nose? You don't suppose  
 He 'd dare to stay away?  
 Though Jack is proud and hates a crowd,  
 I 'm certain he will be here,  
 For I 'm to receive this year, mother—  
 I 'm to receive this year.

So call me at half-past eight, mother—  
 Don't let me sleep till nine.  
 I 've crimped my hair, and over the chair  
 I 've thrown my dresses fine;  
 At half-past eight—now don't be late—  
 Come early, O mother dear,  
 For I 'm to receive this year, mother—  
 I 'm to receive this year.

December 27, 1883.

## THE MODERN MARTYR

“ONLY an editor’s wife,” they say,  
As she rides along in her proud coupé;  
But they all confess that her face is fair,  
That her form is lovely beyond compare,  
That her robes are rich and her jewels rare,  
That her heart is warm and her gold is free;  
Yet “only an editor’s wife” is she!

Do they envy her laces and silks so grand,  
Or the diamonds she wears on her white left hand,  
Or the satin train that sweeps in her track,  
Or the elegant three-ply sealskin sack  
That gracefully covers her shapely back?  
Or why do the people derisively cry  
When “only an editor’s wife” rides by?

Do they envy the palace where she abides,  
Or the gilded coach in which she rides,  
Or her yacht that sports with the lake’s white foam,  
Or the troop of servants that go and come  
To do her will in her regal home?  
Do they envy her gold when they descry  
That it’s “only an editor’s wife” goes by?

They never think of the man who writes  
Through the weary days and the darksome nights,  
To earn the ducats with which to pay  
For the laces fine and the jewels gay,  
And the robes en train and décolleté,  
And the other trappings that greet the eye  
When “only an editor’s wife” sails by.

Oh, could they go to his working-place,  
And see his furrowed and pallid face,  
And know the grind of his daily life,—

How he freely encounters all toil and strife  
 To humor the whims of his petted wife,—  
 Methinks they would raise their plaudits high  
 When “only an editor’s wife” rode by.

January 10, 1884.

---

### AN OHIO IDYL

O FATHERS all, reflect upon  
 The touching story and the fate  
 Of hapless Mr. Pendleton,  
 Who had a daughter and a gate.

Once said this Mr. Pendleton  
 To dapper little John McLean:  
 “Here, now, get off that gate, my son,  
 And don’t come hanging round again!  
 You’re not their style, my daughters say;  
 Your visits do not bring them joy.  
 Get off the gate and run away—  
 Come, there’s a clever little boy!”

Then dapper little John McLean  
 Sought out another quiet street,  
 Where lived a certain Mr. Payne,  
 Who had a daughter young and sweet;  
 Engaging this enchanting miss  
 In many a twilight tête-à-tête,  
 He whiled away long hours of bliss  
 In swinging on the old man’s gate.

Lo, some years after, Messrs. Payne  
 And Pendleton were candidates;  
 Then did the dapper John McLean  
 Recall the story of the gates.  
 He lent his vengeful nature to  
 Manipulations darkly deft—  
 And Mr. Payne pulled glibly through,  
 While Pendleton got badly left.

So, fathers all, reflect upon  
 The touching story and the fate  
 Of hapless Mr. Pendleton,  
 Who had a daughter and a gate.  
 January 15, 1884.

---

 A SCHERZO

ONE night the charming Gerster said,  
 "Now listen, colonel, to me:  
 I will not sing—I'll quit instead—  
 Unless I'm paid what's due me.  
 I'm mad to think that you should think  
 That I am such a greeny  
 'To let you lavish all the chink  
 On Mrs. Nicolini!"

Then Mapleson in guileful vein  
 Protested he was busted;  
 And Gerster on the midnight train  
 Incontinently dusted.  
 Back to her babe in York she hied,—  
 This operatic charmer,—  
 And put all other roles aside  
 For that of simple mamma.

But Mapleson, when she had fled,  
 Forthwith began to worry;  
 The telegram he sent her said:  
 "Come back, and please to hurry.  
 I'll build a palace-car for you,  
 And bear your tantrums meekly,  
 And pay your salary when it's due—  
 That is to say, tri-weekly."

So back to Mapleson went she  
 As sweet as dripping honey,  
 And now is happy as can be  
 Because she got her money.

When asked what caused the recent row  
 They answer 't was the baby;  
 This fairy tale 's sufficient now  
 To fool the public, maybe  
 January 29, 1884.

---

### AN OHIO DITTY

MARY had a little lamb,  
 Down in Ohio state,  
 And, ere it grew to be a ram,  
 Most dismal was its fate.

Its fleece was long and white and full,  
 And Mary loved to shear  
 Her lamb for the amount of wool  
 It brought her twice a year.

But once, upon a summer's day,  
 She learned, to her dejection,  
 Her wool investment didn't pay—  
 And so she craved protection.

And then, with many a pleading word  
 And copious flow of tears,  
 She flew to genial Mr. Hurd  
 To set at rest her fears.

But Mr. Hurd in scorn did hold  
 Poor Mary and her kid,  
 And when their tale of woe was told  
 No kindly act he did.

In vain for help the maiden cried  
 Upon her bended knees.  
 "No tariff, girl," the man replied;  
 "Go, serve your lamb with peas!"



So Mary slew her little lamb—  
 As might have been expected,  
 For little lambs are n't worth a d——  
 When they are not protected

January 28, 1884.

---

## A GOOD MAN'S SORROW

ABOU BEN HALSTEAD—may his tribe increase!—  
 Thinking one night to steal a sweet surcease  
 From office work, of which he 'd had a greed,  
 Called to his side his faithful Romeo Reed,  
 And quoth: "By Allah and his great horned spoon  
 I will go home and sleep me until noon  
 If I can get a paragraph from you  
 To pull to-morrow's editorial through;  
 Now, mind you, one short paragraph will do!"

Good Romeo Reed inclined his reverend head—  
 "Ismillah robang!" ("Good enough!") he said;  
 And Halstead straightway hied himself to bed.

About Ben Halstead woke next day at nine,  
 And having quaffed, as is his wont, his wine,  
 Called for the paper, which he always read  
 Propped up by pillows in his regal bed.  
 He seized the sheet, and with an eager flout  
 He turned the mammoth paper inside out  
 To see what Romeo Reed had writ about.  
 About Ben Halstead's cheeks grew very red;  
 He frothed awhile, and stood upon his head;  
 His mournful eyes were all ablaze with fire,  
 His noble frame quaked with demoniac ire.  
 Lo! Romeo's paragraph filled up the page entire!

Februarv 20. 1884

## LAMENT OF A NEGLECTED BOSS

WITH not a faithful lackey nigh,  
 With all my vast resources spent,  
 I find myself enshrouded by  
 The winter of my discontent.  
 Gone are the hours of tranquil bliss  
 I fondly used to count mine own,  
 And I, at last, am come to this—  
 The running of a telephone!

Before I took this paltry thing  
 That keeps a-jingling all the day,  
 I was a most puissant king,  
 And most despotic was my sway.  
 Proud was my lot and proud my mien:  
 I sat upon a gilded throne  
 And bossed a radical machine  
 Where now I boss a telephone!

Pause, O ye countrymen of mine,  
 And drop a sympathetic tear,  
 And carve to me this touching line:  
 "Oh, what a falling off is here!"  
 Dear Riddleberger and Mahone,  
 Grant sweet surcease unto my woe  
 By wafting through my telephone  
 A fond, occasional hello!

March 17, 1884.

---

 ROMANCE OF A "CUSS-WORD"

BROAD expanse of shiny shirt-front,  
 Cuffs and collar white to match,  
 Overcoat with silken facing—  
 Just the rig to make a catch.

Pretty lady coming toward him;  
 He prepares to make a mash;  
 Meets a stumbling horse on crossing—  
 Mud flies o'er him with a splash!

Man who looked so sweet and gentle,  
 Like a little suckling lamb,  
 Now becomes a raving lion;  
 Girl goes by and hears him d—n.

Girl is shocked beyond expression—  
 Thinks his language simply vile;  
 Yet believes that she can save him—  
 Meets him next time with a smile.

Man apologizes bravely,  
 Says his anger made him rash.  
 Girl replies it but convinced her  
 He 's a man of proper dash.

They are married in November;  
 Wife is over all her scare;  
 Says she thought him soft and sickish  
 Till the day she heard him swear.

March 20, 1884.

## COLD CONSOLATION

**I AM** booming, brother, booming;  
 As the tide of time rolls on  
**Thou** wilt see me higher looming  
 In thy pathway, dearest John.  
 But oh, brother, in thy sorrow  
 Turn thou not thy face away;  
 Be for me, dear John, to-morrow,  
 As for thee I am to-day.

I am booming, brother, booming;  
 See the tempests toss my plume;  
 See the friends about me grooming,  
 Grooming lovingly my boom.  
 Lose no time, nor stumble blindly  
 Into error, Brother John;  
 To my boom, I tell thee kindly,  
 Soon or late thou must catch on.  
 March 21, 1884.

---

### MR. HOLMAN'S FAREWELL

THE little boom they said was vain  
 Will strike them now as vainer,  
 Since you have got aboard the train  
 And started o'er the cactus plain,  
 O frail and fickle Dana!

For when you reach the marble halls  
 Of pagan Montezuma,  
 What ear will heed my piteous calls  
 Amid the havoc that appalls  
 A boom without a boomer?

Perhaps some charm of that proud place  
 Will swerve you from your duty—  
 Will tempt you to forget my face,  
 My artless ways and simple grace,  
 My modest Hoosier beauty.

If so it be, my face will haunt  
 Your soul where'er you linger;  
 Within your ears I'll breathe a taunt,  
 Within your eyes I'll ever flaunt  
 My pale and bony finger.

Like amorous Dido am I left  
 To torturesome reflection—  
 Deceived, cajoled, betrayed, bereft,  
 My trusting heart by anguish cleft—  
 Though not without OBJECTION.

March 22, 1884.

## THE APRIL FOOL

FAIR was her young and girlish face,  
 Her lips were luscious red as wine;  
 Her willowy form betrayed a grace  
 That seemed to me to be divine.  
 One evening at the trysting-place  
 I asked this maiden to be mine.  
 Unhappy, thrice-unhappy youth  
 Was I to court the crushing blow;  
 But why delay the awful truth—  
 She April-fooled me years ago!

Filled with a ghastly, grim dismay  
 As kneeling at her feet I heard  
 This fair but cruel angel say  
 That last, unhappy, severing word,  
 I fluttered hopelessly away  
 Like some forlorn and stricken bird.  
 For years I played the cynic's part,  
 For years I nursed my secret woe;  
 And this reflection galled my heart—  
 She April-fooled me years ago!

But she is forty now, and fat,  
 And vanished all her graces are:  
 And many a lusty, brawling brat  
 Pulls at her skirts and calls her "ma,"  
 And I have information that  
 Her horrid husband tends a bar.

And when I see that fleeting years  
 Have changed my quondam angel so,  
 I thank my stars, 'mid grateful tears,  
 She April-fooled me years ago!

March 27, 1884.

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### THE OLD SEXTON

NIGH to a boom that was newly made  
 Leaned Charles A. Dana on his pick and spade:  
 He smiled sardonic and paused to wait  
 The funeral train through the open gate.  
 A savage editor man was he,  
 And his eyes were aflame with demoniac glee  
 As these words came from his lips so thin:  
 "I gather them in—I gather them in!

"I gather them in, and their final rest  
 Is here—down here in the earth's dark breast.  
 Hancock I buried four years ago  
 'Neath a mossy mound where the daisies blow;  
 Holman and Bayard and Field I boom,  
 Only to leave them where violets bloom;  
 For, heedless of what their grandeur has been,  
 I gathered them in—I gathered them in!

"I gather them in, and I never care  
 How the victims rage or the people swear;  
 Thurman, McDonald, and Flower, too,  
 Have gently flocked to my hullabaloo,  
 And now I am patiently waiting here  
 For the Grover Cleveland boom to appear;  
 And, blind to the chances it has to win,  
 I'll gather it in—I'll gather it in!"

July 5, 1884.

## OGLESBY (1884)

WHEN treason boldly stalked the land  
 And poisoned hearts of men  
 Till traitors rose on every hand,  
 A patriot called us then;  
 We followed, comrade,—you and I,—  
 Where death and wounds were thick,  
 And gloried in the battle-cry,  
 “Hurrah for Uncle Dick!”

They say that we, who knew no fears  
 Of death and carnage then,  
 Are summoned in these after years,  
 To follow him again;  
 Not with the gun nor with the sword,  
 But with the hoe and pick,  
 We come, a brave, determined horde—  
 Hurrah for Uncle Dick!

His waving hair was black as night  
 In that dear long ago;  
 But now with care and age 't is white  
 As first December snow;  
 But round that old and whitened head  
 Have honors, fast and thick,  
 A grand, majestic halo shed—  
 Hurrah for Uncle Dick!

Once tall and stately was the form  
 That now is stooped and bent;  
 Wait till he scents the coming storm  
 And marks the base intent  
 Of foemen circling round about,  
 And see how pow'rful quick  
 That grave old body straightens out—  
 Hurrah for Uncle Dick!

And as we rallied in the fray  
 With him long years ago,

So do we rally round, to-day,  
 The chief we reverence so.  
 Beware the foe, O patriots true,  
 Beware each traitorous trick.  
 We still are soldiers of the blue—  
 Hurrah for Uncle Dick!

July 10, 1884.

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### THE POLITICAL MAUD

BEN BUTLER, on a summer's day,  
 Stood in a convention making hay;  
 The hay was sweet and the hay was dry,  
 But it was n't as cocked as old Ben's eye;  
 For old Ben saw on a gelding gay  
 Judge Nomination ride that way.

When the judge saw Ben in the hay at work,  
 He stopped his horse with a sudden jerk,  
 And he rolled his eyes on the winsome face  
 And the buxom form and the air of grace  
 And the wealth of cheek and the mesh of hair  
 Of sweet Ben Butler a-working there.

“Oh,” sighed the judge, “that the fate were mine  
 To wed with a creature so divine!  
 With Ben for a mate, my life would seem  
 Like a poet's song or an artist's dream;  
 But, when they heard of my marital pick,  
 How like a steer some folks would kick!”

So, fearful of what his folks might say,  
 Judge Nomination rode away,  
 And left Ben Butler standing there  
 With her wealth of cheek and her mesh of hair;  
 And of all sad words of tongue and pen  
 The saddest are these: “He would n't have Ben.”  
 July 11, 1884.



## A VIRGILIAN PICNIC

“COME, Chloe, beauteous maiden, come,  
 And here, within the flowery shade,  
 Enjoy with me the tuneful hum  
 Of bees that swarm throughout the glade.  
 Upon the velvet moss reclining,  
 And with thy murmurings in mine ear,  
 What thought have I of love’s repining?  
 So come, sweet Chloe, rest thee here.”

“Nay, Corydon; I fear, alack!  
 The ants would clamber up my back.”

“Ah, Chloe, here amongst the flow’rs,  
 While linnets coo in vines above,  
 How sweet to dream away the hours,  
 Or weave fair sonnets to my love!  
 A zephyr, coming to delight me,  
 Breathes in mine ear a soothing tone,  
 And tells me Chloe shall requite me,  
 And so I smile as eke I prone.”

“Rise, Corydon! I prithee rise!  
 You ’re proning on the custard-pies.”  
 July 31, 1884.

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 AN ILLINOIS WAR-SONG

COME, let us quaff a stirrup-cup  
 To Virtue undismayed.  
 Fill, comrades, fill your glasses up  
 With sparkling Lemonade!

Here’s death to Whiskey, Wine, and Beer,  
 To Brandy, Gin, and Rum!  
 We have a million voters here—  
 A million more will come.

We 'll pulverize the Liquor pow'r,  
 With all its odious jobs,  
 Until the Demon Drink shall cow'r  
 Beneath the sword of Hobbs!

The sale of cocktail, punch, and sling,  
 We are resolved, must stop.  
 As substitute therefor we bring  
 The fragrant Ginger-pop;

Or else, perchance, refreshing Mead,  
 Or Soda-water cool:  
 But liquor is a fiend indeed  
 We don't intend shall rule.

Oh, 't is a thief that steals our wits  
 And all our manhood robs;  
 So we propose to give it fits  
 With gallant Brother Hobbs!

So let us quaff a stirrup-cup  
 Before we join the raid.  
 Fill, comrades, fill your glasses up  
 With sparkling Lemonade!

August 6, 1884.

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### THOMAS A. HENDRICKS'S APPEAL

How infamous that men should raise  
 The foul and bitter lie  
 That in the old secession days,  
 When din of war was high,  
 I dealt in traitorous sneer and brag  
 And did not dare to go  
 To battle for my country's flag  
 Against the rebel foe!

Who was it for the Stripes and Stars  
Risky fortune, fame, and life?  
Who bore away the purple scars  
Of many a bloody strife?  
Who was it led the patriot band  
And held the flag on high?  
Ay, tell me truly, if you can  
Who was it, if not I?

At Vicksburg, braving sword and shell,  
I gloried in the fray  
Till finally I fainting fell  
With one leg shot away;  
But on to Corinth's ghastly field  
I hastened to imbrue,  
And did not hesitate to yield  
A paltry arm or two!

And when with Sherman to the sea  
Our gallant army cross'd,  
The rebel bullets followed me—  
Another leg I lost;  
But still I gladly drained the cup  
Of deep misfortune's harm,  
And down at Gettysburg gave up  
Another leg and arm!

So, gallant boys who wore the blue  
Through all that dismal tide,  
By all those bloody days we knew  
When battling side by side,  
Choke off the hideous lying throats  
These slanders issue from—  
And next November cast your vote  
For patriotic Tom!

August 8, 1884.

## THE EXPLORER'S WOOING

OH, come with me to the arctic seas  
 Where the blizzards and icebergs grow,  
 And dally awhile with the polar breeze  
 In the land of the Esquimau.  
 We will fish for seal and the great white bears  
 In their caves on the frozen shores;  
 We will spread our nets in the frigid lairs  
 Of the walrus that snorts and roars.

When the rest of creation swoons with heat  
 All pleasant and chipper we 'll be;  
 'T would be hard to find a summer retreat  
 As cool as the arctic sea.  
 We will ramble along in some snowy glade  
 With never a sultry sigh,  
 Or loll at ease in the grateful shade  
 Of an iceberg four miles high.

So come with me to the arctic pole—  
 To the land of the walrus and bear,  
 Where the glaciers wave and the blizzards roll,  
 And victuals are frequently rare.  
 You are plump and fat—with such a mate  
 In my iceberg I would dwell,  
 In the pleasing hope I could baffle fate  
 By eating you *au naturel*.

September 3, 1884.

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## THE AHKOOND OF SWAT

WHEN the writer has written with all of his might  
 Of Blaine and of Cleveland a column or more,  
 And the editor happens along in the night  
 (As he generally does betwixt midnight and four)

And kills all the stuff that that writer has writ,  
 And calls for more copy at once, on the spot—  
 There is none for the writer to turn on and hit  
 But that distant old party, the Ahkoond of Swat.

Now the Ahkoond of Swat is a vague sort of man  
 Who lives in a country far over the sea;  
 Pray tell me, good reader, if tell me you can,  
 What's the Ahkoond of Swat to you folks or to me?  
 Yet when one must be careful, conservative, too,  
 Since the canvass is getting unpleasantly hot,  
 If we must abuse some—let us haste to imbrue  
 With that foreign old bloomer, the Ahkoond of Swat!

Yet why should we poke this insipid old king,  
 Who lives in the land of the tiger and cane,  
 Since the talk we might make on the dotard can't bring  
 The sweet satisfaction of a Cleveland or Blaine?  
 A plague on these politics, statesmen, and all  
 Who conspire to embarrass the editor's lot;  
 And a plague on the man, we implore, who will call  
 On a fellow to write of the Ahkoond of Swat!

But vain is this fuming, this frenzy, this storm—  
 The printers care naught for this protest or that;  
 A long, dreadful hollow appears in the "form"—  
 And it's copy they want, with a preference for "fat."  
 So here's to our friend who's so handy in need,  
 Whose useful acquaintance too soon is forgot—  
 That distant old party and senile old seed,  
 The loathsome and pestilent Ahkoond of Swat!  
 September 19, 1884.

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## A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS

A BOSTON gentleman declares,  
 By all the gods above, below,  
 That our degenerate sons and heirs  
 Must let their Greek and Latin go!

Forbid, O Fate, we loud implore,  
 A dispensation harsh as that;  
 What! wipe away the sweets of yore;  
 The dear "Amo, amas, amat"?

The sweetest hour the student knows  
 Is not when poring over French,  
 Or twisted in Teutonic throes,  
 Upon a hard collegiate bench;  
 'T is when on roots and kais and gars  
 He feeds his soul and feels it glow,  
 Or when his mind transcends the stars  
 With "Zoa mou, sas agapo"!

So give our bright, ambitious boys  
 An inkling of these pleasures, too—  
 A little smattering of the joys  
 Their dead and buried fathers knew;  
 And let them sing—while glorying that  
 Their sires so sang, long years ago—  
 The songs "Amo, amas, amat,"  
 And "Zoa mou, sas agapo"!

September 23, 1884.

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## THE SECRET OF THE SPHINX

UPON the hot Egyptian sands,  
 Beneath the lurid, blistering skies,  
 With stolid face and fireless eyes  
 The Sphinx in sombre grandeur stands.  
 Within that doleful desert place,  
 By desolation's doom oppress'd,  
 No sweet emotion fills her breast—  
 No smile illumines the Sphinx's face.

They say that many years ago  
 A Roman pretor left his home,  
 Resolved to go from Rome to roam—r

A Roman roamin' to and fro.  
This pretor happened, so they say,  
    To meet a humorist, whose name  
    Was heralded on wings of fame  
Through Boston leagues and leagues **away.**

They roamed together far and wide—  
    The pretor and the Boston wit—  
    Till finally one night they lit  
In Egypt by the Sphinx's side.  
"Now tell me, ere we go to bed  
    Within our tents, some funny tale;  
    With humorous anecdote regale  
My jaded soul," the pretor said.

The Sphinx was then as fair a bit  
    Of female flesh as you could find,  
    And, womanlike, she had a mind  
For stories that partook of wit.  
She, therefore, smiling bent her ear  
    To hear the Massachusetts joke  
    The famous Boston humorist spoke  
Unto the pretor, listening near.

What was the joke we do not know—  
    The ancient hist'ries do not state,  
    Nor legendary lore relate,  
Nor hieroglyphic tablets show;  
But since that Boston wit beguiled  
    The Roman pretor with the joke  
    Which centuries ago was spoke,  
The hapless Sphinx has never smiled.  
September 23, 1884.

## FANCHON THE CRICKET

My grandsire, years and years ago,  
In round old English used to praise  
Sweet Maggie Mitchell's pretty ways  
And her fair face that charmed him so.

Her tuneful voice and curly hair,  
Her coquetry and subtle art  
Ensnared my grandsire's willing heart  
And ever reigned supremely there.

In time my father felt the force  
Of cunning Maggie Mitchell's smiles,  
And, dazzled by her thousand wiles,  
He sang her glories too, of course.

Quite natural, then, it was that I—  
Of such a sire and grandsire, too—  
When this dear sprite first met my view  
Should learn to rhapsodize and sigh.

And now my boy—of tender age—  
Indites a sonnet to the curl  
Of this most fascinating girl  
That ever romped the mimic stage!

O prototype of girlhood truth,  
Of girlhood glee and girlhood prank,  
By what good fortune hast thou drunk  
The waters of eternal youth?

September 26, 1884.



## NOVEMBER

THE wold is drear and the sedges sere,  
 And gray is the autumn sky,  
 And sorrows roll through my riven soul  
 As lonely I sit and sigh  
 "Good-by"  
 To the goose-birds as they fly.

With his weird wishbone to the temperate zone  
 Came the goose-bird in the spring;  
 And he built his nest in the glorious west,  
 And sat on a snag to sing,  
 Sweet thing!  
 Or flap his beautiful wing.

But the boom of the blast has come at last  
 To the goose-bird on the lea,  
 And the succulent thing, with shivering wing,  
 Flies down to a southern sea.  
 Ah me,  
 That such separation should be!

But it's always so in this world of woe:  
 The things that gladden our eye  
 Are the surest to go to the bugs, and so  
 We can only wearily sigh  
 "Good-by"  
 To the goose-birds as they fly.

November 5, 1884.

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 PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?

THE old man sits inveiled by gloom,  
 His bosom heaves with dire dismay;  
 For in that editorial room

There booms no presidential boom,  
 And folks no longer come that way  
 To whisper, "Parlez-vous Français?"

Gone is the time he hoped to be  
 A diplomat in Paris gay—  
 When, far across the briny sea,  
 The festive gamins, *très jolis*,  
 And fair *grisettes décolletées*  
 Should murmur, "Parlez-vous Français?"

So let the poor old Joseph rest  
 And let him pine his life away;  
 Nor vex that journalistic breath  
 Which by a hopeless grief 's distressed—  
 The hopeless grief he never may  
 Respond to "Parlez-vous Français?"

November 10, 1884.

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"GEE SWEE ZAMERICANE"

WHY should I pine and languish so?  
 Why should I droop and sigh?  
 Why should my soul be bowed in woe,  
 As weary days go by?  
 Why should I drown in sorrow's sea,  
 When, through the surf of pain,  
 This sweet salvation comes to me:  
 "Gee swee Zamericane!"

I thought diplomacy my forte,  
 And yearned for deeds of state  
 Amid the solemn pomps of court  
 In monarchies effete;  
 And most I hankered to abide  
 Hard by the river Seine,  
 Where I could say, with swelling pride,  
 "Gee swee Zamericane!"

And this is why I made the flop  
 Which Reid and Halstead made,  
 And this is why I took a drop  
 On matters of free trade;  
 I ate my words of '76,  
 And boomed the "rascal" Blaine,  
 And played a thousand Jingo tricks—  
 "Gee swee Zamericane!"

The die is cast, the boom is o'er,  
 And Blaine is beaten bad—  
 The which is why I 'm feeling sore,  
 And, likewise, very mad;  
 For, after all this harrowing strife,  
 I 'm likely to remain  
 What I have been through all my life—  
 "Gee swee Zamericane!"

November 11, 1884.

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 CHRISTMAS

MY little child comes to my knee  
 And tugging pleads that he may climb  
 Into my lap to hear me tell  
 The Christmas tale he loves so well—  
 A tale my mother told to me,  
 Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang  
 With angel rhapsodies sublime;  
 Of that great host, serene and white,  
 The shepherds saw one winter night;  
 And of the glorious stars that sang  
 An anthem, once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years  
 Tells of the sacrifice sublime  
 Of One who prayed alone and wept  
 While his awearied followers slept—  
 And how his blood and Mary's tears  
 Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side  
 And echoes of the distant clime  
 Bring that sweet story back to me—  
 Of Bethlehem and Calvary,  
 And of the gentle Christ that died  
 For sinners, once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told  
 In ponderous tomes or fluent rhyme,  
 Like misty shadows fade away;  
 But this sweet story bides for aye,  
 And, like the stars that sang of old,  
 We sing of "Once upon a time."

December 1, 1884.

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### CHICAGO WEATHER

TO-DAY, fair Thisbe, winsome girl!  
 Strays o'er the meads where daisies blow,  
 Or, ling'ring where the brooklets purl,  
 Laves in the cool, refreshing flow.

To-morrow, Thisbe, with a host  
 Of amorous suitors in her train,  
 Comes like a goddess forth to coast  
 Or skate upon the frozen main.

To-day, sweet posies mark her track,  
 While birds sing gayly in the trees;  
 To-morrow morn, her sealskin sack  
 Defies the piping polar breeze.

So Doris is to-day enthused  
 By Thisbe's soft, responsive sighs,  
 And on the morrow is confused  
 By Thisbe's cold, repellent eyes.  
 December 6, 1884.

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## THE COLLECTOR'S DISCONTENT

A DIBDIN properly displayed,  
 An Elzevir ensconced on high,  
 My hand upon an Aldus laid—  
 I felt a tear fall from my eye.

The cause? And is there none who **knows**  
 The pangs ambition idly yields?  
 Is there a man that to the throes  
 Of covetousness never yields?

Perhaps some day some graven urn  
 Or parchment old may bring to view  
 The name of him that did not yearn  
 For the books that dear old Burton **knew**.  
 I don't believe it, though—do you?  
 January 30, 1889.

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## A LEAP-YEAR LAMENT

THE golden year is nearly sped—  
 This year of girlish wooing;  
 And lo, my hope of love is dead,  
 And fate is past undoing!  
 When suitors came in gentle spring  
 And proffered their caresses,  
 Like some coquettish, giddy thing,  
 I spurned their fond addresses.

So Minnie, Maggie, Maud, and Belle,  
 Miranda, Jane, and Jessie,  
 Maria, Nannie, Ruth, and Nell,  
 And charming blue-eyed Bessie  
 Went wooing other kindlier men  
 Too numerous to mention  
 And I, by this hegira, then  
 Was left without attention.

But in the sere of autumn came  
 That sweetest maid of many,  
 With wit and beauty known to fame—  
 The blithe and winsome Jennie;  
 And having wooed as women can,  
 Protesting she adored me,  
 She wed her father's hired man;  
 And that completely floored me!

O silly celibate, that spurned  
 The leap-year wooing vernal,  
 How hast thy haughty scorning turned  
 To self-reproach eternal!  
 I'd give my wealth, my life, my fame,  
 If I could summon to me  
 In this bleak hour those nymphs that came  
 In early spring to woo me!

December 17, 1884.

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### ILL REQUITED

OH, hand me down my spectacles,  
 Oh, hand them down to me,  
 That I may read and know, indeed,  
 If our good Grover C.  
 Hath bid me stand at his right hand,  
 Where I have longed to be

Oh, hand me down my microscope;  
 These specs ill serveth me:  
 But I have hope the microscope  
 Will give me pow'r to see  
 My noble name where lasting fame  
 Intended it should be.

Alas! nor specs nor microscope  
 Nor aught availeth me.  
 My name is missed from all the list  
 Where it should surely be.  
 And if, ere long, affairs go wrong,  
 The blame 's with Grover C.  
 March 5, 1885.

---

 GRANT

His was the sword that from its scabbard leapt  
 To cleave the way where freedom could be won,  
 And where it led a conquering army swept  
 Till all was done.

Then that same valorous hand which swung the sword  
 Back to its sheath returned the patriot blade,  
 And bore sweet peace where crushed rebellion's horde  
 Stood all dismayed.

And now a spirit, speeding from above,  
 Chills that great heart with his destroying breath  
 And all a people's reverence and love  
 Are mocked by death.

April 1, 1885.

## FROM THE SAME CANTEEN

FROM hill and plain to the State of Maine  
The veterans toiled along,  
And they rent the air with the tuneful blare  
Of trumpets and of song;  
That their throats were dry there will none deny,  
But little they recked, I ween,  
As they gathered round on the old camp-ground  
To drink from the same canteen.

The tales of old were again retold,  
And they sang of the war once more—  
Till the word went round like a thunder sound,  
“Let us drink to the days of yore!”  
A rapturous glee that was fair to see  
Enveloped the martial scene—  
But there came a change that was pitiful strange  
When they drank from the old canteen.

The veteran throng sings now no song  
That is keyed in the grand old strain,  
And the air is blue with the hullabaloo  
Of the soldiers who marched to Maine.  
Not even beer is the proffered cheer,  
Nor a jug nor a flask is seen;  
But it's lemonade of a watery grade  
That they drink from the same canteen!

June 26, 1885.

## LITTLE MISS DANDY

THE other night as in my bed  
I lay profoundly sleeping,  
An angel babe with hairless head  
Came through the darkness creeping;



And, waking at the dawn of day,  
 Bliss percolated through me  
 When, smiling in her artless way,  
 She murmured "papa" to me.

Strange, was it not? But stranger still  
 What next claimed my attention—  
 The robes of wealth with tuck and frill  
 Too numerous to mention.  
 Whence came these bibs with lace bedecked—  
 These flannels all so handy?  
 And who could possibly suspect  
 The coming of Miss Dandy?

Well, she shall live a thousand years,  
 Unmindful of each morrow;  
 Her eyes shall know no splash of tears,  
 Her heart no touch of sorrow;  
 And she shall dress in silk and lace  
 And feed on taffy candy—  
 God bless her fuzzy little face,  
 My little angel dandy!  
 August 11, 1885.

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 SPIRIT LAKE

UPON this beautiful expanse  
 Of purple waves and spray  
 The wanton prairie zephyrs dance  
 With sunbeams all the day.  
 And ships go sailing to and fro;  
 The sea-gulls circle round;  
 Above the splash of ebb and flow  
 The children's voices sound.

See how the playful pickerel speeds  
 Upon his devious way  
 Among the lissome, clinging weeds,  
 In hot pursuit of prey;

And here or there the greedy bass  
 In their erratic flight  
 Like dark electric shadows pass  
 Before our wondering sight.

Oh, what a wealth of life is here—  
 What pike and carp abound!  
 Within these waters, cool and clear,  
 What game may not be found!  
 You only have to bait your hook  
 And cast it in the spray;  
 Down—fathoms down—it sinks; and look!  
 You 've caught your finny prey.

O beauteous lake with pebbly shore  
 And skies of azure hue,  
 With gulls and zephyrs skimming o'er  
 Thy waves of restless blue,  
 To thee I dedicate this hymn  
 In melancholic spite—  
 To thee, where bass and pickerel swim,  
 But only bullheads bite.

---

### TO DENMAN THOMPSON

THERE 's somethin' in your homely ways,  
 Your simple speech, and honest face  
 That takes us back to other days  
 And to a distant, cherished place.  
 We seem to see the dear old hills,  
 The clover-patch, the pickerel pond,  
 And we can hear the mountain rills  
 A-singin' in the haze beyond.

There is the lane wherein we played,  
 An' there the hillside, rough an' gray,  
 O'er which we little Yankees strayed  
 A-checkerberryin' ev'ry day;

The big red barn, the old stone wall,  
 The pippin-tree, the fav'rite beach—  
 We seem to recognize 'em all  
 In thy quaint face an' honest speech!

An' somehow when we see 'em rise  
 Like spectres of those distant years,  
 We kinder weaken, and our eyes  
 See dimly through a mist o' tears;  
 For there 's no thing will touch the heart  
 Like mem'ry's subtle wand, I trow,  
 An' there 's no tear that will not start  
 At thought of home an' long ago.

You make us boys an' girls again,  
 An' like a tender, sweet surprise,  
 Come thoughts of those dear moments when  
 Our greatest joy was mother's pies!  
 I'd ruther have your happy knack  
 Than all the arts which critics praise—  
 The knack o' takin' old folks back  
 To childhood homes and childhood days.  
 September 2, 1885.

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“PURITAN”—“GENESTA”

A CENTURY or so ago,  
 When we was young an' skittish,  
 We started out to let folks know  
 That we could tan the British;  
 From Bunker Hill ter Southern sile,  
 And on the ragin' water,  
 We warmed 'em in sich hearty style,  
 They quickly begged fur quarter.

Waal, ever sence them early days  
 When we was young an' skittish,  
 We Yanks hev been disposed to raise  
 Ther devil with ther British;  
 Thar 's nary game they kin suggest  
 But thet we Yankees larn 'em  
 That we are cuter than the best  
 Of all their lords—goll darn 'em!

With our Kintucky colts we 've beat  
 Their stables highfalutin;  
 Their sportin' men hev met defeat  
 At cricket and at shootin';  
 Our pugilists, with skill an' ease,  
 Hev stopped all furrin blowin';  
 Our oarsmen on the lakes an' seas  
 Hev beat 'em all a-rowin'!

An' now, ter save that silver cup  
 From England's proud "Genesta,"  
 The Yankee folks have kunjured up  
 A skimmin' dish ter best 'er.  
 Thar ain't no ship thet swims the sea  
 Or sails the briny ocean—  
 No matter what her flag may be—  
 Kin beat a Yankee notion!

But what o' thet? It 's all in fun,  
 And thar won't be no squealin';  
 Fur Yank an' Britisher is one  
 In language, blud, an' feelin'!  
 An' though the times we've played 'em **smart**  
 Are numbered by the dozens,  
 The Yankee feels, down in his heart,  
 "God bless our British cousins!"

September 15, 1885.

## THE SONG OF THE MUGWUMP

THE Mugwump sat on a hickory limb,  
 "Too-hoo!"  
 In the autumn twilight, dank and dim,  
 "Too-hoo!"  
 When, coming along, a Democrat heard  
 The doleful voice of the curious bird  
 Sadly moaning this wild, weird word,  
 "Too-hoo!"

"Oh, why do you sit on that limb and cry  
 "Too-hoo?"  
 Does it mean a lingering, last good-by—  
 Adieu?  
 You've been our guest a paltry year,  
 And now you are going to disappear  
 With a parting flip-flop, sad and sear—  
 Boo-hoo!"

But the Mugwump scorned the Democrat's wail,  
 "Too-hoo!"  
 And flirting its false, fantastic tail,  
 "Too-hoo!"  
 It spread its wings and it soared away,  
 And left the Democrat in dismay,  
 With no pitch hot and the devil to pay—  
 "Too-hoo!"

October 6, 1885.

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 SONG FOR THE DEPARTED

OH, what has become of the Mugwump-bird  
 In this weather of wind and snow,  
 And does he roost as high as we heard  
 He roosted a year ago?

A year ago and his plumes were red  
 As the deepest of cardinal hues,  
 But in the year they 've changed, 't is said,  
 To the bluest of bilious blues!

A year ago and this beautiful thing  
 Warbled in careless glee;  
 But now the tune he is forced to sing  
 Is pitched in a minor key.

It 's oh, we sigh, for the times gone by  
 When the Mugwump lived to laugh—  
 When, coy and shy, he roosted high,  
 And could n't be caught with chaff.

And it 's oh, we say, for the good old day  
 Which never again may come—  
 When the Mugwump threaded his devious way  
 And whistled his lumpty-tum!

November 5, 1885.

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## A SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS WIND

As on my roving way I go  
 Beneath the starlight's gleaming,  
 Upon a bank of feathery snow  
 I find a moonbeam dreaming;  
 I crouch beside the pretty miss  
 And cautiously I give her  
 My gentlest, tend'rest little kiss,  
 And frown to see her shiver.  
 Oho! Oho!  
 On bed of snow  
 Beneath the starlight's gleaming,  
 I steal the bliss  
 Of one sweet kiss  
 From that fair friend a-dreaming.

I scamper up the gloomy street  
 With wild, hilarious shrieking,  
 And each rheumatic sign I meet  
 I set forthwith to creaking;  
 The sooty chimneys wheeze and sigh  
 In dismal apprehension,  
 And when the rich man passes by  
 I pay him marked attention.  
     Oho! Oho!  
     With gusts of snow  
 I love to pelt and blind him;  
     But I kiss the curls  
     Of the beggar-girls  
 Who crouch in the dark behind him.

In summer-time a posy fair  
 Bloomed on the distant heather,  
 And every day we prattled there  
 And sang our songs together;  
 And thither, as we sang or told  
 Of love's unchanging glory,  
 A maiden and her lover strolled,  
 Repeating our sweet story.  
     "Oho! Oho!"  
     We murmur low—  
 The maid and I, together;  
     For summer's sped  
     And love is dead  
 Upon the distant heather.  
 December 26, 1885.

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 AN OVERWORKED WORD

WE wake up and make up,  
 We rake up, we fake up,  
 And use the word "up" when we can.

We drink up and think up,  
 We kink up and shrink up,  
 And do up a shirt or a man.

We slack up or back up,  
 We stack up and whack up,  
 And hold up a man or an ace;  
 We beer up and cheer up,  
 We steer up and clear up,  
 And work up ourselves or a case.

We walk up and talk up,  
 We stalk up and chalk up,  
 And everywhere "up" 's to be heard;  
 We wet up and set up,  
 But hanged if we let up  
 On "up," the much overworked word.  
 March 6, 1886.

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### A WESTERN BOYS' LAMENT

I WISH 'T I lived away down East, where codfish salt the sea,  
 And where the folks have pumpkin pie and apple-sass for tea.  
 Us boys who 's livin' here out West don't get more 'n half a show;  
 We don't have nothin' else to do but jest to sort of grow.

Oh, if I was a bird I'd fly a million miles away  
 To where they feed their boys on pork and beans three times a  
 day;  
 To where the place they call the Hub gives out its shiny spokes,  
 And where the folks—so father says—is mostly women-folks.  
 March 26, 1886.



## HUMANITY

THE big-eyed baby, just across the way,  
 Longs for the moon and reaches out to clasp it;  
 He lunges at the crescent cold and gray,  
 And waxes wroth to find he cannot grasp it

Be hushed, O babe, and give thy grief a rest;  
 Better a thousand times for thee to ponder  
 Upon the lacteal wealth of mother's breast  
 Than reach for that vain Milky Way up yonder

Yet am I like this man of recent birth  
 That lets a foolish disappointment fret it;  
 Scorning the sky, I 'm reaching for the earth,  
 And grunt and groan because I do not get it.

April 12, 1886.

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 THE WHITE HOUSE BALLADS

## KING GROVER CRAVES PIE

KING GROVER at his table round  
 Sate feasting once, and there was sound  
 Of good things said and sly;  
 When presently King Grover spake:  
 "A murrain seize this futile cake—  
 Come, Daniel, pass the pie!"

Then quoth Sir Daniel, flaming hot:  
 "Pie hath not been in Camelot  
 Since Arthur was our King;  
 Soothly, I ween, 't were vain to make  
 Demand for pie where there is cake,  
 For pie 's a ribald thing!"

“Despite King Arthur’s rash decree,  
Which ill beseemeth mine and me,”

King Grover answered flat,  
“I will have pie three times a day—  
Let dotards cavil as they may—  
And pumpkin pie at that!”

Then, frowning a prodigious frown,  
Sir Daniel pulled his visor down,  
And, with a mighty sigh,  
Out strode he to the kitchen, where  
He bade the varlet slaves prepare  
Three times each day a pie.

Thenceforth King Grover was content,  
And all his reign in peace was spent;  
And when ’t was questioned why  
He waxed so hale, and why, the while,  
The whole domain was free from guile,  
He simply answered, “Pie.”

April 21, 1886

#### SISTER ROSE’S SUSPICIONS

“WHAT of these tidings, Grover dear,  
That are reported far and near  
Upon suspicion’s breath?  
And is it true, as eke ’t is said,  
That you have made your mind to wed?”  
Quoth Rose Elizabeth.

With that his conscience smote him sore—  
He cast his eyes upon the floor,  
But not a word he saith.  
Then did she guess his secret flame;  
In sooth she was a crafty dame,  
Was Rose Elizabeth.

She flaunted out into the hall  
 In grievous wrath and tears withal,  
 Did Rose Elizabeth;  
 And when he saw her grewsome rage  
 That no entreaties could assuage,  
 He fiercely muttered, "'S death!"

April 24, 1886.

## THE WEDDING-DAY

OH, hand me down my spike-tail coat  
 And reef my waistband in,  
 And tie this necktie round my throat  
 And fix my bosom-pin;  
 I feel so weak and flustered like,  
 I don't know what to say—  
 For I 'm to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,  
 I 'm to be wedded to-day!

Put double sentries at the doors  
 And pull the curtains down,  
 And tell the Democratic bores  
 That I am out of town:  
 It 's funny folks hain't decency  
 Enough to stay away  
 When I 'm to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,  
 I 'm to be wedded to-day!

The bride, you say, is calm and cool  
 In satin robes of white.  
 Well, I am stolid, as a rule,  
 But now I 'm flustered quite;  
 Upon a surging sea of bliss  
 My soul is borne away,  
 For I 'm to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,  
 I 'm to be wedded to-day!

May 2, 1886.

## THE TYING OF THE TIE

Now was Sir Grover passing wroth.  
 "A murrain seize the man," he quoth,  
 "Who first invented ties!  
 Egad, they are a grievous bore,  
 And tying of them vexeth sore  
 A person of my size!"

Lo, at his feet upon the floor  
 Were sprent the neckties by the score,  
 And collars all a-wreck;  
 And good Sir Grover's cheeks were flame,  
 And good Sir Grover's arms were lame  
 With wrestling at his neck.

But much it joyed him when he heard  
 Sir Daniel say: "I fain will gird  
 Your necktie on for you,  
 As 't will not cause you constant fear  
 Of bobbing round beneath your ear  
 Or setting you askew."

Sir Daniel grasped one paltry tie  
 And, with a calm, heroic eye  
 And confidential air  
 (As who should say, "Odds bobs, I vow  
 There's nothing like the knowing how"),  
 He mounted on a chair.

And whilst Sir Grover raised his chin  
 (For much he did respect the pin)  
 Sir Daniel tied the tie,  
 The which when good Sir Grover viewed--  
 Albeit it belike a dude—  
 He heaved a grateful sigh.

May 3, 1886.

## THE KISSING OF THE BRIDE

AND when at last, with priestly pray'<sup>l</sup>  
 And music mingling in the air,  
     The nuptial knot was tied,  
 Sir Grover, flaming crimson red,  
 "Soothly, it is my mind," he said,  
     "That I salute the bride!"

Whereat upon her virgin cheek,  
 So smooth, so plump, and comely eke,  
     He did implant a smack  
 So lusty that the walls around  
 Gave such an echo to the sound  
     As they had like to crack.

No modern salutation this,  
 No mincing, maudlin Mugwump kiss,  
     To chill a bride's felicity;  
 Exploding on her blushing cheek,  
 Its virile clamor did bespeak  
     Arcadian simplicity.

May 3, 1886.

## THE CUTTING OF THE CAKE

SIR GROVER quoth: "Let each one here  
 Of soups and wine and sumptuous cheer  
     Most heartily partake;  
 And whilst you are thus well employed,  
 I ween my consort will be joyed  
     To cut the bridal cake!"

Then saith the bride, as courtesying low:  
 "There is no sweeter task, I trow,  
     Than which is now my life,  
 To do thy will, my liege; so I  
 Would fain with thy request comply  
     If I but had a knife."

Thereat of shining blades a score  
 Leaped from their knightly sheaths before  
     You could have counted two;  
 As each brave knight right humbly prayed  
 The lady to accept his blade  
     Wherewith her will to do.

But Lady Frances shook her head  
 And with sweet dignity she said:  
     "None other's blade I'll take  
 Save his who hath my rev'ence won—  
 My pole-star and my central sun—  
     And his shall cut the cake!"

Then did Sir Grover bend him to  
 His trousers pockets, whence he drew  
     A jack-knife, big and fat,  
 The which he gave into her hand,  
 Whereat the others murmured, and  
     They marvelled much thereat.

But when the cake was cut, the rest  
 Made proper hurry to attest  
     In knightly phrase emphatic  
 How that the cake was passing nice,  
 And how the blade that cleft each slice  
     Was truly democratic.

May 4, 1886.

#### THE PASSING OF THE COMPLIMENT

EFTSOONS the priest had made his say,  
 The courtly knights and ladies gay  
     Did haste from every side,  
 With honeyed words and hackneyed phrase  
 And dainty smiles withal, to praise  
     Sir Grover's blushing bride.

Out spake the courtly Sir Lamar:  
 "Of all fair brides, you, lady, are  
     The fairest I have seen;  
 Not only of this castle grand,  
 But of all hearts throughout the land,  
     Are you acknowledged queen!"

Whereat the Lady Frances bowed;  
 And rapturous murmurs in the crowd  
     Did presently attest  
 That of the chestnuts uttered there  
 This chestnut was without compare—  
     Foredating all the rest.

May 4, 1886.

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### THREE DAYS IN SPRINGTIME

#### I

ON such a day as this old Notting Wood  
 Made gentle answer from her secret glades  
 Unto the tumult of the lusty blades  
 That owned no liege save merry Robin Hood.  
 Deep in the haunts of velvet doe and buck  
 Loll'd gallant Will and pury Friar Tuck,  
 Quaffing brown ale but last October brewed.  
 Whilst of his flame the amorous Allen troll'd,  
 Upon the sward beyond, 'mid blithesome shouts  
 That mocked each broken pate, the yeomen bold  
 Plied their stout quarter-staffs in bloody bouts.  
 Apart from all the rest, good Robin lay,  
 And sorely grieved that, lo, for many a day  
 The varlet sheriff had not rode that way.

#### II

On such a day as this the Nazarene  
 Came from his lowly fisher home and stood  
 Upon the shore of restless Galilee;

**And** as he viewed the ever-changing scene,  
 He heard the breezes whisper to the sea  
 How they had come that morning from a wood,  
**Where, in** the warmth of springtime, all was green;  
 How they had lingered there in furtive mood;  
 How they had kissed a crucifixion tree  
**That** angels guarded; and the listening One  
 Bowed down His head in sweet humility.  
**"Father, Thy will,"** He cried, "not mine, **be done."**

**Then** sped the vernal breezes, fair and free,  
 To bear the tidings back to Calvary.

April 26, 1886.

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### SAG HARBOR

**THREE** authors stood upon the beach  
 And watched the fishing-smacks heave to;  
 As far as human eye could reach,  
 Swept one expanse of saline blue.  
 First Hawthorne spoke: "While ebbs the tide,  
 Suppose we three a-fishing go?"  
**"T is well,"** the white-haired Stoddard cried.  
**"Amen,"** quoth Reverend E. P. Roe

**"'Neath** yonder hedge, where burdocks blow  
 And chirps the cricket to his mate,  
 Methinks the plethoric gentles grow;  
 Come, let us dig a few for bait."  
**Thus** big, strong Julian Hawthorne said;  
 But with a smile that answered "No,"  
**The** dear old Stoddard shook his head;  
 And quoth to Reverend E. P. Roe:

**"Although,** assuredly, I am  
 Unlearn'd in piscatorial lore,  
**I** mind me that the modest clam  
 Beats all your bait that grows ashore;



Still care I not, and you, friend Roe,  
 Shall name the bait and fix the terms;  
 So now decide before we go—  
 Shall it be clams or angleworms?"

" 'T is not for such a wretch as I  
 To say what shall or shall not be,  
 For He who heeds the raven's cry  
 Will care, in His good time, for me.  
 Whether upon the ocean tides  
 Or by the water-brooks I go,  
 I'll take the bait the Lord provides!"  
 Remarked the Reverend E. P. Roe.  
 July 3, 1886.

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### THE 5TH OF JULY

THE sun climbs up, but still the tyrant Sleep  
 Holds fast our baby boy in his embrace;  
 The slumb'rer sighs, anon athwart his face  
 Faint, half-suggested frowns like shadows creep.  
 One little hand lies listless on his breast,  
 One little thumb sticks up with mute appeal,  
 While motley burns and powder-marks reveal  
 The fruits of boyhood's patriotic zest.

Our baby's faithful poodle crouches near;  
 He, too, is weary of the din and play  
 That come with glorious Independence Day,  
 But which, thank God! come only once a year!  
 And Fido, too, has suffered in this cause,  
 Which once a year right noisily obtains;  
 For Fido's tail—or what thereof remains—  
 Is not so fair a sight as once it was.

July 7, 1886

## A POEM IN THREE CANTOS

## I

FROM the land of logs and peaches  
 Came a callow jay-bird dressed  
 In homespun coat and breeches  
 And a gaudy velvet vest;  
 His eyes were red and wistful,  
 And he gawped a rural stare,  
 Yet, withal, he had a fistful  
 Of the stuff that speeds the mare.

## II

9 to 4.

## III

Confound the tarnal tallies  
 That mulct the callow jay!  
 Confound the sharp that dallies  
 With Detroit's wealth to-day!  
 Confound the fate that teaches  
 The jay to warble low!  
 But bless the land of peaches  
 Where the royal suckers grow!  
 July 9, 1886.

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 IN PRAISE OF TRUTH AND SIMPLICITY IN SONG

OH, for the honest, blithesome times  
 Of bosky Sherwood long ago,  
 When Allen trolled his amorous rhymes  
 And Robin twanged his crafty bow;  
 When Little John and Friar Tuck  
 Traversed the greenwood far and near,  
 Feasting on many a royal buck  
 Washed down with brown October beer.

Beside their purling sylvan rills,  
 What knew these yeomen bold and free  
 Of envious cares and grewsome ills  
 That now, sweet friend, vex you and me?  
 Theirs but to roam the leafy glade,  
 Beshrewing sheriffs, lords, and priests,  
 To loll supine beneath the shade,  
 Regaling monarchs with their feasts.

The murrain seize these ribald times  
 When there is such a lust for gold  
 That poets fashion all their rhymes,  
 Like varlet tradesfolk, to be sold!  
 Not so did Allen when he troll'd  
 His ballads in that merry glade;  
 Nay, in those courteous days of old  
 The minstrel spurned the tricks of trade!

So, joyous friend, when you and I  
 Sing to the world our chosen theme,  
 Let 's do as do the birds that fly  
 Careless o'er woodland, wold, and stream:  
 Sing Nature's song, untouched of art—  
 Sing of the forest, brook, and plain;  
 And, hearing it, each human heart  
 Will vibrate with the sweet refrain.

August 16, 1886.

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## THE FOOL

A FOOL, when plagued by fleas by night,  
 Quoth: "Since these neighbors so despite me,  
 I think I will put out the light  
 And then they cannot see to bite me!"

November 26, 1886.

## TO THE LADYE JULIA

ON HER X BIRTHDAY

*Belle semper eadem*

PUELLA PULCHRA

TIME, by Julia's face enchanted,  
 Made with Love a bargain rare;  
 These the terms that Eros granted  
 In the interest of his fair:  
 When old Chronos, in his yearly  
 Round, must visit beauty's queen,  
 Love should turn the glass, while idly  
 Time would bask beneath her een—  
 Julia being then sweet 'steen.

UXOR PULCHRIOR

Cupid, cunning rogue, delighted  
 At the chance to cheat his foe,  
 Bound the pact with kisses plighted—  
 This was several years ago.  
 Of the scheme no doubt that you'll u-  
 Nite in saying: "Well we ween  
 'Gainst the charms of Ladye Julia  
 Love's but time in quarantine—  
 Julia'll always be sweet 'steen!"

MATRE PULCHERRIMA

Since, in all the white Decembers,  
 For this day doth Chronos yearn;  
 Love sets the glass, then straight remembers  
 Back the dial's hand to turn.  
 So old Tempus, edax rerum,  
 May not mar the peerless sheen  
 Of her beauty. Dixi verum.  
 This is why I envy . . . —  
 Julia's always lovely 'steen!

THE DOCTOR.

December 14, 1886

## A BALLAD OF ANCIENT OATHS

THER ben a knyghte, Sir Hoten hight  
 That on a time did swere  
 In mighty store othes mickle sore,  
 Which grieved his wiffe to here.

Soth, whenne she scofft, his wiffe did oft  
 Swere as a ladye may;  
 "I' faith," "I' sooth," or "lawk," in truth,  
 Ben alle that wiffe wold say.

Soe whenne her goodman waxed him wood  
 She mervailed much to here  
 The hejeous sound of othes full round  
 The which her lord did swere.

"Now pray thee, speke and tell me eke  
 What thing hath vexed thee soe?"  
 The wiffe she cried; but hee replied  
 By swereing moe and moe.

He sweren zounds which be Gog's wounds,  
 By bright Marie and Gis,  
 By sweit Sanct Ann and holle Tan,  
 And by Bryde's bell, ywis;

By holle grails, by 'slids and 'snails,  
 By old Sanct Dunstan bauld,  
 The Virgin faire that Him did beare,  
 By Him that Judas sauld;

By Arthure's sword, by Paynim horde,  
 By holie modyr's teir,  
 By Cokis breath, by Zooks and 'sdeath,  
 And by Sanct Swithen deir;

By divells alle, both greate and smalle,  
 And all in hell there be,  
 By bread and salt, and by Gog's malt,  
 And by the bloody tree;

By Him that worn the crown of thorn,  
 And by the sun and mone,  
 By deir Sanct Blane and Sanct Fillane,  
 And three kings of Cologne;

By the gude Lord and His sweit word,  
 By him that herryit hell,  
 By blessed Jude, by holie Rude,  
 And eke by Gad himsel'!

He sweren soe (and mickle moe)  
 It made man's flesch to creepen;  
 The air ben blue with his ado,  
 And sore his wiffe ben wepen.

Giff you wold know why sweren soe  
 The good man hight Sir Hoten,  
 He ben full wroth because, in soth,  
 He leesed his coler boten.

March 1, 1887.

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### THE SUSCEPTIBLE WIDOW

I SHOW, by my distressful tones  
 And by my doleful features,  
 How much I miss the Reverend Jones,  
 That best of modern preachers.  
 When his Chicago work was done  
 He paused not to consider  
 What grief the parting wrought upon  
 One lorn and lonely widder.

I used to wend my way each night  
 To revel in his teachings;  
 My burdened soul grew airy light  
 Beneath his magic preachings.  
 I occupied a seat reserved  
 For struggling young beginners,  
 And hung upon the blasts he served  
 To unrepentant sinners.

Farewell to those delicious times  
 For silent adoration!  
 My idol speeds to other climes  
 To ply his sweet vocation.  
 Oh that he might forget her not  
 Who boldly makes assertion  
 That from her lonely, widowed lot  
 She hankers for conversion!  
 April 6, 1886.

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 PIKE'S PEAK

I STOOD upon the peak, amid the air;  
 Below me lay the peopled, busy earth.  
 Life, life, and life again was everywhere,  
 And everywhere were melody and mirth,  
 Save on that peak, and silence brooded there.

I vaunted then myself, and half aloud  
 I gloried in the journey I had done:  
 Eschewing earth and earth's seductive crowd,  
 I'd scaled this steep, despite the rocks and sun;  
 Of such a feat might any man be proud!

But, as I boasted thus, my burro brayed;  
 I turned, and lo! a tear was in his eye,  
 And as I gazed, methought the burro said:  
 "Prithee, who brought you up this mountain high—  
 Was it your legs or mine the journey made?"

Then moralled I: The sturdiest peak is Fame's!  
 And there be many on its very height,  
 Who strut in pride and vaunt their empty claims,  
 While those poor human asses who delight  
 To place them there have unremembered names!  
 April 6, 1887.

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### LONGINGS

I LONG for some intenser life,  
 Some wilder joy, some sterner strife!  
 A dull, slow stream whose waters pass  
 Through weary wastes of dry morass,  
 Through reptile-breeding levels low—  
 A sluggish ooze and not a flow—  
 Choked up with fat and slimy weeds  
 The current of my life proceeds.

Once more to meet the advancing sun  
 Earth puts her bridal glories on;  
 Once more beneath the summer moons  
 The whippoorwill her song attunes;  
 Once more the elements are rife  
 With countless forms of teeming life.  
 Life fills the air and fills the deeps;  
 Life from the quickened clod upleaps;

But all too feeble is the ray  
 That glances on our Northern day;  
 And man, beneath its faint impress,  
 Grows sordid, cold, and passionless.

I long to greet those ardent climes  
 Where the sun's burning heat sublimes  
 All forms of being, and imparts  
 Its fervor even to human hearts;  
 To see uptowering, grand and calm,  
 The king of trees, the lordly palm,



And, when night darkens through the skies,  
 Watch the strange constellations rise;  
 The floral pomps, the fruits of gold,  
 The fiery life I would behold;  
 The swart, warm beauties, luscious-lipped,  
 With hearts in passion's lava dipped;  
 Nature's excess and overgrowth—  
 The light and splendor of the South!

Or if it be my lot to bear  
 This pulseless life, this blank despair,  
 Waft me, ye winds, unto those isles  
 Round which the fair Pacific smiles;  
 Where, through the sun-bright atmosphere,  
 Their purple peaks the mountains rear;  
 Where earth is garmented in light,  
 And with unfading spring is bright  
 Then, if my life must be a dream,  
 Without a plan, without a scheme,  
 From purpose as from action free,  
 A dream of beauty it shall be.

(Attributed to) HORACE RUBLEE.

July 4, 1888.

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## FROM THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

UNTO a withered palm-tree clinging,  
 A yusef-bird was wildly singing,  
 And "yusef, yusef" was the word  
 That to my very soul went winging.

And came to me in my dejection  
 The keen and harrowing reflection:  
 "Thou art indeed a yusef-bird;  
 I ate your kind the last election!"

August 3, 1889.

## MEIN FAEDER BED

ACH, faeder bed! mein faeder bed!  
 Upon thy body softly spread,  
 What Cold von Winter shall I dread?

All through the night no touch of storm  
 Shall come to nip or chill my form—  
 Du bist so grosser goot und warm!

The winds that howl I need not fear,  
 But with that faeder bed to cheer,  
 I dream von Wiener wurst und beer!

Sometimes at night, in turning o'er,  
 I made that bed upon the floor.  
 Ach, then I shivered some, and swore!

But now I either turn mit skill  
 Or lie in bed sahr grosser still;  
 I make me not to swear or chill.

My Faderland is auf der sea,  
 Und when I sleep wo Yankees be  
 How vainly shall I pine for thee!

How, when I lay my weary head  
 Below ein cotton sheet and spread,  
 Shall I lament das faeder bed!

Yet still shall pleasing dreams combine  
 To waft me hence what joys are thine,  
 O faeder bed, beyond the Rhine!

December 14, 1889.

## BETHLEHEM TOWN

**T**HERE burns a star o'er Bethlehem town—  
     See, O my eyes!  
 And gloriously it beameth down  
 Upon a virgin mother meek  
 And Him whom solemn Magi seek.  
 Burn on, O star! and be the light  
 To guide us all to Him this night!

The angels walk in Bethlehem town—  
     Hush, O my heart!  
 The angels come and bring a crown  
 To Him, our Saviour and our King;  
 And sweetly all this night they sing.  
 Sing on in rapturous angel throng,  
 That we may learn that heavenly song!

Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree—  
     O heart, beat low!  
 And it shall stand on Calvary!  
 But from the shade thereof we turn  
 Unto the star that still shall burn  
 When Christ is dead and risen again  
 To mind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town—  
     Hark, O my soul!  
 'T is of the Babe that wears the crown.  
 It telleth us that man is free—  
 That He redeemeth all and me!  
 The night is sped—behold the morn!  
 Sing, O my soul; the Christ is born!  
 December 27, 1889.

## IN HOLLAND

OUR course lay up a smooth canal,  
 Through tracts of velvet green,  
 And through the shade that windmills made  
 And pasture-lands between.  
 The kine had canvas on their backs  
 To temper autumn's spite,  
 And everywhere there was an air  
 Of comfort and delight.

My wife, dear philosophic soul!  
 Saw here whereof to prate:  
 "Vain fools are we across the sea  
 To boast our nobler state!  
 Go North or South or East or West,  
 Or whereso'er you please,  
 You shall not find what 's here combined—  
 Equality and ease.

"How tidy are these honest homes  
 In every part and nook!  
 The men-folk wear a prosperous air,  
 The women happy look.  
 Seeing the peace that smiles around,  
 I would our land were such.  
 Think as you may, I 'm free to say,  
 I would we were the Dutch!"

Just then we overtook a boat,  
 The Golden Tulip hight;  
 Big with the weight of motley freight,  
 It was a goodly sight!  
 Mynheer van Blarcom sat on deck,  
 With pipe in lordly pose,  
 And with his son of twenty-one  
 He played at dominos.

Then quoth my wife: "How fair to see  
 This sturdy, honest man  
 Beguile all pain and lust of gain  
 With whatso joys he can!  
 Methinks his spouse is down below,  
 Beading a kerchief gay;  
 A babe, mayhap, lolls in her lap  
 In the good old milky way

"Where in the land from whence we came  
 Is there content like this?  
 Where such disdain of sordid gain—  
 Such sweet domestic bliss?  
 A homespun woman I, this land  
 Delights me overmuch.  
 Think as you will and argue still,  
 I like the honest Dutch."

And then my wife made end of speech;  
 Her voice stuck in her throat:  
 For, swinging round the turn, we found  
 What motor moved the boat.  
 Hitched up in towpath-harness there  
 Was neither horse nor cow,  
 But the buxom frame of a Hollandish dame—  
 Mynheer van Blarcom's frau!  
 January 27, 1890.

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 IN PRAISE OF PIE

I'd like to weave a pretty rhyme  
 To send my *Daily News*.  
 What shall I do? In vain I woo  
 The too-exacting Muse;  
 In vain I coax the tyrant minx,  
 And this the reason why:  
 She will not sing a plaguy thing,  
 Because I've eaten pie.

A pretty pass it is, indeed,  
 That I have reached at last,  
 If I, in spite of appetite,  
 Must fast, and fast, and fast!  
 The one dear boon I am denied  
 Is that for which I sigh.  
 Take all the rest that men hold best,  
 But leave, oh, leave me pie!

I hear that Whittier partakes  
 Of pie three times a day;  
 And it is rife that with a knife  
 He stows that pie away.  
 There 's Stoddard—he was raised on pie,  
 And he is hale and fat.  
 And Stedman's cry is always "pie,"  
 And hot mince-pie at that!

Of course I 'm not at all like those  
 Great masters in their art,  
 Except that pie doth ever lie  
 Most sweetly next my heart,  
 And that I fain would sing my songs  
 Without surcease or tiring  
 If 'neath my vest and else could rest  
 That viand all-inspiring!

What I object to is the harsh,  
 Vicarious sacrifice  
 I 'm forced to make if I partake  
 Of fair and proper pies;  
 The pangs I suffer are the pangs  
 To other sinners due.  
 I 'd gladly bear my righteous share,  
 But not the others', too.

How vain the gift of heavenly fire,  
 How vain the laurel wreath,  
 If these crown not that godlike spot,  
 A well-filled paunch beneath!

And what is glory but a sham  
 To those who pine and sigh  
 For bliss denied, which (as implied)  
 Is pie, and only pie!

Well, since it 's come to such a pass,  
 I boldly draw the line;  
 Go thou, O Muse, which way you choose,  
 While I meander mine.  
 Farewell, O fancies of the pen,  
 That dazzled once mine eye;  
 My choice may kill, but still, oh, still,  
 I choose and stand for pie!

April 8, 1890.

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### UNCLE EPH

My Uncle Ephraim was a man who did not live in vain,  
 And yet, why he succeeded so I never could explain.  
 By nature he was not endowed with wit to a degree,  
 But folks allowed there nowhere lived a better man than he.  
 He started poor, but soon got rich; he went to Congress then,  
 And held that post of honor long against much brainier men;  
 He never made a famous speech nor did a thing of note,  
 And yet the praise of Uncle Eph welled up from every throat.

I recollect I never heard him say a bitter word;  
 He never carried to and fro unpleasant things he heard;  
 He always doffed his hat and spoke to every one he knew;  
 He tipped to poor and rich alike a genial "howdy-do";  
 He kissed the babies, praised their looks, and said, "That child  
 will grow  
 To be a Daniel Webster or our President, I know!"  
 His voice was so mellifluous, his smile so full of mirth,  
 That folks declared he was the best and smartest man on earth!

Now, father was a smarter man, and yet he never won  
 Such wealth and fame as Uncle Eph, "the deestrick's fav'rite son."

He had "convictions," and he was not loath to speak his mind;  
 He went his way and said his say as he might be inclined.  
 Yes, he was brainy; yet his life was hardly a success—  
 He was too honest and too smart for this vain world, I guess!  
 At any rate, I wondered he was unsuccessful when  
 My Uncle Eph, a duller man, was so revered of men!

When Uncle Eph was dying he called me to his bed,  
 And in a tone of confidence inviolate he said:  
 "Dear Willyum, ere I seek repose in yonder blissful sphere,  
 I fain would breathe a secret in your adolescent ear:  
 Strive not to hew your path through life—it really does n't pay;  
 Be sure the salve of flattery soaps all you do and say;  
 Herein the only royal road to fame and fortune lies:  
 Put not your trust in vinegar—molasses catches flies!"  
 October 11, 1890.

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### CHRISTMAS MORNING

THE angel host that sped last night,  
 Bearing the wondrous news afar,  
 Came in their ever-glorious flight  
 Unto a slumbering little star.

"Awake and sing, O star!" they cried.  
 "Awake and glorify the morn!  
 Herald the tidings far and wide—  
 He that shall lead His flock is born!"

The little star awoke and sung  
 As only stars in rapture may,  
 And presently where church bells hung  
 The joyous tidings found their way.

"Awake, O bells! 't is Christmas morn—  
 Awake and let thy music tell  
 To all mankind that now is born  
 What Shepherd loves His lambkins well!"



Then rang the bells as fled the night  
 O'er dreaming land and drowsing deep,  
 And coming with the morning light,  
 They called, my child, to you asleep.

Sweetly and tenderly they spoke,  
 And lingering round your little bed,  
 Their music pleaded till you woke,  
 And this is what their music said:

“Awake and sing! 't is Christmas morn,  
 Whereon all earth salutes her King!  
 In Bethlehem is the Shepherd born.  
 Awake, O little lamb, and sing!”

So, dear my child, kneel at my feet,  
 And with those voices from above  
 Share thou this holy time with me,  
 The universal hymn of love.

December 25, 1890.

## HYMN: MIDNIGHT HOUR

MIDNIGHT hour! how sweet the calm  
 Thy solemn cadences impart;  
 What solace as of healing balm  
 Cometh with thee unto this heart!  
 Yet bring me not thy grace alone—  
 Let others share thy dear delight;  
 Oh, let thy soothing monotone  
 Be heard of all this holy night!

Anon shall angels walk the sky,  
 The stars cry out in rapturous glee,  
 And radiant splendors glorify  
 The waking earth and wondering sea;

Jehovah's reassuring word  
 Shall be proclaimed abroad again,  
 And tidings everywhere be heard  
 Of peace on earth, good will to men!

'T is of those glories of the morn,  
 The sacrifice that makes man free,  
 And of the Babe in Bethlehem born  
 That midnight's voices speak to me.  
 Speak on, O voices sweet and low,  
 Soothing our griefs and doubts away—  
 That all mankind may hear and know  
 What rapture cometh with the day!

December 25, 1890.

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## WHEN STEDMAN COMES TO TOWN

WE 'RE cleaning up the boulevards  
 And divers thoroughfares;  
 Our lawns, our fences, and our yards  
 Are bristling with repairs;  
 And soon Chicago 'll be abloom  
 With splendor and renown;  
 For ain't we going to have a boom  
 When Stedman comes to town?

And gosh! the things we 'll have to eat—  
 The things we 'll have to drink!  
 O'er hecatombs of corn-fed meat  
 How shall the glasses clink!  
 Our culture, having started in,  
 Will do the thing up brown.  
 'T will be a race 'twixt brass and tin  
 When Stedman comes to town!

There 's Mr. Wayback Canvass Hamm,  
 Old Croesus' counterpart;  
 He don't know nor give a damn  
 About poetic art;  
 And he has such amount of pelf  
 As would weigh mountains down,  
 And he has sworn to spread himself  
 When Stedman comes to town.

And Mrs. Hamm, a faded belle,  
 And one no longer young,—  
 She speaks the native quite as well  
 As any foreign tongue,—  
 At Mr. Hamm's reception she  
 Will wear a gorgeous gown  
 That shows all else but modesty,  
 When Stedman comes to town.

Now, Stedman knows a thing or two  
 Besides poetic art;  
 Yes, truth to say, 'twixt me and you,  
 Stedman is mighty smart;  
 And so I wonder will he smile  
 Good-naturedly or frown  
 At our flamboyant Western style,  
 When Stedman comes to town.  
 April 23, 1891.

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 THE STRAW HAT

THE sweet shade falls athwart her face,  
 And leaves half shadow and half light—  
 Dimples and lips in open day,  
 And dreamy brows and eyes in night.

So low the languid eyelids fall,  
 They rest their silk upon her cheek,  
 And give delicious laziness  
 To glances arch and cunning meek.

It cannot frown, the placid brow  
 Hidden in rare obscurity;  
 They cannot hate, the indolent eyes,  
 The sins they do not strive to see.

And in the sunshine of her cheeks  
 The wanton dimples are at play,  
 So frolic-earnest in their sport  
 They do not care to look away.

And, oh, if love, kiss-winged, should come  
 And light on such a rose as this,  
 Could brow or eye or dimples blame  
 Such lips for giving back a kiss?

June 24, 1891.

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### A WAR-SONG

AWAKE! arise, ye patriot brave,  
 Your duty to fulfill!  
 Rush in your righteous wrath to save  
 The land from threatened ill.  
 Foul treachery's vengeful shadows fit  
 Like demons everywhere;  
 And Baby Cleveland wants to sit  
 In grandpa's baby's chair.

Shall this spoiled darling vanquish that  
 Sweet Hoosier younkitt? Nay!  
 She 'll never wear her grandpa's hat—  
 She is n't built that way.

Out—out upon the pampered chit!  
 The patriot legions swear  
 That Baby Cleveland shall not sit  
 In grandpa's baby's chair!

So come! We'll lift our standard high—  
 A tiny pair of pants!  
 This "In hoc signo" 'll petrify  
 All Mugwump sycophants!  
 Stern common sense shall soon outwit  
 Each sentimental snare;  
 And Baby Cleveland shall not sit  
 In grandpa's baby's chair!  
 June 24, 1892.

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### EXTINCT MONSTERS

OH, had I lived in the good old days,  
 When the Ichthyosaurus ramped around,  
 When the Elasmosaur swam the bays,  
 And the Sivatherium pawed the ground,  
 Would I have spent my precious time  
 At weaving golden thoughts in rhyme?

When the Tinoceras snooped about,  
 And the Pterodactyl flapped its wings,  
 When the Brontops with the warty snout  
 Noseyed around for herbs and things,  
 Would I have bothered myself o'ermuch  
 About divine afflatus and such?

The Dinotherium flourished then;  
 The Pterygotus lashed the seas;  
 The Rhamphorhynchus prospered when  
 The Scaphognathus perched in trees;  
 And every creature, wild and tame,  
 Rejoiced in some rococo name.

Pause and ponder; who could write  
 A triolet or roundelay  
 While a Megatherium yawped all night  
 And a Hesperornis yamped all day,  
 While now and again the bray sonorous  
 Of Glyptodon Asper swelled the chorus?

If I'd been almost anything  
 But a poet, I might have got along:  
 Those extinct monsters of hoof and wing  
 Were not conducive to lyric song;  
 So Nature reserved this tender bard  
 For the kindlier Age of Pork and Lard.  
 May 11, 1893.

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### MRS. REILLY'S PEACHES

WHETHER in Michigan they grew,  
 Or by the far Pacific,  
 Or Jerseywards, I never knew  
 Or cared; they were magnifique!  
 They set my hungry eyes aflame,  
 My heart to beating quicker,  
 When trotted out by that good dame,  
 A-drowned in spicy liquor!

Of divers sweets in many a land  
 I have betimes partaken,  
 Yet now for those old joys I stand,  
 My loyalty unshaken!  
 My palate, weary of the ways  
 Of modern times, beseeches  
 The toothsome grace of halcyon days  
 And Mrs. Reilly's peaches!

Studded with cloves and cinnamon,  
 And duly spiced and pickled,  
 That viand was as choice an one  
 As ever palate tickled!

And by those peaches on his plate  
 No valorous soul was daunted,  
 For oh, the more of them you ate  
 The more of them you wanted!

The years have dragged a weary pace  
 Since last those joys I tasted,  
 And I have grown so wan of face  
 And oh, so slender-waisted!  
 Yes, all is sadly changed, and yet  
 If this eulogium reaches  
 A certain lady, I shall get  
 A quick return in peaches.

May 15, 1893.

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## O'CONNOR'S ILOQUINT SPACHE

'T wuz whin O'Connor shpoke the crowd  
 Grew pathriotic trully;  
 For him O'Dooley hit O'Dowd  
 And Healy shtruck O'Dooley;  
 And Redmond give Muldoon a swat,  
 And all wint well, begorry,  
 And there was Home Rule on that shpot,  
 Till to his fate O'Connor got,  
 An' sez, sez he: "For sayin' phwat  
 Oi did," sez he, "Oi 'm sorry!"

July 29, 1893.

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## DOCTOR RABELAIS

ONCE—it was many years ago,  
 In early wedded life,  
 Ere yet my loved one had become  
 A very knowing wife.

She came to me and said: "My dear,  
 I think (and do not you?)  
 That we should have about the house  
 A doctor's book or two.

"Our little ones have sundry ills  
 Which I should understand  
 And cure myself, if I but had  
 A doctor's book at hand.  
 Why not economize, my dear,  
 In point of doctor's bills  
 By purchasing the means to treat  
 Our little household ills?"

Dear, honest, patient little wife!  
 She did not even guess  
 She offered me the very prize  
 I hankered to possess.  
 "You argue wisely, wife," quoth I.  
 "Proceed without delay  
 To find and comprehend the works  
 Of Doctor Rabelais."

I wrote the title out for her  
 (She 'd never heard the name),  
 And presently she bought those books,  
 And home she lugged the same;  
 I clearly read this taunting boast  
 On her triumphant brow:  
 "Aha, ye venal doctors all,  
 Ye are outwitted now!"

Those volumes stood upon the shelf  
 A month or two unread,  
 Save as such times by night I conned  
 Their precious wit in bed;  
 But once—it was a wintry time—  
 I heard my loved one say:  
 "This child is croupy; I'll consult  
 My doctor, Rabelais!"



Soon from her delusive dream  
My beauteous bride awoke.  
Too soon she grasped the fulness of  
My bibliomaniac joke.  
There came a sudden, shocking change,  
As you may well suppose,  
And with her reprehensive voice  
The temperature arose.

But that was many years ago,  
In early wedded life,  
And that dear lady has become  
A very knowing wife;  
For she hath learned from Rabelais  
What elsewhere is agreed:  
The plague of bibliomania is  
A cureless ill indeed.

And still at night, when all the rest  
Are hushed in sweet repose,  
O'er those two interdicted tomes  
I laugh and nod and doze.  
From worldly ills and business cares  
My weary mind is lured,  
And by that doctor's magic art  
My ailments all are cured.

So my dear, knowing little wife  
Is glad that it is so,  
And with a smile recalls the trick  
— I played her years ago;  
And whensoever dyspeptic pangs  
Compel me to their sway,  
The saucy girl bids me consult  
My Doctor Rabelais!

November 22, 1894.

## SONG

WHY do the bells of Christmas ring?  
 Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,  
 Seen by shepherds from afar,  
 Gently moved until its light  
 Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,  
 Pillowed soft upon the hay;  
 And its mother sung and smiled:  
 "This is Christ, the holy Child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,  
 Therefore little children sing.

December 12, 1894.

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TO WARD H. LAMON, ASLEEP ON HIS  
 LIBRARY FLOOR

As you, dear Lamon, soundly slept,  
 With books around you on the floor,  
 Into this pleasant nook I crept,  
 To hear the music of your snore.

A man who sleeps as now you sleep,  
 Who pipes as music'ly as you,  
 Who sinks all care in slumbers deep,  
 As you, O happy man, now do,

Must have a conscience fully free  
 Of troublous pangs and vain ado:  
 So ever may your slumbers be,  
 So ever be your conscience, too!

And when the last sweet sleep of all  
 Shall smooth the wrinkles from your brow,  
 Oh, may God's eyes as kindly fall  
 Upon your sleep as mine do now!  
 February 13, 1891.

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 THE SNAKES

**T**H**ES**E are the snakes that Rowdy saw:  
 Some were green and some were white,  
 Some were black as the spawn of night;  
 Some were yellow;  
 And one big fellow  
 Had monstrous blotches of angry red,  
 And a scarlet welt on his slimy head;  
 And other snakes that Rowdy saw  
 Were of every hue  
 From pink to blue,  
 And the longer he looked the bigger they grew!

An old he-snake with a frowsy head  
 Was one of the snakes that Rowdy saw.  
 This old he-snake he grinned and leered  
 When he saw that Rowdy was afeard;  
 And he ran out his tongue in frightful wise  
 As he batted his fireless dead-fish eyes;  
 And he lashed his tail  
 In the moonlight pale,  
 And he tickled his jaw with his left hind paw—  
 Did this old he-snake that Rowdy saw!

**T**hese hideous snakes that Rowdy saw  
 Wriggled and twisted  
 Wherever they listed,  
 Straightway glided  
 Or ambled one-sided.

**T**here were some of those things  
 That had fiery wings—

Yes, some of the snakes that Rowdy saw  
 Hummed round in the air  
 With their eyeballs aglare  
 And their whiskers aflare;  
 And they hissed their approval of Rowdy's despair!

And some of the snakes that Rowdy saw  
 Had talons like bats,  
 And looked like a cross between buzzards and rats!  
 They crawled from his boots, and they sprawled on the floor;  
 They sat on the mantel, and perched on the door,  
 And grinned all the fiercer the louder he swore!

Out, out of his boots  
 Came the damnable brutes—  
 These murdersome snakes that Rowdy saw!  
 Strange cries they uttered,  
 And poison they sputtered  
 As they crawled or they fluttered.  
 This way and that  
 Their venom they spat,  
 Till Rowdy had doubts as to where he was at.

They twined round his legs, and encircled his waist;  
 His arms and his neck and his breast they embraced;  
 They hissed in his ears, and they spat in his eyes,  
 And with their foul breaths interrupted his cries.

Blue serpents and green,  
 Red, yellow, and black,  
 Of as hideous mien  
 As ever was seen,  
 Girt him round, fore and back,  
 And higgling  
 And wiggling,  
 With their slimy and grinny preponderance they bore  
 Rowdy down to the floor. He remembers no more.

The sequel is this: The snakes that he saw  
 Were such hideous snakes, were such torturesome things,  
 With their poison-tipped fangs and their devil-claw wings,

That he speaks of them now with a meaningful awe;  
 And when in the bar-room the bottle goes round,  
 And wassail and laughter and "boodle" abound,  
 Poor Rowdy he turns down his glass with a sigh.  
 "Come, Rowdy, drink hearty!" the aldermen cry.  
 His palate is yearning, his fauces are dry,  
 The bottle appeals to his gullet and eye;  
 But he thinks of the snakes, and he—lets it go by.

January 4, 1895.

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### THE BOY

Down through the snow-drifts in the street  
 With blustering joy he steers;  
 His rubber boots are full of feet  
 And his tippet full of ears.

January 15, 1895.

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### THE BUGABOO

THERE was a wonderful bugaboo  
 Lived in a drear Egyptian clime,  
 And with a base intent he flew  
 Up northward once upon a time.  
 Where little Quincy Browning slept,  
 This boogy flew without delay,  
 And down the chimney-flue he crept  
 To steal that pretty child away.

Awakened in the dead of night  
 By him a-crawling down the flue,  
 Imagine little Quincy's fright  
 To see the dreadful bugaboo.  
 He wept with all his might and main  
 Till all his tears were nearly spent,  
 But his remonstrances were vain—  
 The bugaboo would not relent.

"Be quiet," hissed the bugaboo,  
 And then he scratched the infant **sere**,  
 And from his little crib he drew  
 The screaming child upon the floor.  
 But all for nothing were his pains,  
 For as he flew to Egypt wild  
 In rushed the good old Gran'ma Haines  
 To see what ailed her precious child.

"Go, leave my pretty dear alone,  
 And never dare again intrude!"  
 Cried gran'ma, in a savage tone  
 And with a threatening attitude.  
 He dropped his screaming, struggling prey,  
 And scuttled up the chimney-flue;  
 And back to Egypt far away  
 Escaped the dreadful bugaboo.  
 January 28, 1885.

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### A VALENTINE

TO THE EVER-ADORABLE AND EVER-GRACIOUS MISSES ANNA DELLA  
 AND ELIZABETH WINSLOW, AGED TEN AND SEVEN YEARS  
 RESPECTIVELY

IF I were Eric Ericsson, with flowing flaxen hair,  
 Perhaps Miss Anna Della would not scoff at my despair.  
 Perhaps my sweet Elizabeth would bless me with a smile  
 If I were Patrick Miles O'Dowd—a lord from Erin's isle.  
 Alas, I am not Eric, and alas, I am not Pat!  
 I simply am a Yankee boy, and a tough old one at that.  
 Yet do I love these beauteous maids whom I have named above,  
 And send them both this valentine to tell them of my love—  
 A paltry, graceless thing, yet with a thousand kisses sealed,  
 And autographed (as you observe) by poor old FIELD-  
 February 14, 1895.

## THE TIN BANK

SPEAKING of the banks, I 'm bound to say  
That a bank of tin is far the best,  
And I know of one that has stood for years  
In a pleasant home away out West;  
It had stood for years on the mantelpiece,  
Between the clock and the Wedgwood plate—  
A wonderful bank, as you 'll concede  
When you 've heard the things I 'll now relate.

This bank was made of McKinley tin,  
Well soldered up at sides and back;  
But it didn't resemble tin at all,  
For they 'd painted it over an iron-black.  
And that it really was a bank  
'T was an easy thing to see and say,  
For above the door in gorgeous red  
Appeared the letters B-A-N-K.

This bank had been so well devised  
And wrought so cunningly that when  
You put your money in that hole  
It couldn't get out of that hole again!  
Somewhere about that stanch, snug thing  
A secret spring was hid away,  
But where it was, or how it worked—  
Excuse me, please, but I will not say.

Thither, with dimpled cheeks aglow  
Came pretty children oftentimes,  
And, standing upon a stool or chair,  
Put in their divers pence and dimes.  
Once Uncle Hank came home from town,  
After a cycle of grand events,  
And put in a round blue ivory thing  
He said was good for fifty cents!

The bank went clinkety-clinkety-clink,  
 And larger grew the precious sum,  
 Which grandma said she hoped would prove  
 A gracious boon to heathendom!  
 But there were those—I call no names—  
 Who did not fancy any plan  
 That did not in some wise involve  
 The candy and banana man.

Listen: Once when the wind went “Y-o-o-o-o-o-o!”  
 When with a wail the screech-owl flew  
 Out of her lair in the haunted barn—  
 There came three burglars down the road,  
 Three burglars skilled in arts of sin,  
 And they cried: “What’s this? Aha! Oh!”

They burgled from half-past ten P. M.  
 Till the village bell struck four o’clock;  
 They hunted and searched and guessed and tried—  
 But the little tin bank would not unlock!  
 They couldn’t discover the secret spring!  
 So when the barn-yard rooster crowed,  
 They up with their tools and stole away,  
 With the bitter remark that they’d be blowed!

Next morning came a sweet-faced child,  
 And reached her dimpled hand to take  
 A nickel to send to the heathen poor  
 And a nickel to spend for her stomach’s sake;  
 She pressed the hidden secret spring,  
 And lo! the bank flew open then  
 With a cheery creek that seemed to say  
 “I am glad to see you come again!”

If you were I, and if I were you,  
 What would we keep our money in?  
 In a down-town bank of British steel  
 Or an at home bank of McKinley tin?



Some want silver and some want gold,  
 But the little tin bank that wants the two  
 And is run on the double-standard plan—  
 Why, that is the bank for me and you!  
 June 22, 1895.

---

## MY SABINE FARM

At last I have a Sabine farm  
 Abloom with shrubs and flowers·  
 And garlands gay I weave by day  
 Amid those fragrant bowers;  
 And yet, O fortune hideous,  
 I have no blooming Lydias;  
 And what, ah, what's a Sabine farm to us without its Lydias?

Within my cottage is a room  
 Where I would fain be merry;  
 Come one and all unto that hall,  
 Where you 'll be welcome, very!  
 I 've a butler who 's Hibernian—  
 But no, I 've no Falernian!  
 And what, ah, what 's a Sabine farm to you without Falernian?

Upon this cosey Sabine farm  
 What breeds my melancholy?  
 Why is my Muse down with the blues  
 Instead of up and jolly?  
 A secret this between us:  
 I 'm shy of a Mæcenas!  
 And what 's, oh, what 's a Sabine farm to me without Mæcenas!  
 August 1, 1895.

## THE VINEYARD

INTO the vineyard I went with Bill,  
 Blithe as youth can be,  
 As the sun declined beyond the hill  
 And drowsed in the western sea;  
 And under the arching vines we sat,  
 And we sampled this and we sampled that  
 Till we didn't know where we were at,  
 Nor the devil a bit cared we.

Out of the vineyard I came with Bill,  
 Just in time to see  
 The sun peep over an eastern hill  
 And grin at Bill and me.  
 And Bill remarked: "We quit too soon;  
 Let us sit in the light of that silvery moon  
 And list to the nightingale's plaintive tunel"  
 So back to the vineyard went we.

September 7, 1895.

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 FOR THE CHARMING MISS I. F.'S ALBUM

If you loved me as I love you,  
 No knife could cut our love in two!  
 Not even though that envious blade  
 Of rare Toledo stuff was made,  
 Not though its handle lay within  
 The grasp of mighty Saladin;  
 I should not heed; its feeble shock  
 Would fall as on a flinty rock,  
 And its attack would simply be  
 A trifling incident to me;  
 It could not cut our love in two  
 If you loved me as I love you!

Nor could the mighty cyclone's wrath,  
That levels cities in its path,  
Uproots whole forests, mows the grain,  
And furrows up the stubborn plain,  
It could not cause me to repine  
If only your true love were mine!  
I'd bid the boisterous breezes blow—  
Knowing as only I should know  
They could not rend our love in two  
If you loved me as I love you!

And if a Herr Professor came  
(I hint no hint, I name no name!)—  
What if he came from oversea,  
And fiddled, as can only he,  
Antique sonatas by the score,  
Études and opuses galore,  
And other tunes from foreign lands  
One likes, but seldom understands—  
The tweedledees and tweedledums  
We always get when Thomas comes;  
We'd let him fiddle—all his art  
Could never fiddle us apart,  
Could never charm our love in two  
If you loved me as I love you!

If—ah, that “if” stands in the way,  
And so I've nothing more to say;  
I'll to your father; he'll insure  
A speedy menticulture cure  
For him who would not wail “boo-boo”  
If you loved me as I love you!

October 16, 1895.



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